2 vols
$1.50

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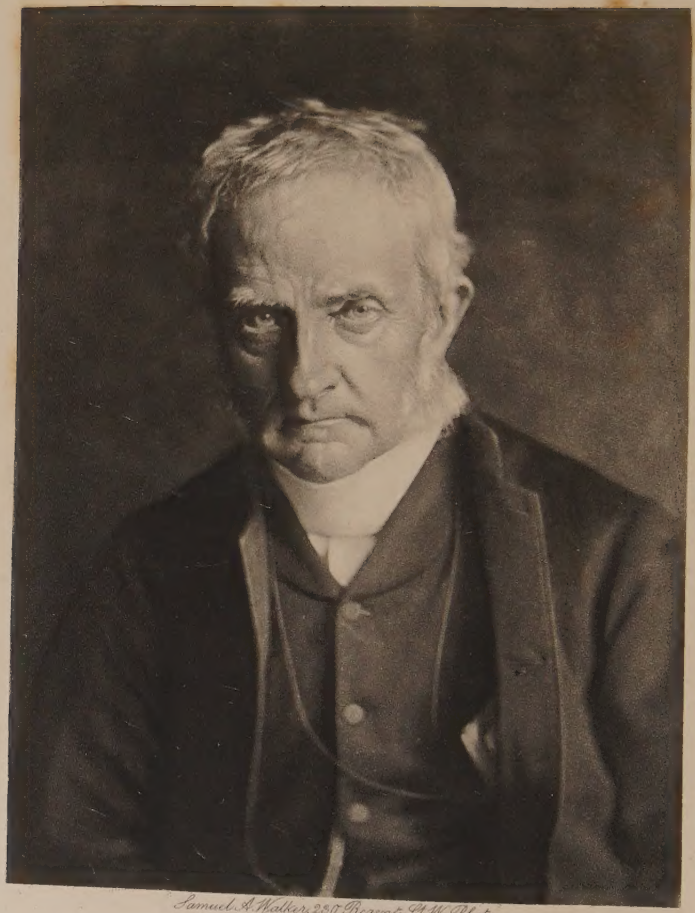
ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY, D.D.

VOL. I.

PRINTED BY
SPOTTISWOODE AND CO., NEW-STREET SQUARE
LONDON



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THE

LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE

OF

ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY, D.D.

LATE DEAN OF WESTMINSTER

By ROWLAND E. PROTHERO, M.A.

BARRISTER-AT-LAW, LATE FELLOW OF ALL SOULS COLLEGE, OXFORD

with the co-operation and sanction of the

VERY REV. G. G. BRADLEY, D.D.

DEAN OF WESTMINSTER

IN TWO VOLUMES—VOL. I.

WITH PORTRAITS AND ILLUSTRATIONS

LONDON

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET

1893

DEDICATED

BY GRACIOUS PERMISSION

TO

HER MAJESTY

THE QUEEN

PREFACE

In January 1892 the materials for writing the life of Dean Stanley between the years 1815 and 1860 were placed in my hands. The remainder was received in February 1893.

Of Dean Stanley's personal kindness to myself I retain a grateful recollection; but from our relative ages it was impossible that I should have the personal knowledge of him which is essential for a biographer. So far as my deficiencies in this respect could be supplied, they have been made good by the constant assistance of the late Dean's relations and friends.

Throughout this work I am indebted, above all others, to the present Dean of Westminster for many useful suggestions, and for most generous aid of a special kind. When I began to read the materials for the early life, I found that down to August 1840 he had already told the story with a fulness of detail which left little scope for additions. This continuous narrative, partly in type, partly in manuscript, he handed over to me, with full permission to use it for the purposes of the biography. Though reduced

in length by considerably more than a half, and therefore necessarily rearranged and in part rewritten, it forms the basis of my first seven chapters.

From the end of 1839 my work is of an independent character, though in all my difficulties I found, both in the Dean of Westminster and in Sir George Grove, most useful and indefatigable advisers.

I wish also to take this opportunity of expressing my gratitude for invaluable assistance to Mrs. Vaughan, Lady Frances Baillie, Miss Drummond, Lady Emma Osborne, Lady Flower, the Dean of Salisbury, Canon Francis Holland, Mr. Locker-Lampson, the Rev. A. G. Butler, Dr. Gerald Harper, and Mr. Victor Williamson.

ROWLAND E. PROTHERO.

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INTRODUCTION

BY

THE DEAN OF WESTMINSTER

More than twelve years have elapsed since Arthur Penrhyn Stanley breathed his last, in his home at the Deanery, Westminster, on July 18th, 1881. There are many who can recall the shock with which the announcement was received, alike in his own country and beyond its borders. It touched with a pang of personal bereavement men and women who had never seen him; and it left a void in the hearts of numbers who, in every station, from the highest to the humblest, in the Old World and the New, had felt the spell of his unique and attractive personality. From that date to the present it has been widely felt that special value would attach to an adequate biography of one who held so prominent a place in the ecclesiastical, literary, and social history of more than a generation; and it has been thought right to prefix to these volumes some account of the circumstances which have delayed the completion of the work.

Dean Stanley himself, in his will, dated March

8th, 1879, bequeathed to the Rev. Hugh Pearson, Mr. Theodore Walrond, and Mr. (now Sir George) Grove, all his papers, manuscripts, and documents of a like nature, to dispose of as they should decide, after consulting, if they should think fit, with Professor Jowett; with his brother-in-law, Dr. Vaughan, Master of the Temple; and with myself, at that time Master of University College, Oxford.

The choice of his three literary executors is easily explained. The Rev. Hugh Pearson, Vicar of Sonning and Canon of Windsor, had been for forty years the closest, the most beloved, and the most inseparable of his friends. He was again and again his companion in his travels, both abroad and at home, his host at Sonning, and his guest at his own successive residences, and up to the last he was the recipient of his most confidential thoughts and feelings in a series of many hundred letters, which have proved of inestimable value for his biography. The death of 'H. P.,' as he was familiarly called, lamented by all who had learned to know his sterling goodness, from the humblest of his parishioners to his Sovereign, quickly followed that of the friend to whom he had been so dear. He was laid in his grave at Sonning in April 1882.

Theodore Walrond, as one of Dr. Arnold's most trusted pupils, had been long known to Arthur Stanley, whom he accompanied throughout the great Eastern journey of 1853, and 'without his companionship,' the Dean writes in the Preface to 'Sinai and Palestine,' 'that journey would probably

never have been accomplished. On his accurate observation and sound judgment I have constantly relied, both on the spot and since.' It was at the request of the Dean and of Lady Augusta Stanley that Mr. Walrond undertook the Memoir of her brother, Lord Elgin, Governor-General of India; and to the end of Stanley's life he retained his position as one of the most valued and trusted of all his friends.

Sir George Grove had been for twenty-five years closely associated with Dean Stanley's literary work. His aid and co-operation are often warmly acknowledged, as in the Preface[1] to Vol. I. of the 'Jewish Church,' where Stanley expresses his gratitude for 'Mr. Grove's continued aid—such as I could have received from no one else in like degree—in all questions connected with Sacred history and geography.' In 'Sinai and Palestine'[2] he similarly acknowledges his obligations. Sir George Grove was one of the two friends who accompanied the Dean to America, and was present at his deathbed. It was Stanley's wish that his Life should be written by him; but Sir George Grove having been, early in 1882, charged by the Prince of Wales with the formation and direction of the new Royal College of Music, it soon became evident that the performance of so absorbing a literary task was incompatible with the duties of this important post. Such assistance as he could give has, however, always been at the disposal

[1] Page xiii.
[2] *Sinai and Palestine*, Advertisement, p. ix. Also p. 473.

of those who took his place in writing the memoirs of one so dear to him.

Meantime, it was with a feeling of hope and confidence that all who could appreciate the difficulties attaching to the biography welcomed the acceptance of the work, in 1883, by Mr. Walrond. From that time to his death all the leisure which he could spare from his important official[3] occupations was devoted to the task, and such progress had been made that there was every ground for looking forward with confidence to the timely completion of a work the materials for which he had so thoroughly mastered and assimilated.

These hopes were abruptly frustrated by Mr. Walrond's sudden death in the early summer of 1887.

The crisis in the preparation of the biography was obviously of the gravest nature. The materials for the work were there, almost overwhelming in their abundance and variety; but he who had so laboriously weighed, pondered, studied, classified, and mastered them had been called away, leaving only a fragmentary record of his long and careful preparation for a work which had to be begun and completed by another.

Under these circumstances I was invited to undertake the task which had fallen, with such startling suddenness, from the hands of one with whose calm judgment and healthful temperament,

[3] He was then Her Majesty's Chief Commissioner for the Civil Service.

alike of mind and body, I had been familiar from boyhood.

It was with something more than hesitation, and in opposition to more than one warning voice, that I felt bound to accept what seemed to myself and others a call that I had no right to set aside.

Something of the interest and of the nature of the task I had already tested. In the year that followed the date of my entering on my present office I had written a short biographical sketch of my beloved predecessor, drawn partly from my own reminiscences, partly from a large amount of material placed at my disposal.[1] In 1886 I had contributed an article on his life and work to the 'Encylopædia Britannica.' On the other hand, I was fully aware how small a fraction of the materials that would need careful study I had even glanced at; and experience had brought home to me much of my deficiency in the gifts specially needed for carrying on side by side with other and exacting duties a work that required so much concentration of thought and prolonged attention. But the task was one for which I might earnestly trust that strength would be given me, guided, as I was, in undertaking it, alike by the judgment of those to whose opinion I was bound to attach the greatest weight, and by overpowering considerations of duty, gratitude, and affection.

In the autumn of 1887 I began the work.

[1] *Arthur Penrhyn Stanley*: Lectures delivered in Edinburgh by G. G. Bradley, Dean of Westminster. Crown 8vo. 1883 (Murray).

Assistance and encouragement poured in from all sides. Fresh materials were added to the extraordinary amount already in my possession. It was a delightful task, absorbing and fascinating even beyond my warmest hopes, but of an extent which I had never thoroughly realised until the mass of materials was consigned to my keeping.

The first difficulty which presented itself was the assignment to each period and episode of his life the proper space in proportion to the necessary limits of the work. I began my task with the intention of deferring any necessary curtailment to a later stage.

By the summer of 1891 I had completed a continuous narrative, with copious extracts from his letters, reaching to August 1840. Of this, the greater portion was set up in type, and would have more than filled a large octavo volume. I had, further, sketched out in my own mind sufficient material to enable me to carry the Life on without much additional labour to the death of Dr. Arnold, in 1842. But by this time I began sorrowfully to feel that, increasingly delightful as the work was, the duties of my position were such as to make it difficult, nay, almost impossible, to find the uninterrupted hours essential to work which demanded consecutive and unbroken attention. My health had more than once failed under the strain of pressing and conflicting claims, and I had reached an age which warned me that I had no right to expect to discharge duties, already sufficiently onerous, with greater facility than heretofore. Accordingly, with a sense of inexpres-

sible pain which has never left me, I determined to place in other hands a task which had proved too arduous for my powers, which I dared not hope to complete, and had no right to retain. I at once conferred with all those most interested in the matter, including the late Mr. Murray, the publisher, and his son and successor, and we ultimately agreed to hand over what I had written, and all the existing materials, to Mr. Rowland Prothero, of whose special talents and keen interest in the subject of such a biography I had long had ample evidence. Even at the time of Mr. Walrond's death, in 1887, I had seriously entertained the thought of placing the work in his hands, not merely as my associate, but as the actual writer.

It was my own express desire that not only my notes and memoranda, but also those parts of my work which I had already completed, whether in type or manuscript, should be placed in Mr. Prothero's hands, to deal with according to his judgment, and that he should condense, re-arrange, rewrite, or omit any portion without reference to myself, treating them simply as so much material for the actual biography. By this course I felt that I should best consult the one single object which I and those associated with me had at heart—the successful execution of the work entrusted to him. I continued to read carefully, so far as time allowed me, the more important of the materials which I had not yet studied.

Although this is not the place in which any judg-

ment on Mr. Prothero's work should be recorded, I cannot refrain from expressing my confident belief that the result of his labours will be cordially welcomed by all who read the volumes to which these few pages are the introduction. I may add that the proof-sheets of Mr. Prothero's work have been carefully read and annotated by Sir George Grove, as Dean Stanley's sole surviving literary executor, and by myself.

A few words may be added as to some portion of the materials available for this biography.

The foremost and most important place must be given to Arthur Stanley's own letters. He was the most indefatigable of letter-writers. His early letters from Seaforth, from Rugby, from Hurstmonceux, from Oxford, from Cambridge, from Westmoreland, from Ireland, from Norwich, from Baden-Baden, would of themselves fill more than a volume. As a boy at Rugby, as an undergraduate at Balliol, his letters to old schoolfellows who had preceded him to Oxford, such as Dr. Greenhill, or had remained at school for some time after his own quitting it, such as the present Dean of Durham, or were resident at the sister-University, such as the present Master of the Temple, were treasured with an instinctive sense of their present and their future value. And as years went by, and the circle of correspondents widened, the habit became one of his most characteristic features. It is impossible to reproduce in writing the charm of his manner, the fascination of his voice, his face, his gestures. Yet much of that

which defies description survives in his letters, so early did he learn to transfer to paper with singular freshness and fidelity the impressions and the scenes of his daily experience. And the habit thus formed he preserved, as almost a necessity of his being, throughout his life. It would be difficult to name anyone who, from boyhood to the verge of old age, so rarely allowed himself to see a single scene, or object, or person which stirred his quick and eager sensitiveness without at once recording in some letter a vivid picture of the exact effect produced; and probably there is no one whose records of what he saw and felt have been preserved, long before their writer became an object of public interest, with such extraordinary care. Doubtless it was inevitable that these impressions, so rapidly recorded, should often be marked by hasty and unstudied language, by the strong expressions and exaggerations of which he spoke more than once, later in his life, as often recurring in his earlier letters. But in this, no doubt, lay much, not only of the charm which those letters had to those who received and treasured them, but also of their value in any attempt to place before a larger circle a true picture of him who wrote them.

Many of these faithful transcripts of each successive phase of his life have been, doubtless, irrecoverably lost. Not a few have been largely reproduced in his published works. The number that remain and that have been collected, preserved, copied, and classified by loving friends in every

station, from the highest to the lowest, must be almost unexampled. The difficulty that lay before his biographer was, not to find materials, but to sift them; to determine, not so much what to select, as what to set aside—to set aside often with a feeling of perplexity and a sigh of regret.

Next in importance to his own letters are those addressed to him, of which a valuable series has been preserved. To these should be added communications from friends who had known him at Rugby, at Oxford, at Canterbury, and at Westminster, or who had been his companions in foreign tours, written with the express design of aiding his biographer in the work of presenting to the reader a full picture of the impression which he made on schoolfellows, or pupils or friends, or on fellow-workers or fellow-travellers, or members of the working-class in London and its vicinity.

On his own printed writings, whether in the fugitive form of lectures, sermons, addresses, articles, letters to the Press, or in the volumes of his collected works, it is needless to enlarge, as they are dealt with in the following pages. I venture to think that many as yet unpublished are fully equal in interest and instruction to those which have found many readers and a wide circulation.

It would be almost an endless task, and I might even add an invidious one, to attempt to put on record the names of those without whose aid the materials for the present volumes would never have existed.

It has been already stated that from his childhood onwards his letters to his home had been carefully preserved, chronologically arranged, and sometimes, in later years, copied in duplicate by his sister, Mary Stanley, and others. An extremely valuable store of biographical matter was also provided by his letters to his cousin, the Hon. Louisa Stanley, which were arranged and copied by his kinswoman, Miss Adeane. For the last five years of his life his letters to Mrs. Drummond, carefully preserved, and copied by her daughter, became Mr. Prothero's chief source of biographical information. To Mr. Augustus Hare thanks are due for copies of letters that passed between Arthur Stanley's mother and her sister, his own mother by adoption, Mrs. Augustus Hare. Among the most valuable collections of his private letters are those addressed to friends at Oxford—to Dr. Liddell, then Dean of Christ Church, and to Professor Max Müller. Side by side with these rank the letters to Benjamin Jowett, whose election in November 1838, while still an undergraduate, to a Fellowship at Balliol, had helped to cheer Stanley in his own exile—as for a time he felt it—to his new home at University College. It was even as these lines were in preparation that the grave closed over the early friend in whose cause Arthur Stanley, in many respects cast in so different a mould, yet bound to him by the closest tie of sympathy and affection, had braved more than one arduous conflict. It would be vain to attempt to record the names of many others to whom the warmest thanks are due;

but I may be allowed, in the name of myself and Mr. Prothero, to offer a humble and loyal acknowledgment to Her Majesty the Queen for her gracious permission to make use of Her Majesty's private correspondence with Dean Stanley and with Lady Augusta Stanley.

No guidance or assistance has been grudged by those most closely connected with Stanley by the ties of kindred or affection. The work done by Mr. Theodore Walrond, and the debt of gratitude due to his widow, need no further mention; the assistance given by my brother-in-law, Sir George Grove, always ready to aid any worker in the task whose completion was so dear to him, calls for no further recognition here. But it would be impossible to avoid a passing word of gratitude for the assistance given by Mr. Victor Williamson, not only in arranging and summarising the contents of the letters to Hugh Pearson, and other important documents, but for his constant readiness from time to time to assist in reducing to order documents which, owing to any cause, required rearrangement or careful revision. To the work done by the late Mrs. Drummond of Megginch and her daughter, Miss Drummond, in carefully reading, sorting, and preparing for a future biographer the most confidential and, in some ways, the most interesting, of the letters which reached him after his marriage it would be difficult to assign a sufficient value.

Finally, my personal thanks are due to Dr. Trout-

beck for much valuable aid in the work on which I was engaged between 1887 and 1891.

I have already exceeded the limits which I had proposed for myself in this Introduction. But I venture to prefix to Mr. Prothero's pages of careful and thoughtful analysis some few remarks, as a contribution from one who, more than half a century ago, became the pupil and friend of the newly-appointed College Tutor at Oxford, and who has naturally thought much and often on the varied qualities which gave his beloved friend so marked a place in the thoughts and affections of his contemporaries.

That place was, no doubt, extremely difficult to define. To many he was known mainly as the theological controversialist, whom they regarded, some with grateful sympathy, others, with terror and aversion. By many more he was recognised as the forcible, picturesque, and attractive writer who gave a fresh and vivid colour to the details of a Scripture narrative, or aided them, as none other could, to realise through the gathered dimness of centuries events and scenes and persons of long-past ages. There were not a few who had found in him a teacher who had a power of awakening them to an undying interest in important studies, such as no one else had ever inspired; and there were others who, in an age of unsettlement and perplexity, had found in his written or spoken words counsels which had served to guide and uphold them through periods of mental strain and spiritual disquiet. Others were drawn to him by the magnetic influence of his

attractive personality; the charm of his social gifts; the brilliancy of his conversation; the range of his interests; the inexhaustible stores of a mind that was daily adding to its treasures things new and old, and daily bringing forth from those treasures a wealth of illustration and instruction. And there were many who saw in him—especially in his later years—the very embodiment of a true and gentle courtesy, at home alike in the circle of a Court, in a meeting of students or inquirers, in a group of children, or among a gathering of working-men and women: one endowed with a wide and open-hearted sympathy, always striving to find points of union and agreement between those who were estranged from each other by divergent views or systems; always striving to unite in peaceful intercourse, and, so far as possible, in community of work, men of conflicting views, the leaders or the followers of opposing parties.

It is hardly necessary to point to him as one ready at all times to resist every attempt to narrow the freedom of the individual spirit essential, as he believed, to the existence of the Church of which he was a member; or to his readiness and promptness at every period of his life to espouse the side of those who were exposed to persecution or obloquy. Yet, though plunged, as he felt himself to be, in incessant conflicts, and though always yearning for sympathy and aid, he never harboured a resentful thought, was always ready to recognise the claim to honour, and even to reverence, of those who had felt bound to refuse him their sympathy or co-operation, or had

passed the sternest judgments on his own most cherished aims.

Of his ceaseless activity, of his readiness to aid by all his powers those who sought his aid, there is still a cloud of witnesses. He never spared himself: his active brain, his kindly heart, gave him no rest. He never turned away from the work for which his special gifts so singularly marked him out. And how many are there still, of those who shared his friendship, who feel that his loss has made life seem different since he was taken from them. Not in any narrow sense, but in many senses, he has had no successor—no one who has exercised the same kind of influence, alike in the circle of those who entered into the controversies which divided the religious world, and those outside that circle. And it is hardly too much to say that, whatever were the limitations to his powers, whatever the gifts denied him, few men have ever lived who have aimed with more undeviating and consistent steadfastness at the one great purpose which he set before him—that of propagating, by teaching and by example, a spirit of real and genuine Christian charity and mutual co-operation among all who follow after truth and value goodness; that few have ever more fully entered into the sacred words which were so dear to him—the blessings passed on the pure in heart, on the peace-makers, on those who hunger and thirst after righteousness.

G. G. Bradley.

The Deanery, Westminster:
November 1893.

LIFE OF DEAN STANLEY

CHAPTER I

1805—1815

ALDERLEY RECTORY

Sir Thomas Stanley of Lathom and Knowsley, called to the House of Lords by Henry VI. as Baron Stanley in 1456, left three sons. The eldest, Thomas, was created Earl of Derby for his decisive services on the field of Bosworth. John, the third son, by his marriage with the heiress of Weever and Alderley, founded another branch of the family, whose representative, Thomas Stanley of Alderley, was created a Baronet by Charles II. at the Restoration.

In the history of the descendants of Sir Thomas Stanley of Alderley, no event requires notice before the marriage of Sir John Thomas Stanley, the sixth Baronet, with Margaret Owen, heiress to the estate of Penrhos, near Holyhead. To the results of that union between the Cheshire gentleman and the Welsh heiress, Arthur Stanley was fond of referring as an instance of the sudden impulse often given to 'a sluggish, steady, stagnant stock of purely English extraction by contact with the imaginative, lively, mercurial character of Celtic parentage.'

The eldest son of this marriage, Sir John Thomas

Stanley, was raised to the peerage in 1839 as Lord Stanley of Alderley. His only brother was Edward, the future Rector of Alderley and Bishop of Norwich, father of the subject of the following biography.

Edward Stanley was born on New Year's Day, 1779, six years after the birth of his youngest sister, and thirteen years after that of his elder brother. His educational advantages were few or none; he received little of the attention so often lavished on a child born under similar circumstances. Denied the gratification of his boyish passion for the sea, he, in 1798, entered St. John's College, Cambridge, where he at once realised that he had 'to begin his course of academical study from the very foundations.' This deficiency he to a great extent remedied by his unremitting exertions. His name appears in the list of Wranglers for 1802. After spending the rest of that year in Continental travel—the keen taste for which he shared with his parents and transmitted to his children—he was, soon after his return to England, admitted to Holy Orders.

In 1805 Edward Stanley was presented by his father to the Rectory of Alderley, where he remained till his appointment to the see of Norwich in 1838. His picture, painted in early life, confirms the incidental description which is given of him in a letter written fifteen years later by his sister-in-law, Maria Leycester.[1] The portrait is that of a handsome, keen-eyed, black-haired, black-browed youth, of slight, active frame, and of stature below the average. Endowed with a cheerful, sanguine temper, a vigorous constitution, a quick sense of humour, an enthusiastic and affectionate disposition, a singular gift for the observation of outward nature, and a courage, moral and physical, which neither danger nor difficulty could daunt,

[1] *Memorials of a Quiet Life*, i. 39.

Edward Stanley brought to his new post exceptional qualifications. His blameless life, cultivated tastes, and strong sense of duty were combined with deep religious feelings, and a standard of the requirements of his sacred profession far above that which was generally recognised by the clergy in his neighbourhood.[2] He was the life and soul not only of his home but of his parish—now galloping through the lanes on his little black horse, with his pockets full of sugar-plums for the children, with words both of sympathy for the sick or sad, and of sharp rebuke for the vicious or disorderly; now returning to study eagerly the latest works on history or natural science, or to write a lecture for his parishioners on the birds or plants of the neighbourhood, or to arrange and classify the specimens which he had collected in his rambles. He was in many ways unlike his gifted son, who inherited little of his father's physical activity—at least, in the form of love of riding and mountain climbing—and nothing of his keen delight in the study and observation of various forms of natural history. But, on the other hand, he consistently set to his children the example of a hatred for every form of injustice, and of a fearless disregard for obloquy or opposition, where principles or causes dear to him were at stake. To his father Arthur Stanley owed his energy, vigour, toughness of fibre, sense of duty, interest in public questions, and liberal opinions, whether in politics or theology.

Edward Stanley married, in 1810, Catherine, the eldest of the four children of the Rev. Oswald Leycester, who till the previous year had resided at Toft Hall, and held the vicarage of the adjacent town of Knutsford.[3]

[2] For the manner in which Edward Stanley discharged his duties as a country rector, or as Bishop of his diocese, the reader is referred to Arthur Stanley's *Life* of his father, published in 1849, or to his *Memorials of Edward and Catherine Stanley*, published in 1879.

[3] In 1809 the Rev. O. Leycester removed to the Rectory of Stoke-on-

The Leycesters of Toft had lived in close intimacy with their ancestral friends and neighbours, the Stanleys of Alderley, and the young rector made no secret of his attachment to their eldest daughter. The extreme youth of Catherine Leycester, who was barely sixteen when her engagement was conditionally sanctioned by her parents, caused an interval of two years to elapse before the marriage took place, at her father's rectory of Stoke, in May, 1810.

The letters of Catherine Stanley, published and unpublished, are full of quiet pictures of every detail of domestic and social life at home and abroad, sketched with rare delicacy of touch and keenness of observation. Their language, alike on the wider political and social problems of the day, and on the deeper questions of religion and theology, bespeaks not only the clear, open eye for all that is true and good, but, to use her son's words, something of 'a spiritual insight which belonged to that larger sphere of religion which is above and beyond the passing controversies of the day.' Quiet, calm, observant, somewhat reserved and reticent to those outside her own immediate circle, dignified in manner even in early womanhood, Catherine Stanley grew to be the very ideal mother for her gifted son, whose early development she watched with a mother's anxiety, and aided with more than motherly wisdom and sympathy. From her 'porcelain understanding,' delicate perceptions, liveliness of mind, quickness of thought, and methods of studying subjects that interested her by collecting rays of light from every quarter, he inherited some of his most characteristic gifts And his sense of the debt which he owed to her grew with his growth. If in his earlier years, with his mother's full

Terne, in Shropshire, the adjoining parish to that of Reginald Heber at Hodnet.

ALDERLEY RECTORY AND CHURCH

encouragement, he made his sister the representative of the family circle in the unceasing flow of his correspondence, yet the place which she retained in his affection to the last moment of his life was precisely that which the mother of such a son might well have prayed to hold. When death had severed him in advancing life from the wife

> Whose smile had made the dark world bright,
> Whose love had made all duty light,

he could find no fitter words in which to describe her supporting love, than that 'her character, though cast in another mould, remained to him, with that of his mother the brightest and most sacred vision of his earthly experience.'[4]

The home to which the Rector of Alderley brought his young wife was 'a low house with a verandah, forming a wide balcony for the upper storey, where birdcages hung among the roses; its rooms and passages filled with pictures, books, and old carved oak furniture.'[5] In front of the house was the 'well-mown short-grassed lawn,' sloping to the south-west, a favourite resort of the feathered tribe, of whose habits the author of 'The Familiar History of British Birds' was so keen an observer. Close to the lawn lies the churchyard, and, so near as to cast its shadow on the garden grass, the old, square-towered, ivy-mantled church, with its ancient yew-trees, its deep porch, and its old-fashioned staircase which gave private access to the pew of the 'Family of the Park,' then the residence of Sir John Stanley. Within a stone's-throw of the Rectory grounds is the site of the old Hall, burned down in 1779, of which the only remaining traces are the moat that

[4] *Memorials of Edward and Catherine Stanley*, p. 339.

[5] See an article by Mr. Augustus Hare in *Macmillan's Magazine* for September 1881.

once surrounded it, a few fragments of buildings, and a picturesque old mill, whose wheel is turned by a tiny stream which, after passing under the road, runs through the Rectory grounds.

The visitors of to-day may read on the church walls the tablets raised to the memory of Edward Stanley, who was buried in 1849 in his Cathedral Church of Norwich; to that of Catherine Stanley, his wife, who lies beneath the ancient yew-tree, where a white marble cross marks the graves of the mother, who died in 1862, and of her eldest daughter, Mary, who followed her mother in 1879; to that of the two sons, Charles the youngest, and Owen the eldest, one of whom died in 1849 and the other in 1850, each within a few months of their father's death, and 'before either could mourn the other's loss.' And in the churchyard also are the grave and gravestone of Sarah Burgess, for thirty-eight years the devoted servant and beloved friend of the household, who died at Canterbury in 1856, and whose funeral sermon was preached at Alderley by the Arthur whose infancy and childhood she had so tenderly nursed.

But in 1810 these sad and sacred associations lay in the distant future. In due time six children gathered round Edward and Catherine Stanley. Alderley Rectory was the birthplace of all.

Owen, the light of his father's eyes, the inheritor of his passion for the sea, from earliest childhood always busied with drawing, building, or sailing boats, with a frank bold spirit that made its way everywhere, was born June 13, 1811.

Mary was born December 19, 1812, the slave of Owen when he was at home, but the constant, unselfish, devoted sharer of all the whims and plans, tastes and studies, of her younger brother, Arthur. To her unfailing sympathy in

every interest, intellectual, moral, grave, or gay, the latter owed much of the rapidity and freedom of his expansion, the fluency and ease which practice in writing brought him, and the habit of always giving his best self, however trivial appeared the occasion. Even in those early days Mary was learning to carry out her mother's lesson, 'to sow that others might reap,' and laying firm the foundations of a life of quiet, unobtrusive, active usefulness, which found a larger sphere as her father's right hand among the poor in Norwich, in the hospitals of the Bosphorus, and in the streets and lanes of Westminster. 'Never weary in well-doing' are the words fitly inscribed upon the cross which marks the spot where, close to the home of her early years, she rests at last in her mother's grave.

Lastly, to pass over Arthur, of whom so much will be said hereafter, came Charles (born June 15, 1819), and Catherine (born June 29, 1821), younger than the rest both in age and disposition, enjoying to the full, with their bright and affectionate natures, that special share of family affection which is often the heritage of younger children. Charles was the first of that happy circle to be called to his rest. Catherine is the last survivor.

CHAPTER II

1815–1828

BIRTH AND CHILDHOOD OF ARTHUR STANLEY—SEAFORTH—THE PYRENEES

SUCH was the home, in which Arthur Penrhyn Stanley was born on December 13, 1815. He was, as already stated, the third child. Owen, named after his Welsh grandmother, was the eldest. Mary was born three years earlier. Almost the first event which she could recall was 'waking from sleep and seeing the nurse sitting by the fire with a new baby on her knees.' The child was christened Arthur, mainly, doubtless, in honour of the hero of Waterloo, whose name was at that time on all men's lips, partly, perhaps, like the firstborn of the first Tudor king, in memory of his Welsh ancestry.

During his infancy his mother's letters to her sister at Stoke describe him as 'extremely sensitive to every sound, but soon becoming extremely fond of music, whether piano, flute, or singing'; and, again, as 'really suffering from want of speech, and labouring to express himself by action and sound with as much pain at not being understood as a dumb person.' Later on he is spoken of as at one time lively and talkative, at another strangely shy and sensitive, 'with nothing of a boy about him except his love of horses and hatred of dolls, . . . very liable to be spoiled, with simple pretty ways, and a kind of hanging

on, dependent manner, that calls out tenderness, . . . with a strange sense of delicate beauty that runs through everything, . . . in ecstasies over every new flower, . . . calling Elizabeth, "Anne," because he dislikes the name of Elizabeth'; and, again, as 'seldom without a pencil in his hand, and drawing stags, goats, birds, horses, all with some characteristic difference.' Before he was six years old, he would sit with a book all day, if allowed, learning by heart poetry, or anything that attracted him, but 'does not like being questioned, colouring much, and hesitating.' At six years old, during a period of prolonged illness, he amused himself 'of his own accord by making maps, drawing one of a different country almost every day, printing the names, and keeping the character, the outline, of each.' 'In this way,' his mother adds, 'he has quite taught himself geography.'

The double aspect presented by his extremely sensitive and nervous organisation, that left him 'at times too languid for anything to make an impression, at others eager to enter into everything with spirit and delight,' was a subject of grave anxiety to his parents. In the September of the year 1822, his mother writes of him as having regained 'all that liveliness of manner which he always gets by the sea. He runs and plays, is not a bit shy with anyone, climbs the sandhills, is never tired in mind or body, and looks beautiful.' Yet on his return home his shyness reappeared to such a degree, that 'he would never speak if he could help it, even when alone with his mother.' These alternations of an excessive shyness with brightness and charm of demeanour are worth recording. The boy is father of the man, and the double picture drawn by a mother's hand casts a light on the very opposite impression which he made long after in different circles. There are many who can only recall Arthur Stanley, whether young,

middle-aged, or older, as the most delightful of companions, always lively, sympathetic, genial, generally overflowing with conversation and anecdote. To other observers, not least to some who met him in the circle of his own family, he seemed to suffer from an amount of constraint, reserve, and difficulty in expressing his feelings, which he never fully overcame till the death of his father and his brothers forced him to make efforts which were finally and entirely successful.

Through these curious alternations of spirit and temperament 'the boy grew,' and, at eight years old, 'the little sylph,' as his aunt styled him, 'Prince Pitiful' as his father sometimes named him, spent some weeks at Hoylake, on the Cheshire coast. A childish letter of May 1824 still remains, full of the beauty 'of a little island opposite the Dee shore, all covered with sea pinks and wild violets,' and of the fun of playing with other boys, and even of seeing rabbits hunted and taken. 'We got two, which Ben hung upon his stick, like the picture in the "Cries of London."' He returned 'a renovated creature, speaking faster and louder,' and early in September 1824 it was felt that the time was come when the society of other boys, and some approach to ordinary school life, might be beneficial. He was accordingly taken by his mother to a small preparatory school at Seaforth,[1] then a quiet seaside hamlet at the mouth of the Mersey, now transformed into a populous suburb of Liverpool. There, under the care of Mr. Rawson, the incumbent of the neighbouring church, and in company with from nine to a dozen boys, mainly

[1] The name Seaforth, as denoting a locality in the neighbourhood of Liverpool, demands a word of explanation. It was borrowed, early in the present century, for his house, and the surrounding land, at that time entirely uninhabited, by the elder Mr. Gladstone, from the title of Lord Seaforth, the head of the Mackenzies, the family to which his mother belonged.

the sons of Lancashire and Cheshire families, he spent the next four years.

The experiment of transplanting so tender a shoot to a society of boys was thoroughly successful. His heart was no doubt always at Alderley, and from his first week at school he formed the habit of writing letters to his sister Mary, all carefully preserved, in which he laid the foundation of his future gift as the most voluminous and fascinating of correspondents. Though here, and even at Rugby, he was never entirely at home in the whole range of schoolboy life, yet he soon overcame his first feeling of strangeness and isolation, and entered upon his new career with much cheerfulness and spirit.

'The next day,' wrote his mother in September 1824, 'when I went to see him, he seemed as if he had been there a year, so many new ideas were opening to him.' Happily the general rule, that 'letters should be first written on a slate, and then shown to Mr. R., who corrects what is very bad, and then we copy them on paper,' was very soon relaxed in his favour, and the result is a mass of correspondence rarely in need of correction. Among the very first letters is one of November 1824 to his mother, recounting a visit to Mr. Gladstone's, describing very fully the stuffed animals which he saw there, and, after telling her that he 'has quite finished *As in præsenti*,' adding, 'there is an Illiad [*sic*] here which I like very much, for it is all about the gods and the Grecians and Trojans.' From that time the current flows homeward unceasingly, though he often deprecates Mary's reproaches. 'You know I am always a shocking letter-writer. Sometimes I am in a humour for writing, and sometimes not.' 'No such things happen at school as at home.' A day's visit to Liverpool is welcomed because it 'gives him something to write

about,' but in the main the facile pen of the future is already there in germ.

'He is grown,' his mother writes in December 1824, on his first return home, 'and his hands feel more substantial. The report of him is that he is as rough as the other boys when with them, but of this there is no symptom. The shyness, colouring, reserve, and susceptibility seem to be rather increased.' But his lips were clearly unlocked towards his schoolfellows. Southey had been, and still was, his favourite poet. 'We have great fun,' he writes to Mrs. Stanley in February 1825, 'playing at "Thalaba and Kehama." I am Khawla and Handfield is Mohareb, and I tell them stories at night.' Canon Rawstorne, his schoolfellow at Seaforth, and afterwards his fag at Rugby, remembers 'his remarkable gift as a *raconteur*, and his relating to a group of boys in a corner of the sandhills a grea part of the story of "Kenilworth," especially that part about Wayland Smith. I think all his stories were recollections from books, for he was never very great at invention.

He has been taken to Liverpool, and writes, in a letter to his sister, that he has 'seen a giant, who said he had been in Buonaparte's army'; and again, 'I have seen "Waverley" acted, and liked it very much'; and there is a graphic account, on November 12, which assumes larger proportions in each successive year, of the bonfire and fireworks on the 5th of November. 'One of the boys had bought a very tall Pope for the bonfire, and a Guy Fawkes. . . . Mr. Gladstone gave the wood, and we had tar-barrels, and it was great fun.' But his heart was more in his books than in his play, and with each half-year the literary instinct becomes more developed. 'How do you like "Madoc"?' he asks his sister; 'not so much as "Roderic," I am sure.' He has 'told the boys all the German stories

and all the Irish legends' which he has read in the holidays. He has begun Greek, and does not think it very hard. If his sister, who is staying near London, 'sees "Faustus" and the "Freichuts" [*sic*], she is to be sure to look at the scenes for an improvement to their little cardboard theatre, and he sends earnest directions to Mrs. Stanley to get 'a scene with a tent in it, whether ugly or not.' He has played at castles on the sandhills, and has been hit by a stone from one of the besiegers. 'It bled a great deal,' and a slight scar remained for life. He illustrates a letter to his sister with a sketch of a lame man, drawn by two large dogs, 'trotting away as fast as he can.' He likes drilling pretty well; it is 'at all events very good fun doing double quick march, which is running as hard as we can.' He is reading Virgil; and is glad that Mary likes 'Ivanhoe.' He records the 'drums and trumpets' of the village club, and has heard something of riots at Manchester, and 'horrible stories of people in distress dying of hunger'; and soon he writes two letters (June 20 and 26) giving the numbers of the poll at the Liverpool election, and describing the conduct of a sailor, who 'actually jumped into Mr. Huskisson's chair, but was soon pulled out by six constables.' He recounts, too, his being taken to a three hours' missionary meeting at Liverpool, at the end of which 'I felt rather sick, and was obliged to go out.'

In the next half-year, on September 15th, 1826, he tells his sister that he has 'discovered a small unbound Dryden's Virgil for four shillings,' which he will get for her. He apologises for a short letter; 'as you must recollect that I scarcely see anything to describe but sand, and rushes, and water, and houses; and now and then a beautiful sunrise, as my window lies to the east, and sometimes the moon shines in beautifully.' As the year goes on the letters become longer, the childish hand freer, the accounts of the

next 'burning of the Pope' more graphic and detailed, and before the end of the year (on December 9, 1826) he announces that he has 'written three English odes out of my head, which are addressed to—

> The humming-bird bright,
> The screech-owl of the night,
> And the stork snow-white.

He adds also that he has bought 'a little 18mo., "The Remains of H. K. White," several of them very nice things.'

On his return to school in January 1827 there is the question to Mrs. Stanley, 'Am I to be drilled and do gymnastics too?' and we catch from time to time a glimpse of his mother's anxiety to develop the muscular and physical side of the little student. She must have been cheered by hearing on April 2 that 'our chief game is called rounders, which the rest are playing at this very moment. I like it very much, and hope it will go on'; or, a few weeks later, by the statement that he has been playing at cricket, and though 'once there was nothing I disliked so much, now I like it pretty well.'

He is full of 'Woodstock.' His sister had lately passed through the town to Oxford, and he fears 'that the handsome parish church which she saw at Woodstock was not the same in which the Rev. Nehemiah Holdenough preached,' but hopes that 'I shall wear the cap and gown some day when I am at Oxford.' He writes a delighted letter on March 8th, upon receiving one 'from dear little Charley, without one word spelt wrong, no not one,' and contrasts it with a letter from his cousin who has gone to Eton, and who in writing even to Mr. Rawson spells 'school' as 'scool.' He is in raptures with a 'dear little Shakespeare,' bought with his own money, and 'not a bit too expensive, the Plutarch too, the very thing I wanted.' He is reading Cicero and translating some odes of Horace; and he

confides to his mother a copy of his ode 'to an Eagle, which I have made in my mind, but don't mean to show up, and if I don't write it down I shall forget it.' He is now busy with an ode to Superstition, 'and I have made her a sorceress sitting in her cell.' He longs to have been with them to see the *Hecla* and Captain Parry's boats, and Woolwich. The famous Arctic navigator had married his cousin, Isabella Stanley, in the previous autumn, and was now preparing to leave his bride for one more expedition.[2]

There is a detailed report of a tumultuous meeting at Liverpool on the Catholic Question, which he owns to having 'liked a great deal better than the missionary meeting.' But whatever he sees or describes, poetry is still stirring within him. 'April has begun at last, and a most beautiful beginning it is here, the sun shining, and so warm and nice that to-day, when I had to write some Latin verses, I wrote five or six lines about Spring. And besides this I have written some more English verses on the Return of Coriolanus. I walk in the paths of poetry every Thursday, and of course I like it better than any other lesson.' In successive letters he reports himself as having 'written forty lines on Time, and 'some more English verses on Forgiveness, on Sleep, two odes to Minerva and Neptune,' and as engaged in May on a long poem on the Death of Vortigern, 'who is to die in great agony in the midst of the flames with his wife Rowena.'

For a time his home correspondent is his mother, as 'poor Mary' was suffering from an inflamed eye. 'I will

[2] Captain Parry, who had long been an intimate friend of the Rev. Edward Stanley, was married at Alderley Church to Isabella, fourth daughter of Sir John Stanley, on Oct. 23rd, 1826. He started on his fifth and last Arctic voyage, with the *Hecla* and boats, in the attempt to reach the North Pole for magnetic observations, in April 1827, and returned in the following September.

promise (when I come home) to come and see *you* before my beautiful dear little Shakespeare and Plutarch.' But Mary soon resumed her place, and though he pleads the claims now of 'my poetry and cricket,' now of 'my Greek grammar,' now of Latin verses, 'not nonsense verses, tell Papa,' the letters follow each other thick and fast. 'We had no holiday on the 29th of May, that glorious day when the King enjoyed his own again.' He has not yet finished 'Vortigern,' but 'a thunderbolt is to come down to-night, and set the Castle on fire.' He has another poem on his brain, which he tells his sister that he will send if she likes, on the 'Destruction of the Druids.' 'I had long wanted a subject that would suit the metre of a poem of Walter Scott called the "Mountain of Helvellyn," which I liked very much, so that the difficulty here was to get a subject for the metre, not a metre for the subject, and at last I found this.' The letter itself soon falls into rhyme, and ends up with a kiss

> To my Charley sedate,
> And my sweet little Kate,
> With the round curly pate.

The correspondence ceases for the summer holidays.[3] In August the flow of letters recommences. On his way back to school, he spends some hours at Liverpool with the faithful 'Sarah.'[4] His insatiable passion for sight-seeing is already developed. He visits with great enjoyment 'the chameleon who changed green, turned his eyes, crawled on the tree, and ate two flies most beautifully for us.' Then 'to the Diorama, where I could not persuade Sarah to go'; but where he had the great enjoyment of seeing the Valley of Sarnen, his first introduction to Swiss scenery:

[3] During his few weeks at home there was a passing attack of illness, mainly noticeable as having taken the form of erysipelas, which so many years later was to prove fatal to him.

[4] Sarah Burgess, his nurse. See p. 6.

'A beautiful valley, surrounded by high mountains, and in the middle a clear smooth lake with woody shores. In the foreground was a Swiss cottage just like that in Mamma's room, and under it there *rolled* over the rocks a beautiful pure brook, which I am quite sure was real, for I could see it running down. After some time the clouds rolled over the sky; it became dark and miserable; the rain came down, and then it gradually grew light. . . . I liked it very much indeed.'

Then the indefatigable sightseer, who was in after years to tax the activity of so many companions, persuades Sarah to visit the Panorama of Corfu. 'As you know it, I need not describe it.' Then he is off to school, and the next morning he has 'written all this before breakfast, with my patent pen.' But he at once returns to the Muse. He writes a long letter to Mary on September 15, 1827, in rhyme, describing his various employments.

> Last Thursday I roved in the paths of delight,
> For verses we wrote on that joy-bearing night.

His own composition of forty lines was addressed to 'Heavenly Justice.' The verses are remarkably vigorous. And he is meditating a poem on Hofer and the Tyrol. Very soon he reports himself and schoolfellows as preparing for the Fifth of November. The little Protestant demonstrator is clearly stronger than he was. He goes out with his schoolfellows to get wood, instead of waiting for a cartload and seeing others pile it. 'A gentleman near has been cutting down trees, and has given them to us for our bonfire; so we have been dragging, pulling, tugging them along the road for many days.' But dearer still than any bonfire is a poem which is seething in his brain:

'It is once more "The Destruction of the Druids," but so altered that you would scarcely know it. It is the same metre, and begins, "It is the hour of deep midnight!". . . A hoary old Druid mounts upon a rock,

and makes a long speech. Then there is a sacrifice, and a cromlech; then the Romans come; the Britons drive about in scythed cars, and are killed. I think I shall do it in four lessons.'

Poetry asserts its claims, above even the excitement of the Fifth of November, or the thoughts of the holidays:—

'My head is in such a strange jumble now; two or three hymns, a part of a new "Deluge," scraps of "Vortigern," half-translated odes of Anacreon into verse, morsels of other little odes, "Despair," battles, squibs, crackers, bonfires, all shooting into morsels of "The Tyrolese," &c. I long to disgorge some of them upon paper, but I have not time. Thank Sarah for her supply of honey; I certainly expect Jako' (the parrot) 'to be able to say something polite when I come home.'

In November, on the birth of Captain Parry's firstborn son at Alderley, he encloses to his sister a long and spirited 'Birthday Ode,' adding both notes and various readings, to be adopted according to the colour of the infant's eyes, &c. He ends the letter with a translation of Anacreon's 'Ode to Woman.' The former was most warmly acknowledged; but the sentiments of Anacreon were strongly disapproved of by Mary, as she found her sex denied all gifts except that of beauty. 'I dare say,' replies the young translator,

'that Anacreon did not trouble to find out whether she (woman) had sense, though to be sure it was very inconsiderate of me to send it to you in that way. . . . That joyful, important, happy time, the holidays, is drawing near, but so is the examination, that awful time—long, so long! I have just finished an ode on "Perseverance," in which I have spoken of—you may guess whom. I have been thinking and gnawing the top of my pen, but can think of nothing to say, and feel too dull to write any poetry.'

But before his next letter he has had a visitor:

'About 7 A.M., as I was coming downstairs, I heard a car or "gingle" come to the door; I heard a voice that I thought I knew; I came quite down, and there I saw a great tall man and a little man. You may guess who they were. [The visitors were his father and Captain Parry.] Papa talked to Mr. Rawson, Captain Parry to me; they had breakfast here, so all the boys saw the *celebrated man*. . . . They were much pleased; but were quite enchanted with him when he asked for a holiday for us.'

Mary's fifteenth birthday is at hand, and he ends the letter with a long ode in honour of the day, which happened also to be the birthday of the great Arctic navigator. On December 14th he writes to acknowledge his own birthday letters:

'I am now twelve years old, a big boy. I admire your beautiful blue-fringed, blue-flourished, blue-flowered, blue-lined, blue-written, and almost invisibly-written letter. Please thank Captain Parry for his letter, and tell him that if my Muse is not lame like his, I shall be most happy to compose another ode on the christening of his accomplished and amiable young son.'

He goes on to say how 'one night, as it was very windy, I awoke, and, as is my custom when I am in a poetical mood, I set to work, and since I was rather sleepy, I addressed Sleep,' and encloses a set of verses, of which a few lines are worth quoting, not for their poetic merit, but as the curious 'night thoughts' of a boy of barely twelve. After speaking of the wind and pattering rain:

> Did Shakespeare then, did Shakespeare speak untrue,
> When he declared, my pleasing friend, that you
> Loved with the ship-boy on the mast to dwell?
> Alas! I fear that thought's unceasing flow,

> And restless fancy's fires that in me glow,
> Are far more potent than the blasts that blow,
> And thou, perhaps, my eyelids wouldst have blessed
> If I to thee this prayer had not addressed.

His correspondence begins again with the new school half-year (February 17, 1828). He has no headache, and has not forgotten his waltz step. He is writing verses on 'The Defence of the Tyrol,' and he has 'told "Kenilworth" twice through.' Soon follows a long letter to Owen, his elder brother, now a midshipman on board the *Ganges*. He tells him how delighted all the boys have been to see the 'Great Man' (Captain Parry); and adds also that he has just read a book called 'The Subaltern'—a volume which formed, no doubt, the first introduction to military history for many generations of schoolboys.

In his next letter to Mary he announces himself as perfectly well, 'headacheless, coldless, coughless, and in a very odd sort of a humour,' and goes on to write a frolicsome epistle, full of messages to Charley, 'dear little Pusskin,' and his nurse Sarah; while to his mother he sends a message that he is reading Homer and Herodotus. Poetry soon resumes its sway; he has found a 'terrible mistake' in some Latin verses which he had written to his grandfather, whom he had addressed as *Attave*, spelt with a double *t*, but he takes refuge in English, and sends a long ode to 'Solitude,' with copious annotations; 'it is in a various metre, which I know you can't bear, but I think it is not very, very various, like "Despair," &c.'; and he adds at the end a sonnet on 'Spring,' with a word or two to his mother on the source whence he drew the metre. He ends with a cry of delight at hearing of the appearance of a new novel by Walter Scott.

His letters throughout April and May are full of successive portions of a poem on 'St. Bartholomew's Day';

but he encloses messages from time to time to his mother that he is doing all he can to get over his dislike to cricket, though without much success. He tries, however, to comfort her with the assurance that 'I had much rather ride well than write Latin verses,' and so she 'need not be under any alarm about my riding these holidays, for I do really like riding.' Meantime all other thoughts are lost in the prospect of a tour abroad. Normandy was at first contemplated. 'Oh, what joy to go to Portsmouth, Havre, Harfleur, Rouen, and Bayeux!'

The more immediate interest is a series of lectures on architecture from a Mr. Wood, of which he writes to Mary voluminous accounts. The delight they caused him was great. He recounts all the stories the lecturer had told of Stonehenge and Merlin, and says he has drawn, partly from recollection and partly from copies, 'Kenilworth, Pompeii, Persepolis, and Coningsburgh,' which the lecturer had described as 'probably the very castle into which Walter Scott in his "Ivanhoe" introduced the Saxon Prince Athelstane!!! Only conceive my delight! At last appeared what I most wanted to see, a picture of Kenilworth. . . . I am just recovered from a rage of drawing temples and columns and ruins.' The letter itself is embellished with small representations of the three 'orders of architecture. He squeezes in a P.S. to say, 'I have not yet conquered my dislike to cricket so much as not to be glad that I was not at home on Owen's birthday to meet the terrible company of twenty-four boys.'

A letter of June 26th is noteworthy on other grounds. The holiday plans are finally settled; and the tour to the South of France and the Pyrenees is fully decided on. Few will read without interest the account of the morning spent with the future orator, writer, statesman, and

Prime Minister, some five years his senior, and then at home from Eton:

'How delightful—how enchanting—how charming! How much better than Rouen is this, so far away, so nice to have Auntie[5] and Lucy,[6] so romantic to ride over the mountains on mules, through verdant valleys and snow-capped hills! And the Spaniards, too, and the *Cagots*—I must get benighted and go to a "Cagot's" hut. . . . William Gladstone is at home now, and last Tuesday I and one of the other boys were invited to breakfast with him; so we went, had breakfast in grand style, went into the garden and devoured strawberries, which were there in great abundance, unchained the great Newfoundland, and swam him in the pond; we walked about the garden; went into the house and saw beautiful pictures of Shakespeare's plays, and came away at twelve o'clock. It was very good fun, and I don't think I was very shy, for I talked to William Gladstone almost all the time about all sorts of things. He is so very good-natured, and I like him very much. He talked a great deal about Eton, and said that it was a very good place for those that liked boating and Latin verses. I think, from what he said, I might get to like it. . . . He was very good-natured to us all the time, and lent me books to read when we went away, "The Etonian," &c. . . . Oh! how soon—next Tuesday week, and then the sea, the Pyrenees!'

He adds in a P.S.: 'I will see if I cannot lay hold of any book about the Pyrenees.' Those who enjoyed his companionship in later years will recall the future traveller on the deck of a Baltic steamer, refusing to look round him as he devours books on Russia, or on the back of a camel in the Syrian desert, intent on Robinson's volumes on Palestine. As a supplement to the letter may be added an incident told by its writer in later days. 'Have you read Gray?' said his young Etonian host. 'No? Then

[5] His mother's younger sister, Maria Leycester, who in the following year became Mrs. Augustus Hare.

[6] His cousin, the daughter of Sir John Stanley of Alderley, who in 1833 became the wife of Mr. Marcus Hare, the L. A. S. and L. A. H. of Mr. Hare's *Memorials of a Quiet Life*.

take this volume and read it.' 'I took it away,' said Stanley, 'and read it immediately.' From that time dated his familiarity with a poet whose words rose to his lips alike amongst the 'old poetic mountains' of Greece and the royal tombs of the Abbey.

The holidays came, and on July 17th, 1828, the start was made by a voyage from Liverpool to Dublin, and from Dublin to Bordeaux. The party consisted of the Rector, Mrs. Stanley, two of their children, Mary and Arthur, together with 'Auntie' and Lucy. It included also Sarah, the faithful nurse, so often mentioned in his letters home. The tour lasted from July 17th till towards the end of the following September.

The young traveller kept a continuous record of every day's proceedings. The whole is written in a perfectly clear, if boyish, handwriting. There is scarcely a page that has not some characteristic touch. It is impossible to read this register of every day's incidents and thoughts without feeling that the delicate child, whose sensitive organisation had caused such anxiety to his parents, was gradually outgrowing his early weakness. True, notices occur of occasional attacks of sickness, and the remedies administered are as faithfully recorded. There is mention also of passing headaches, which seem to disappear in the excitement of travelling or of writing. And more than once on their expeditions he is called *le pauvre petit* by stalwart guides, one of whom even offered to carry him, rather than let him walk. But there are also abundant evidences of bodily activity, and a boyish relish not only for mountain expeditions, but also for the varied fare, his indifference to which in later journeys sorely perplexed his companions. Even in this, his first journey, there appears that unwearied energy in the pursuit of objects of interest which, to the end of his life, taxed the endurance of his

more robust fellow-travellers. Constantly, in each new halting-place, the little boy 'goes a stroll by himself,' or with his sister Mary, to see something that has been overlooked. Whoever stays behind on an excursion, he is always one of the party. He enjoys riding heartily, and is delighted with a little black pony that Frontin (their French guide and courier) had chosen on purpose for him. He returns home from the greatest and most delightful of his expeditions, that to the Maladetta, which had lasted from midnight till 3.30 P.M., 'not in the least tired.' He seems, with occasional exceptions, to be full of mirth and health, and gifted with every capacity for enjoyment.

In reading the record of his travels, it is difficult at times to realise that we have before us the unstudied and unaffected journal of a schoolboy of twelve years old, written entirely by himself, without help or guidance. There is abundance of simple enjoyment and of youthful spirits; but there is an amount, also, of keen observation, which was obviously part of his nature, cost him no conscious effort, and is written down day by day without trouble and with scarcely an erasure. Above all, there is a susceptibility to the beauties of Nature, which is expressed with a strength of feeling far beyond his years, in language that seems at times to border on exaggeration. Yet every word, however highflown, is to him the natural mode of transcribing the feelings of the moment. A letter written from Pau by his mother to a friend, describes the effect on him of the 'sudden appearance high above the clouds (higher than Lucy's imagination had dared to place it) of a granite peak. . . . Arthur danced about in ecstasy, exclaiming, "Oh, what shall I do? what shall I do?"' So, a year and a half later, in pouring out to Mary his joy at winning a prize for a poem at Rugby, he adds,

'Great as was my joy at getting the prize, yet it by no means came up to what the Maladetta gave—oh no! that *was* joy!' Indeed, the intensity of delight with which he entered into this first revelation of the charm of mountain scenery was as genuine as his enjoyment of 'the swelling and rolling and foaming waves' on his voyage out, 'when I and Mary sat upon the deck screaming with rapture.'

If in some respects he already possessed the germ of many of his future gifts as a traveller, it is curious to notice one or two obvious points in which the man differed widely from the boy. The change was partly physical. As his organisation grew formed and settled, some constitutional defects became more distinctly marked. The high-strung nerves lost their sensitiveness. It was not only that he lost his ear for music, but his eyesight was not strong, and he was singularly deficient in the two senses of taste and smell. If the boy could enumerate with something of boyish relish every *plat* at his first French *déjeûner*, and his first dish of 'gigot of izard, tasting like hare,' the profound indifference of the grown man to what are called 'the pleasures of the table,' and even his readiness to forego necessary food for the sake of any object of interest, were by turns the amusement and the despair of his friends. But the change meant more than this. It was not merely that, in descriptions of Nature or of scenery, his childish exuberance of language was toned down and kept in check, but by degrees the love of Nature for its own sake—of Nature as apart from historical, personal, or ideal associations—retired into the background. He would face any fatigue to see the scene of a great event, or of something that had impressed him in poetry or fiction, but to scenery as scenery he grew comparatively indifferent. Canosa and Vallombrosa would have a great and an equal charm

for him. The mountains of Greece, the swelling hills of Palestine, thrilled him with inspiration; but the Alps of Switzerland became to him mere 'unmeaning masses.'[7] A friend, who accompanied him nearly thirty years later to Sweden and Norway, remarked that he took infinitely more interest in hunting for the legendary pile or 'stock' that gave its name to Stockholm, than in the most beautiful Norwegian sunset. When, in the year before he died, he revisited the very places described in his journal, he showed no enthusiasm for the Pics and Dents of the mountains; but was distressed beyond measure at being prevented from visiting the scenes of Southey's 'Roderic.' No friend ever travelled with him but could give similar instances, and no one familiar with his published writings can fail to feel the different form which the boy's 'picturesque sensibility' assumed in manhood. Even the moon 'walking in her brightness,' of which in the journal he gives a rapturous description, would scarcely have stirred his enthusiasm in later years, unless she lit up some scene of historic interest or awoke some literary association, while the power of registering the *menus* of foreign meals soon perished from the total indifference with which such subjects were regarded.

It is difficult to choose the passages most likely to give a true impression of the general effect of his Diary. Perhaps it may be well to select portions of the account of the first sea voyages from Liverpool to Dublin and from Dublin to Bordeaux, of the adventure with the sheepdog, and of the expedition to the Maladetta.

He begins with July 17th, 1828:

'I got up at four o'clock on Thursday (17th) morning, came down to breakfast, and ate a very good one. We laughed very much at one another in our travelling-dresses.

[7] The phrase used by him in a letter to A. C. Tait, Feb. 1841.

When we came to Liverpool, we got out at the steam-packet office, where we saw Papa. The ladies were very angry with him because he laughed at their bonnets, and called them a set of housemaids.

'We sate a long time on the pier by our luggage waiting for the packet. I was very impatient for it, and thought it would never come; but at last the long-wished-for *Leeds* made its appearance, to our great delight. We and our luggage soon got on board, and at half-past three we left the shores of England. Hoylake and Seaforth and the Welsh mountains looked beautiful as we passed by, and the day was lovely, and the sea was calm; but, in spite of all this, I began to feel rather uncomfortable, and Sarah said she felt miserable. We were the only passengers (except one boy), and had the immense packet all to ourselves. The berths were very snug and comfortable. When we went down to dinner, I could scarcely eat anything, and Captain Easton said I had better go on deck before an accident happened. So up I went, but I soon came down again, and lay on a sofa and fell asleep, till Mary awoke me and said I must come and see the sunset; so I went up again and saw it: it was a lovely evening and a beautiful sunset. The tea was bad, and I could not drink it, and threw it overboard. Then went to bed and slept very soundly till morning (18th), when I found myself quite well and comfortable, and in Kingstown Harbour.'

They land, and after a drive—'six of us terribly squeezed in a car'—to Phœnix Park, he enjoys the 'gay and pretty sights of the crowds of people, tents, beggars, &c.' which marked the return from the races. He records the 'joint petition of Mary and myself to Papa to buy the "Fortunes of Nigel" for us to read in the packet.' Papa said the price was too much; 'but at last the bookseller brought one which had been read, and Papa was so kind as to get it, to my great delight.' Once on board the Bordeaux packet, he gives an account of each one of his fellow-passengers, from 'the little boy and girl, with whom, as they were very talkative, I soon got acquainted, and their father, Mr. Savary, a very nice civil man, who gave us cherries

after dinner,' to 'the boy with his mother, whose name we could not find out, but we always called him the "dirty boy," who was our detestation.' Soon

'the unhappy ladies shut themselves up quite sick, and many of the gentlemen were in the same condition. I read a good deal of the "Fortunes of Nigel," which was a real comfort to me. It was a beautiful night, and the crescent moon shed a wild light on the dark sea, and all went on well till I went to bed.

'I got up early in the morning (20th), not quite comfortable, and after an expedition to the deck, to find that it was a drizzly morning and we were out of sight of land, returned to my berth, fell asleep again, woke, had a very poor breakfast, and went to bed again. By this time the faint cry of "Steward, Steward, Stewardess!" was heard from all sides.'

On his recovery he spent the day on deck, 'the ladies creeping out of their cabins one by one, and I finished my first volume [of "Nigel"] and began the second.' The next day (21st) he describes the sufferings of the adult passengers:

'Mamma invisible, shut up in her cabin, the calls of "Steward," the paralytic man the most vociferous, the porpoises flouncing about and showing their tails, and the captain and sailors saying that they didn't know what to make of the weather. . . .

'In the chops of the Channel the waves were magnificent, and Lucy, Mary, and I sat on deck screaming with rapture; for they came swelling and rolling and foaming, and the vessel heaved and rolled, and once when we were unprepared a great wave came, and we all three fell from our seats, and lay prostrate on the floor. I thought Lucy had at least broken her leg; for there she lay till Papa and Mr. Cameron raised her up, and then we all burst out laughing, and have done so ever since at thinking of it. . . .

'I was delighted with the waves till I went to bed, and then I did not like them so much, for I thought I should have tumbled out. In the morning when I got up, I found myself in the formidable Bay of Biscay, so much dreaded by Sarah, who had asked so often during the voyage, "Are we in the Bay of Biscay, sir?" It certainly was smoother than the Channel. The cries and groans of the sick had

greatly diminished, and several who had not been seen before now appeared. . . . I finished "Nigel" that day. On Wednesday morning early [23rd], Papa awoke me and said we could see the coast of France; so I jumped out of bed, dressed myself, and rushed on deck, and there it was—the long-wished-for sight, the coast of France; but not, as one would think, covered with woods and vines, but a line of barren sandhills, without a spot of verdure, and two landmarks, frightful as can be imagined. The only thing worthy of notice was the stately Tower of Cardouan, rising by itself over the water.'

The two following extracts are only fair samples of the contents of the two closely-written manuscript volumes that contain the record of his first travels. They are merely chosen as giving an account of an adventure which was long remembered, and of the excursion to the Maladetta, to which there are constant references in his later letters.

'The next morning (August 1) Papa, Mary, and I went out (from Eaux Bonnes) at 7 o'clock on an expedition towards the Pic de Ger. We wound along the path through the valley, resting when we were tired, and collecting plants, butterflies, &c., till we came to a beautiful wood from which there was a magnificent view of the Pic. It was a lovely spot, in the middle of a forest of pines; immense pines ninety feet high, in perfect solitude, with the Pic lifting up its bare pointed summit above the dark trees, and the other lesser hills surrounding it on every side. It was the sweetest morning we had had since we came: there was not a cloud to be seen in the clear blue sky, and as we sat on a fallen pine—blown down by a whirlwind—and ate peaches and wild mountain strawberries, and gazed on the beauties around us, we saw a large eagle soaring over us; without moving his wings, as he sailed through the blue sky, he alighted on a peak three miles off in a minute. When we set off to return, we lost the path, and were soon plunged in the deep thickets. We tried to get down to the river, and I got separated from the others, and I had to clamber up again; then Papa had got before us, and the farther we went, the more we were lost. The ground was rugged and full of holes; there was scarcely

anything but brambles and briers to lay hold of; every now and then an immense pine lay before us, blown down by the whirlwind; and such a scramble we had as we never wished to have again. At last we came up to Papa, and after wandering about some time, we found something like a path, and at last we heard a tinkling of sheep-bells, and congratulated ourselves, thinking that some shepherds were coming with their flocks. At last the sheep made their appearance; but, alas! with no shepherd; but an immense Pyrenean wolf-dog, as large as a Newfoundland, as fierce as the fiercest wolf, as strong as a lion, and as faithful to his sheep as any dog could be. We hoped to get out of his way by sitting on the bank while the sheep passed by, but the dog bounded before us, and, opening his terrific jaws, set up a savage bark. We then slipped into the bushes, but still we heard him rustling behind us; at last he stopped, and we got into the path on the opposite side. Unluckily, we met some more of his sheep, upon which he stood on the opposite rock, barking furiously. When those went past, we met two stray lambs, and the dog darted down from his station with a terrible howl, and bounded down the valley, and in a moment we heard his horrid bark close behind us, and saw him issue from the bushes, wagging his tail with a savage joy, and with his jaws opened to devour us. Papa told us in a low voice (lest it should startle the dog) to go on before, and he walked behind slowly, the monster following close behind, barking the whole time; and when Papa turned round and looked at him steadily, he stopped. If we had run or screamed or shown any signs of fear, he would have attacked us instantly, and if he had, there would have been no chance: there was no person near to help us, and we had nothing to defend ourselves with. We two hurried on before, and so he could not have reached us first. At last, after having followed us for half a mile, and put us all in the most horrible fright, to our great delight we saw him turn round (as he was sure of his sheep) and disappear among the bushes. After this last perilous adventure, we hurried along the path, which we had now found, and got safe home to tell it.'

The second extract is from a portion of his account of what he calls 'the most interesting of all his expeditions,'

that to the Port de Venasque and the Maladetta. They had risen (Aug. 29) and breakfasted at 11 P.M., and at midnight were joined by a party of friends, and started on horseback 'under the light of a half-moon and stars twinkling in multitudes above us.'

'All was silent, except when the loud wild shrieks of the horned owls resounded from the height above. As we looked up, we saw, like a star on the mountain, the fire of an izard-hunter. All this time we ascended, and it grew very cold, so that we were not sorry, after about three hours' riding, to arrive at the Hospice, a lonely house on purpose for travellers, &c., to stop and refresh themselves. It is on an open grassy space, with the forests behind, and the Port de Venasque in front. We dismounted and entered: the first room was quite dark, the second was lighted up by a blazing log, which lay on the large hearth, round which were placed benches. Round the room lay several shepherds sleeping on large sacks, &c. We were very glad to range ourselves round the fire, which the people of the Hospice soon kindled into a warm and cheerful blaze, before whose influence we soon revived. There was great laughing at Frontin in his *capot*, which is a kind of large cloak with a hood, that the shepherds wear. After about an hour's warming we set out again, and I now was fortified against the cold by two hoods. We soon began to ascend the Port de Venasque, up a steep zigzag road, which wound and turned, and on each side steep, high, rugged rocks and mountains, among which the Pic de la Pique was the most conspicuous.

'We soon got far above the Hospice, and when we were about halfway up, the morning began to dawn over the eastern mountains, and tinge the sky with rosy streaks; but still the moon was bright before us, while the stars faded away. By degrees the rays of rosy light began to spread through the heavens, and the lofty Pic above to catch the light, but the sun had not yet made his appearance. All along the sides of the path were scattered broken rocks and stones, the signs of the avalanches that fall there; and there was a cross put up, where some person had been crushed by one. It was now colder than before; for we passed several large masses of snow which lay among the rocks. The road was like a staircase, but the horses per-

formed their part admirably. At last we came into a vast amphitheatre of stupendous rocks, out of which it seemed impossible to pass, and all their tops were glowing in the morning light. At the bottom of this magnificent place was a small lake, which was joined to some smaller ones. Its water was black as ink; but the rocks and rosy sky were reflected in it beautifully. We looked round, not knowing how we were to pass out, for the rocks towered above us and surrounded us as if with a wall; but we followed the guide, who led us winding on, till all of a sudden there appeared a pass—very narrow—looking just as if it had been cut into Spain, just what I could fancy the Brèche de Roland to be. There was scarcely room for more than two to pass at a time; but the moment we had got through the snowy range of the mountains of Aragon burst upon us, and mighty and stupendous above them all, with its awful and magnificent height covered with eternal snows, the Maladetta rose before us! Never shall I forget what I felt on seeing it burst forth so suddenly in all its grandeur and desolation—so well deserving the name of Maladetta, with its many dark granite peaks, rising out of the vast beds of snow with which it was crowned, its vast girdle of grey rocks, and the wild cliffs beneath only speckled with black pines. There was the feeling, too, of having passed by that narrow opening through the mighty barrier that divided France from Spain. All (with the exception of Mr. ——, who immediately went down into the valley and fell asleep) were struck dumb with awe and admiration. We all dismounted, and stood gazing on the grand scene before us. All was still as death, except the awful sound of distant cataracts, rushing down from the snows of the Maladetta. We then went down upon a kind of platform (the Penna Blanca) before the Maladetta, with large rocks of white and black schist that rose up in every direction. It was so awful thinking that this mighty Maladetta had burst up out of the earth, driving every other mountain before it; and, as one looked round, seeing them all leaning away from it, as if they shrank in terror from their king.'

The return to Bagnères by the Port de Picade is described with equal vigour and minuteness, and the expedition ended at half-past three the next afternoon; the one

drawback to its joys being that 'Lucy was not able to go with us, she would have enjoyed it so.'

The memorable tour was at last finished. The journal closes with a passage beginning, 'We embarked on board the *Leeds*, and bade adieu to the shores of France. There we sat on deck like Mary Queen of Scots. . . .' The concluding page is missing, but it no doubt contained the well-known farewell attributed to the Queen. The impression made on the sensitive and active brain was prolific in immediate results. A whole series of youthful poems was composed during, or after, the tour, on one and another of the innumerable subjects of interest which his new experience had suggested. There still remains a large portion of an unfinished 'historical novel,' written obviously within the same year, the scene of which is laid in the Pyrenees, and every page of which is full of reminiscences of his tour; and letter after letter from Seaforth and Rugby shows how years passed before his imagination ceased to be haunted by the skies and peaks and valleys of Southern France.

The young traveller returned for one more half-year to the school whose educational appliances he was obviously beginning to outgrow. His days at Seaforth were numbered. The choice of a public school had been for some time under discussion. It was a serious question in the case of a child so far removed in tastes and habits from the generality of boys, and yet endowed with gifts that pointed so clearly to the academical life for which he had already shown a childish preference. Eton and Winchester had both been proposed; but the influence of Augustus Hare (who in the following year married Mrs. Stanley's sister, Maria Leycester, the 'Auntie' of her young nephew's journal and letters) was decisive in favour of Rugby, where Dr. Arnold had been installed as Head Master in the summer of 1828.

The letters, therefore, from Seaforth often turn, as the year wanes, on the hopes and fears inspired by the prospect of Rugby. The description of the Fifth of November fireworks ends with: 'I do so long to hear about Rugby: mind and tell me all about it.' A week later he writes: 'I like the account of Rugby very much. The hare and hounds will be very good fun, and oh! how delightful the little study will be! I long to see the picture of it. Pray send it as soon as you can.' But even with this prospect before him, he can hardly write a page without reference direct or indirect to the Pyrenees. It is clear that a whole world of fresh ideas had been opened to the brother and sister by their tour. His first letter after his return to Seaforth begins with: 'Here I am settled at school, done with the Pyrenees, and quite happy. It is such fun telling my adventures, showing on the map where I went, and telling all about my curiosities,' &c. It ends with: 'I have just finished an ode on the birth of Henry IV., and am going off to bed. Give my love to all at home, especially my Pyrenean friends.' But he adds a P.S. on the 'contrast between the pale blue cloudy sky and hazy moon, and the sky behind the Pic de Geres, and the moon that shone on the Champ de Mars and lighted us to the Maladetta.'

He cannot send a message to Charley as to the growing coldness of the sea, which made it impossible to unite bathing with sailing the *Winchester* without adding, 'This morning I think it was almost as cold as the black lake at the Port de Venasque.' 'Only last night,' he says in the same letter, 'I wrote a long ode, not yet finished, on the Maladetta.' Mr. Rawson was soon admitted to a description 'of our adventures and a sight of my curiosities. . . . I did so long for Ramond's map; it seemed such a little way (on his one), and so little was put down.' The curiosities consisted of a Virgin in a little chapel, 'whose con-

stitution got so injured by being always in my pocket that I have wrapt her carefully up in my "comfortable," and laid her in my drawer'; a Rosary in a box, 'which too often takes a fit of obstinacy and won't open'; and a fragment of *pain béni*, which at last, 'after dwelling in my pocket till it was as hard as a stone, I laid in my drawer, and the mice have been so sacrilegious as to eat.'

If he records 'having just begun Sophocles, which looks as if it would be hard,' he adds in the same sentence that he has

'finished the Maladetta. . . . I am so pleased when I find anything in books about the Pyrenees, for they seem, poor things, so much neglected and despised. . . . I have just been writing two long letters to my friend Rose,[8] with an account of my tour.'

In his annual report on November 5th, in which this year there was 'only a very small bonfire,' but a display 'of 5*l.* worth of fireworks,' the irrepressible subject recurs:

'The rockets were beautiful, and I thought of Gavarnie as I saw their falling stars vanish away. . . . It was over about eight o'clock, to the satisfaction of everyone. I do so long to hear more about Rugby: mind and tell me all about it. The day before November 5 we had a grand exhibition, in which there were many Pyrenee[9] people, as you may think. The other night the clouds made such beautiful mountains in a long range, with mists floating round them! It was so very like the view from the Pic de Bergons, if it had had snow. It was such fun showing the boys which was like Mount Perdu, and the Brèche de Roland, for all these were quite perfect. Now good-bye, my dear Mary.'

[8] No doubt the Rev. E. Rose (brother of his future friend, Mrs. Bonamy Price), for many years Vicar of Weybridge.

[9] A really well-executed and spirited coloured sketch of six 'Pyreneau men and women' (the work of Arthur Stanley in 1828) probably belongs to this occasion.

A week later, in the midst of increasingly anxious inquiries about Rugby, he writes :

'I have concluded my Pyrenean poems with the Cirque de Gavarnie, or, as I now call it, the "Circle of Gavarnie," for I always anglicise my French words with Mr. Rawson. . . . The sandhills here are beginning to rise a little in my eyes, as the Maladetta, Mount Perdu, &c., fill my mind less.'

Even yet there is no letter without at least a reference to the unforgotten subject, though the next poem is on the burning of Moscow, the last in 'my five volumes of school poems,' which he promises to bring home with him for the holidays.

CHAPTER III

1829

FIRST YEAR AT RUGBY

ON the last day of January 1829 Arthur Stanley was taken to Rugby by his father. A long letter to his sister (February 4th) gives a full account of the new-comer's impressions and experiences in the strange world of a public school, as well as of his first meeting with the great teacher whose name will be always inseparably linked with his own. It may be well to remind modern Rugbeians, that in the year 1829 by far the greater number of the five or six score of boarders lived in boarding-houses, which were kept, not, as at present, necessarily, or even generally, by assistant masters, but by persons unconnected with the school who were authorised to receive them. The Rev. C. A. Anstey, one of the assistant masters, who had been appointed under Dr. Wooll's head-mastership, was at that time on the point of opening a new boarding-house, built expressly to receive boarders, and of this Arthur Stanley was to be an inmate. But as the house was not yet ready to receive its full number, the new boy was placed for his first half-year in 'Townsend's,' a house in the middle of the town, near the Eagle Inn, just beyond the present school bookseller's. Dunchurch, it may be added, is a small town, once well known as a coaching and posting centre. It stands on the road from London to Coventry and Birmingham, and three miles west of Rugby. Rugby itself lay on the

cross-road running eastward from Dunchurch to Lutterworth and Leicester.

'Rugby: Feb. 4, 1829.

'My dear Mary,—According to your wish I write to you. Nothing remarkable happened on the journey. . . . We had our breakfast at Dunchurch, got into a chaise, and set off for Rugby! The country was very pretty—long sweeping meadows, and trees. I looked out for boys, but none were to be seen, as they were all in school. Presently we saw the towers of Rugby rising up above the trees, and a few moments after the whole school burst upon us in all its beauty: and beautiful it was—an immense long building, towered and turreted (very like the print), of stone, and I don't think it looked at all too new. At one end of it—joined to it, and just the same kind of building—was Dr. Arnold's department, and on the other the chapel, close to it—small and pretty, but nothing very striking. [I must just leave off here to go to dinner.] The playground is a fine large field, with several fine trees. We drove through the town, which is just behind the school, and stopped at Mr. Townsend's. There we saw him and his wife. We went to look at the studies, some of which were ranged round a yard, and some upstairs; some were indeed small, but some were a very tolerable size, with sofas, tables, bookcases, fitted up as nicely as could be. Papa and I then walked to Dr. Arnold's, and presently Mrs. Arnold came in—she was very nice indeed. At last came the Doctor himself; but I certainly should not have taken him for a Doctor. He was very pleasant, and did not look old. When Papa asked him whether I could be examined, he said that if I would walk into the next room he would do it himself; so, of course, in I went with him, with a feeling like that when I am going to have a tooth drawn. So he took down a Homer, and I read about half a dozen lines, and the same with Virgil; he then asked a little about my Latin verses, and set me down without any more ado in the great book as placed in the fourth form. I felt such a weight taken off my mind when that was done. And then Papa and I walked to a place about two miles off, where the boys were skating, to inquire for Entwisle (a sixth-form boy), who soon appeared—a tall young man. I gave him the letter, and we then walked off again, and I went to Mr. Townsend's again to dine with the boys. The dining-room was a place with a large fire, and a table with

benches, on the former of which was placed the dinner (which consisted of pudding and meat), and on the latter the boys—in number about seven—and two men-servants to wait upon us. Not a word was passed between me and them the whole of dinner-time. I glanced my eye round to discover how many *frill-companions* I should have, and there was only one, and I rather think there are not above two more in the whole school! Pudding first, and then veal, and we certainly were not stinted in our allowance. Much laughter and joking passed among the boys, and after dinner one or two of them spoke to me about where I was placed, &c. Papa and I walked to see the new house, which promised to be a very pretty one; and I was then committed to the charge of one Howard, who was a boarder at Mr. Townsend's. We walked about a little, and at a quarter to five I went to take leave of Papa, who dined at Dr. Arnold's. We had a good tea at half-past five, when we were locked up from going into the streets. I sate for the rest of the evening with a boy of about my age whose name was Highton,[1] from Leicestershire. He seemed to be clever, and had a very comfortable study, well stored with books—many English. My study was a small, comfortable room, with a table and two chairs; but as it was in the yard, and the boys might throw water or anything else in at the window, I thought it best to change to one upstairs. We had bread-and-cheese for supper. The bell rang for us at a quarter to ten, and at ten we were all in bed. Now don't you expect some dreadful story of pulling toes, &c.? I am afraid Mamma and you will be very much disappointed, for I slept very quietly all night. In the morning I found it was a usual custom for new boys not to go to the first lesson, so I stayed at home; and, moreover, I discovered that it was an unknown, an unpardonable thing for a Rugby boy to wear a cap: so I got a note from Mrs. Townsend (that is, such a thing as this—"Hat for Stanley—Mrs. Townsend"—and then it will be put down in the bill), and got a hat with all speed. After breakfast, at a quarter to ten, went with the other boys to the great schoolroom, where we sate construing the second lesson to one another till half-past ten. . . . We, then, of the fourth went into a smaller

[1] Henry Highton, also a new boy, afterwards one of the most conspicuous of A. P. Stanley's Rugby and Oxford contemporaries—for many years an assistant master at Rugby, and for a time Head Master of Cheltenham College.

schoolroom, where Mr. Bird, the master, in his college dress, made first one and then another get up and construe. I was very much confused, but I took two or three places, and found myself most deficient in grammar. At half-past twelve we came out, and Arthur Pigot very kindly offered to walk with me; but as it was a wet drizzly day we soon parted. Dined at half-past one. . . . At a quarter-past two to school again—third lesson—Ovid—the same manner as before. Just let me notice here, without thinking it vanity, that Mr. Bird said of me to some of the boys: "That boy is only just come, but if you don't mind he'll soon be up to you." Fourthly, and lastly, Greek exercises, and we came home just as the locking up, and calling over, and tea began; and here I am in my study upstairs, with the *First Day* over. I think the only *misery* I have endured is that this night the boys have been smoking me with burnt paper through the cracks in the door. My study is not yet what I call comfortable-looking. All the books are on the floor, and there is no other place to put them till I get my bookcase. As to collars, pray bring them with you, for though they are not so necessary as hats, yet I should like to have them very much. The first advice about my hat was, "Put your name in it, or you'll have it bagged"—which means stolen; and as soon as I got to school, "Keep your books close, and have your name in them, or they'll be bagged in a minute." . . . I heard one of the boys talking about the prizes one of the others had got—"Oh," he said, "it was nothing—only 'Ivanhoe.'" Thought I to myself, If that is considered a bad one, what must the best be? They have three days' holiday at Easter, and make speeches then. I find I shall have but little time. It is a very common thing for boys to sit with one another.'

So far he has written cheerfully; he ends in a different strain:

'Though I have no *miseries*, I feel such a sense of desolation sometimes—such a difference from Scaforth, where I could do almost what I liked—that I wish I was anywhere else. I am so distracted that I dare say I have left out many things you want to hear, but tell me of them in the next letter. Love to all.

'Yours most affectionately,

'A. P. STANLEY.

'P.S.—Unfortunately the writing-master here is called Stanley, and so I think I shall get the nickname of Bob Stanley's son.'

The new boy was, it will be remembered, barely thirteen, and, vivid as is the picture given of his feelings and of the first incidents of school-life in his letters to his sister, the following extract from the letter of a contemporary, who was one of his few familiar associates at Mr. Anstey's, will be read with interest. Mr. H. G. Allen, late M.P. for the Pembroke Boroughs, writes as follows:

'I well remember the report of a new boy of great talents having joined us, who was likely soon to pass over the heads of his contemporaries, and the interest with which his first appearance at our house and in the school was regarded. He was then thirteen years of age, short in stature, of slight frame, small and delicate features, with the gentle and amiable expression which marked him until the close of his life. His general appearance was feminine, and obtained for him the passing nickname of "Nancy" during the short time before he got into the fifth form. I recall him dressed in a round, blue, many-buttoned jacket, and grey trousers adorned by a pink watch-ribbon, being somewhat earlier than the general run of boys were trusted with watches. His manners were as gentle as his appearance indicated. He was shy and timid, but full of vivacity when accosted; and it was soon perceived that his attainments and powers rather exceeded than fell short of the report of them which had circulated among us. No new boy was then placed higher than the fourth form; but Stanley, having very soon got to the top of that form, was at Easter removed into the Shell, and, passing through that form with equal rapidity, was promoted to the fifth before the summer holidays; so that in six months he had attained to the dignity of being among the class exempt from fagging.'

The letter to Mary already quoted alludes to a visit which his mother and sister were to pay him at Rugby. Their coming was anticipated with mixed feelings. A

letter to his sister of February 26th begins with most earnest serio-comic injunctions, into the meaning of which schoolboys will fully enter :

'I am very glad to have an opportunity of writing to you again, to give you sundry *directions*, &c. If you come on Tuesday, you will most likely find me disengaged at half-past twelve. First, you must mind and not tell Dr. Arnold what I have told you. Second, you must mind, none of you, to scream at me, and fly upon me, and kiss me. Third, if you walk about and look into my study, you must take care and not speak loud, lest the boys should hear you. Can you remember all this?'

There is an amusing sign of the half-unconscious yearning after his old position as *raconteur* :

'How you would laugh if you heard me dropping hints that I had been in France. . . . I am asked questions, but I never dare go on as I did at Seaforth. . . . I sometimes feel afraid that I shall not care about my poor old Pyrenees, and that I shall not be able to see Maladetta in my mind ; but now it comes rushing upon me while I am writing, with all its granite peaks and sheets of frozen snow!'

And then comes an important announcement; his reputation is obviously spreading :[2]

'I have made one step at last, and have got into the middle remove, from which I hope soon to arrive in the upper. As soon as I come into school in the morning about half a dozen boys run up to me, exclaiming, "Give me a construe, give me a construe" ; and each one tries to get me, and one pulls one way, and another another, till at last they all come and sit, stand, or crouch round me whilst I give them one. I have also a great reputation as a verse-maker, and am beset on all sides for them. I never, however, let any English verses escape me.'

[2] 'I well remember,' writes an old schoolfellow, 'the day, now fifty-five years ago, when he was placed in the fourth form under Roger Bird, and leapt at one bound to the top a little fellow in a round jacket—thereby displacing "old Mills" (A. Mills's brother), and Bird saying prophetically to Mills, "I don't think you will get your place again, Mills" ; nor did he.'

Nearly of the same date is a long and grateful letter to his old schoolmaster, Mr. Rawson (March 10th)—one of several written at intervals in the next five years. He gives a full account of the constitution, divisions, and buildings of the school, 'with its towers and turrets looking like a stately castle,' and draws a cheerful picture of his own life and progress. Two short paragraphs are worth quoting:

'I thought of you, sir, the other night—as I was chosen to write out one of the præpostors' prize essays, on account of my writing such a *good hand*. As yet I believe there are not more than 167 boys, but the number is rapidly increasing with Dr. Arnold's fame. . . . I have *not* fixed upon any one whom I should like as a friend,'

adds the solitary new boy, who had at Seaforth been the centre of a young circle of listeners, friends, and admirers.

The visit of his family to Rugby was paid; and the mother and sister went away on the whole satisfied, though Mrs. Stanley notices in a letter to her sister 'the shyness and colouring when spoken to,' which for long after this caused a natural, if excessive, anxiety in the home-circle. His correspondence with Mary is at once resumed. The little fourth-form boy's account of his earliest impression of Arnold as a teacher will be read with interest:

'We have been examined again by Dr. Arnold in Latin,' he writes on April 7th:

'and he seemed very much pleased with me, and said I had done extremely well. He is very particular; the least word you say or pronounce wrong he finds out in an instant, and he is very particular about chronology, history, and geography. He does not sit still like the other masters, but walks backwards and forwards all the time, and seems rather fidgety. . . . Only a fortnight to Easter and the Speeches. There are to be English verses. How I shall listen! Tell Sarah that Dr. Arnold has only preached three times this half-year, so he does not waste many of his sermons upon the young gentlemen. I am perfectly well and very happy—but no friend yet.

. . . . . I am never bogled (Rugby phrase) with smoke or squirts, and so long as I do not fag at my lessons very much I am not teased at all. We had this time to do the map of France. You may be sure I did not forget my dear, dear Pyrenees. . . . I very nearly made a great blot in trying to make Maladetta larger than the others. As to friends, I have not pitched upon one, and I think I am better without one just now; as I can always get some one to go out with, it is quite enough. I don't expect I shall find a regular friend till next half, when I shall begin to look about more particularly for one, as I shall be more settled.'

Of the school prize poem on 'The Ruins of Rome,' to which he listened with all his promised attention, he sends home specimens both of the best lines—'some of which,' he says, 'reminded me of Reginald Heber's "Palestine"'—and a couplet, of which the young critic disapproved. He adds a word of satisfaction about his own immunity from fagging. His rapid rise in the school had made an unusual impression on his seniors. 'Strange to say, I have only been fagged once, being always excused by præpostors whom I never knew before—and sometimes by the most severe. I am very lucky to be favoured by them.'

There is every attempt in his letters home to present the cheerful side of his school-life. Yet it is clear that his own memory of his first few weeks was one of much loneliness and depression. Writing nearly four years later (December 1832) to a friend at Oxford (W. A. Greenhill) on all he had gained at Rugby, he uses such language as 'I looked forward on my coming here to a long farewell to all goodness and happiness, and wondered how I should ever come out safe again.'

But in due time, as the sense of strangeness and desolation wore away, old tastes revived. 'I must rub up my poetry, for it has grown rusty, as I have not done any for the last two months, except Latin verses, which you may tell Grandpapa I think I am improving in'; and he begins

to puzzle for a subject, and to suggest two or three names from Spanish story. The epistolary current is slightly checked by a bad fall, and a sprained arm, and a stay in the sick-room. But even in a letter written partly with his left hand he recounts at full length, besides a number of school details, and a kindly visit from Mrs. Arnold, a dream of a visit to Pau and the Pyrenees, and expresses his delight at hearing that 'the King has knighted Captain Parry, as well as Captain Franklin.' 'I am very happy,' he says (on May 25th, 1829), 'and very well.' Soon he has events to record. Dr. Arnold has

'heard the Shell' (into which he had been promoted after Easter) 'a lesson. Oh! how particular he is; but at the same time so mild and pleasant. I like saying to him very much. He asks very much about history, and asks queer out-of-the-way questions. I daresay you will be glad to hear that I got up to the top once for answering something about Themistocles. He seems very much pleased when I answer anything.'

In the following month (June 1829) his form has been once more examined by Dr. Arnold; and he has seen Mrs. Arnold,

'who talked to me about her children, and told me that little Mat [the eldest of her boys] that morning had been in the garden and got a red and white rose for her, and showing them to Dr. Arnold, said, "See, Papa, here are York and Lancaster"; and it so happened that that very day the lesson with Dr. Arnold was history, and, though there was nothing particular about it in the lesson, he asked a good deal about what were the devices of York and Lancaster. I daresay he was thinking about Mat and his roses. I am high in the form, though I cannot hope to be so very rapid as to be in the fifth at the end of the half; by the middle of next half, however, I hope and expect that my days of fagging will be over, and I shall be in the fifth

form—though I cannot complain about it, as I am so very seldom fagged; but when I am in the fifth I shall be out of the præpostors' power. I have had one copy of verses to write out—that is, when they are very good we write them in a book.'

He already begins to scent the holidays:

'Oh! when I do get home, and see you once more, quite beyond Rugby, præpostors, and fags—when I can go to the Edge without shirking, my own master! And will Lucy be there? Tell her that I have not at all forgotten the Pyrenees. Joy, joy! I am quite well—very happy, and all that. The half-year seems to have gone very quickly. This time last year I was trembling at the thought of going to a public school; and now I am at it. I must go to school now.'

On June 22nd he concludes his letter with, 'sixteen days—oh!' In a short letter written home on June 28th, after the cry, 'Oh! Wednesday week,' he goes on:

'The other day Wombwell's wild beasts came. I saw them fed, and heard the lions roar, the hyæna laugh (oh! what a horrible laugh), leopards growl, &c. They were very fair lions, and I sent Charley a long account of it. Next Saturday my fate will be decided, whether I shall be a fag or not next half. . . . What else can I say? Unluckily, I have no miseries of any kind to tell you. I have only been "called back" twice by præpostors, once got off with nothing, once with 150 lines to write out.'

He returned with joy to Alderley, to the family circle, outside which he was yet for some time to feel a difficulty in forming close intimacies, and where, even if there still hung about him at times a cloud of shyness and reserve which it took years entirely to remove, he plunged into home life with unalloyed enjoyment. A letter to Owen, written from Alderley, gives a full account of his Rugby life and of the school system. 'On the whole,' he says, 'I have been very happy. Garside, Tipping, and some other

big boys have been very kind to me. In my boarding-house there was very little fagging, and no bullying, except some smoking or squirting through the study doors.'

On his return to Rugby he entered for the first time the larger boarding-house which was to be his home till his school-life was over. He is now in the fifth form, 'quite out of the reach of præpostors'—'very happy, but have not made any particular friend yet'; finds it 'such fun shaking hands with everybody, and am glad to see that it is generally a cordial shake'; has been 'to Isaac the Jew to buy a foot-rule to measure my study,' of which he sends (on September 4th) a carefully drawn plan, with a commission to Mary, who was staying for a short time at Leamington, to buy him a carpet; he does not 'mind what it is like, if it is not ugly or extraordinary.' He is delighted when it comes—'Oh! how comfortable and warm it looks with its green and red stripes'—no less than with his father's paper on 'The Mauvais Pas,'[3] a second copy of which is acknowledged in some interesting lines from Dr. Arnold (on September 14th), written, as was common in those days of heavy postage, on a spare side of A. Stanley's letter. His spirits rise as he becomes familiar with his new home. He sends a plan of his arrangement of all the pictures that adorn his study walls, some bought by himself, others given by his new friend, Lake.[4] He sends also, on September 27th, a drawing of a hanging book-case, a present from an older schoolfellow, surmounted by a 'little bust of Lord Byron that one of the boys gave me.' More than one plan remains of his study, with his 'favourite table,' and a 'drudge table,' carefully marked. He tells 'How regularly and diligently I sweep out my study every morning, turning everything topsy-turvy, and really keep

[3] In *Blackwood's Magazine*, September 1829.

[4] The present Dean of Durham, whose parents then resided at Rugby.

it very clean and tidy. . . . It looks toward the Island and the trees; and if I had any smell I might catch the passing perfume from a garden almost beneath the windows.'

'Mary,' he bursts out, 'I am very happy here; the boys, all of them almost, are very kind to me. . . . I am not, as Charley says, *quite miserable when I think of home*, only sometimes little thoughts come. . . . I often laugh when some of the boys do things for me, almost as if I could fag them; quite out of their own good will, for you may be sure I am not one that could command anything.'

He even in the same letter appeals to Mary for congratulations on

'playing football three days running. To be sure, I am a very poor player, but it is a great thing to have broken thro' the ice; for last half-year, to say the truth, I don't think I ever played at any game in the playground. I do really like it—it is such an enlivening, warm game; though I sometimes catch myself looking at the sunset instead of the ball. Perhaps in time I may like cricket.'

The new-born taste perished in its first infancy, and the faint hope was never realised. There is still the same yearning for friendship, and the same difficulty in passing beyond certain limits in schoolboy intimacy. 'Do you want to know,' he says, 'how —— and I get on? Why, we are very amicable, &c., but I am afraid,' he adds modestly, 'that he is a sphere above me. I think we shall always go on well and peacefully, but never be loving friends—like Waverley and Flora MacIvor!' But he names one or two whom he 'likes very much'—one to whom he can even talk about the Pyrenees; 'he has been abroad, on the Rhine, and we show each other where we have been on the map, and I listen to him very attentively.'

In time the events of school-life give him, as he says to Mary on October 16th, 'some substance to talk about.' He describes a visit paid in state by Dr. Arnold to Mr. Anstey's House, and the formal elevation of every fifth-form

boy under his charge to the rank of præpostors within their own house. He reports also Mr. Anstey's speech which followed, in which 'when he spoke of *manual strength* he glanced at me and laughed.' And he sends home an elaborate account of the amount and limits of his new powers, and of his announcement to the 'three fags' who were now to clean out his study by turns, that he 'did not mean to be very strict.' 'There is much joking,' he owns, 'among the other præpostors about my "manual strength," and I have only twice called *Silence*, on one of which times I said *Hush* instead. However,' he adds proudly, and with an unusual dash of boasting, 'at all events, I think I can say what no other at the school can, that at the beginning of one half-year I was in the fourth and had to sweep out another boy's study, and at the beginning of the next I had fags to sweep out my own.' 'Fags and I agree very well,' he writes a few weeks later; and there is abundant evidence in the testimony of his contemporaries that the little that the young præpostor required was cheerfully performed.

An event of even more importance than his elevation at the age of thirteen to the dignity of a 'house præpostor' was his first appearance at Rugby in the character of the schoolboy-poet. The incident, which seems to have made an unusual impression on the minds of his schoolfellows, may be told in his own words:

'I will now give you the history of my English *copy* [poem]. On Saturday, October 17, the subject was given out. It was Brownsover, a little village, or rather a cluster of miserable cottages, on the top of a hill, at about a mile and a half from Rugby. The chief recommendation is that Lawrence Sheriff, the founder of Rugby, was born there; besides this, the Avon—Shakespeare's Avon—flows under it, and a little river called the Swift runs into the Avon, into which the ashes of Wickliffe (who lived at Lutterworth, about six miles from Rugby) were thrown! I had only been at this place once, so I and two or three

other boys set out on a pilgrimage there the next evening. It was a truly poetical evening, calm and lovely. We passed over the Avon, and arrived at Brownsover just as the sun's red orb was setting. The cottagers looked very contented, and we then went to the churchyard. The church, or rather chapel, is about the size of a large barn, rude and simple to a degree—without spire, without ornament—in short, a real village chapel. We asked a venerable old man, who was standing by the gate, whether Lawrence Sheriff was buried there. "I knows of no Sheriff as has been buried here since I've been here," was his reply—very probably not, Lawrence Sheriff having been a grocer at the beginning of Queen Elizabeth's reign. Before we left nearly twenty of the boys had come to this place of the Muses to pick up pieces of poetry. I formed about half a dozen lines on the spot, and we then returned. We had four days to do it in, but it would have been very preposterous in me, the last of the fifth, to have done so much as forty or fifty lines. So that I was obliged to curtail it and leave out unnecessary verses, and I did, as I thought, a very decent copy, nothing more. About two days passed between the time of showing up and being *called up* for them; but during that time the fifth-form master[5] had shown several of the verses to his son, who is at school, and from him I received the first intimation that I had done the best in the form! And the next morning so it was that mine was the best of all the thirty in the fifth. To see, I suppose, whether we had done them ourselves, the evening before we had to write English verses in school, in an hour's time, on Tripontium, an ancient Roman fort a few miles from Rugby, of which he gave us an account. In the hour I did twenty-four, and was *called up head* again. I am somewhat bothered for copies, but not plagued about it, any more than being called "poet" now and then, and my study "Poet's Corner." I had not the least expectation of it. Some day I intend going to Lilburn, where Tripontium was. . . .'

The lines on Brownsover are still remembered by his surviving contemporaries as having made a great impres-

[5] The Rev. Mr. Moor, at that time Master of the Rugby Fifth Form, who by his practice of devoting '4th lesson' to English verses to be done in school on a subject named at the time, did much to cultivate a taste for poetry among some few at least of the Rugby fifth-form boys. See letter of the Dean of Llandaff, p. 104.

sion on boys and masters, and, together with his rapid rise in the school, soon placed him in a position of which he seems to have been singularly unconscious. It is almost a pleasure to add that the same letter which records his success tells also of his having been engaged, præpostor though he was, with the rest of his house, in the unlawful occupation of letting off squibs.

'Just as I had let one off, out came Mr. Anstey himself. We all stood stupefied; he came directly up to me, and caught me by the arm, and another boy near me; the others all escaped. We each of us got about one hundred lines of Horace to translate.'

To himself the resumption of his old pursuit as a writer of English verses was an intense delight. His lines on Brownsover and on Tripontium are sent home to be added to the five copy-books of Seaforth poems, and he writes to Mary explanations of one or two phrases, such as 'the idea of the cottages "*finding a nest Upon the grassy upland's breast*," which I took from pictures of ladies in Queen Elizabeth's time, whose jewels seem to nestle in their bosoms.' Side by side with his poetic and literary interests is a most vigorous account of his having gone out 'hare and hounds' for the first time, describing how 'I, the very fat boy, and another,' after running more than three miles, were quite distanced and turned back. 'It was capital fun,' he ends; 'I hope I shall succeed better next time.' The taste for such forms of enjoyment, however genuine for the moment, seems to have been exceedingly short-lived.

Not less humorous is the picture drawn of the terrors of the coming examination, and of his sitting up, in company with two other boys, for a whole night's surreptitious work, 'partly to fag, partly to see what it was like.' The experience was instructive.

'For two hours we did not speak above a whisper, or dare light a fire; at midnight one of them lit a small fire. . . . We fagged away, but were growing very sleepy, and lay down for sleep a little after one—two of us, one at each end of a short sofa, the other on three chairs. . . . We woke again and again very uncomfortable, and wishing we were in bed, till at last we heard the door open and were comfortable for only ten minutes before we were called. We have never stopped up since,' he adds.

In the same letter he reports himself as having been 'called up first' for an English theme 'On the Advantages and Disadvantages of Castes in India'; but in the next breath Nature asserts herself in the precocious essayist, and he goes on like any other child of his age, 'Oh, Mary, a fortnight to-morrow!' He will be dropped at a friend's house by the coach, and they are to send for him, 'but pray don't come yourselves.' He is 'fagging away terribly, taking up *Extras*—in Divinity, Leslie on Deism; in Greek, half the Hippolytus; in History, some of the reigns of the kings of England; and under Mathematics, some Conversations on Natural Philosophy. Arithmetic is the only thing that I almost despair of.'

The terrible examination passed off well. He describes himself to Mary, on December 4th, as 'in such agitation!' on going into the awful presence of the Head Master. 'At the end Dr. Arnold said, "Very well, Stanley; you have done very well now and throughout the half." This of course pleased me very much, and I went out with such a load off my mind. However,' he adds, 'Dr. Arnold has not seen my sums yet!'

So ends his first year at Rugby, with words that many a boy and young man in an age of multiplied examinations can sadly echo: 'Oh, I am so glad to be relieved from such fagging, fagging work at last!'

CHAPTER IV

1830—1834

RUGBY LIFE CONTINUED

It is impossible to relate in minute detail the remainder of Arthur Stanley's life at Rugby. The claims of his later career cannot, in justice, be set aside for the employments and thoughts of a schoolboy, however gifted. Yet the picture, drawn so unconsciously and so unintentionally in his Rugby letters, is too valuable to be entirely lost. It seems worthy of preservation on more grounds than one. In the first place, English literature affords no adequate parallel to such a sustained and continuous record of the story of any English boyhood, conveyed, as it is, in a series of pictures which owe their rare freshness and fidelity to the fact that they are not drawn from memory and coloured by later experience, but are sketched on the spot and filled in at the moment. In the second place, the type of boyhood which is here presented is so remote from the prevailing impressions, and, it may be added, from the most graphic delineations, of an English schoolboy's life, that the record might fairly claim attention solely on the ground of its marked and singular individuality. The letters paint the portrait of a boy bound by the closest ties of affection to the circle that he has quitted, and only able by slow degree to admit others to any full share in the confidence and intimacy which were long reserved for those familiar with his childhood. They depict his vain efforts to throw

himself into the ordinary pursuits and amusements of schoolboys, his intense and growing avidity for fresh ideas and fresh knowledge, his extraordinary delight in, and capacity for, intellectual activity, his shrinking from the coarseness and vice that stain school-life, the reserve and shyness of his sensitive nature, which were yet so combined with a high breeding and a charm of manner and appearance as to save him alike from rough usage and from all imputation of conceit or pedantry. They reveal his early attraction, and growing devotion, to his great teacher, the Thomas Arnold who, during Stanley's schooldays, reached the very height of his unpopularity in other circles, and who, even at Rugby, was as yet far from having won the affection and reverence which he afterwards inspired. In the background of the main portrait the letters throw vivid side-lights on the general aspect of English school-life at a critical epoch in English education, and on the personality of the most renowned figure in the roll of English schoolmasters. And, above all, as they illustrate the steady growth and development of the powers, the tastes, the habits, and the character of the young letter-writer, they bring into clear prominence the remarkable unity that ran through his life, and linked his childhood and boyhood to his youthful and maturer manhood.

Stanley's letters from 1830 to 1834 are partly a chronicle of the details of his school-life. At the beginning of 1830 he returned to Rugby as a fifth-form boy, and a præpostor in his House. The most noteworthy event in this early portion of his career marks the result of his first attempt at dealing with history.

The subject of 'Sicily and its Revolutions' was set for an English essay open to competition for the fifth form, and after much doubt he resolves to try. History is a new field for him, and he has to set to work at 'Rollin and

Russell,' which he borrows, and other books to which his friend Lake helps him.

'If I do get it, of which I think there is but little chance, I shall have to speak it at Easter before all the people, and to have a large prize! So much for Sicily; my head is full of it—tyrants and princes and successions all rolling about in it, and making it like Mount Etna.'

The excitement of writing the essay weighs on him for a time: 'I am always thinking what improvements I can make.' 'At last the load is off—it has gone with all its faults upon its head. . . . It ends with two lines from the "Giaour:"

> So soft the scene, so formed for joy,
> So curst the tyrants that destroy.

Early in April 1830 he begins a letter with, 'Dear Mary, dear good People at home,' and goes on to say, 'I have got the prize. I can scarcely believe it while I tell you! Now for the account of it.' He tells them how, 'when

'I was sitting at breakfast in my study, half through my first cup of tea, the door burst open, and a friend of mine appeared, breathless with haste. I trembled, and after talking about who was likely to get it, he said, "*You* have got it." I did not eat very much more. . . I was very, very glad; but still I thought it might be a mistake.'

On the same afternoon,

'as I was running home from school, a cry of "Stanley to Dr. Arnold!" reached my ears. I turned, and bursting through the outstretched arms, and "You have got it," stood before Dr. Arnold. He said he congratulated me upon having gained the prize. Oh! what a moment! and when I came out such a shaking of hands, such congratulations. There is a German sentence which we had in our lesson the other day, which is, "My heart laughs to me in my body"; that is just my feeling.'

He goes on to describe his interview with Dr. Arnold on the next day:

'He told me that he had written to Papa to come and hear me speak it. . . . I am afraid that I shall be more confused if he does. . . . He showed me how and in what to correct it. The fault was that it was too much of a regular dry detail of history—the beginning and the end were very well. I am to shorten the rest much.'

The Speech Days followed. He tells Mary how, on the second day, to which residents in Rugby were admitted,

'at the end of the speech before mine I trembled very much, but after I had got up, and read about five lines, I felt somehow—I can't describe it—*horny*; was able to make reflections—"am I speaking loud enough? Yes, I am"; but there I was much disappointed—neither boys nor masters heard me a bit. . . . I must scream to-day. . . . There are many jokes on me: "Oh! Stanley must have a stool to stand on, and a wheelbarrow to wheel away the prize."'

He is soon able to send a full account of the great day. 'Though when dressing I was in the greatest fright, and would almost have given up prize and all not to speak, yet after a glass of wine—the only glass of wine I think that I ever liked,' he was 'a good deal revived, was able to exchange smiles with Papa,' and to pay due attention to the 'louder,' 'which a boy behind me had been requested to say, if necessary, and which broke upon me pretty often.' He ends his description by recording his satisfaction at 'tumbling into his own stockings, and out of the white trousers'—the 'white ducks' and silk stockings, in which the young speakers were in those days arrayed.

There is abundant evidence that the impression which he had already made on his schoolfellows was of an unusual kind. His immunity from fagging, even in the first weeks from his entering Rugby, has been already noticed. It affords a significant proof of the position which he at once

gained among his older schoolfellows. His escape from rough usage at the hands of boys more of an age with himself is another sign of the impression which he unconsciously made upon those who were least likely to appreciate his intellectual gifts. 'Arthur,' writes his mother, 'says he does not know why, but he never gets plagued in any way like the others; his study is left untouched, his things unbroken, his books undisturbed.' He himself writes to the same effect, but with a characteristic addition. 'So far from being plagued and bullied, except just at the beginning, I have been most fortunate in all that, *especially considering what I am*.' He was keenly alive to his incapacity for games, which debarred him from the readiest road to influence in the world of a public school; to his manual helplessness, which might naturally provoke the ridicule, if not the horseplay, of youthful critics; and to the shyness and reserve, which isolated him from the companionship of his schoolfellows. His efforts to conquer these defects were only partially successful. At football he at one time hoped to improve. '*I think*,' he writes in 1830, 'I kick the ball, whereas before they used to tell me I only pushed it with my foot.' But these hopes were short-lived. If he continued to play, it was, as he confesses, for the sake, not of the game, but of other advantages.

'I have compelled myself to play our *big side* (my first) at football (*i.e.* a game in which the great ones of the school play, and the fags are fagged to play)—partly for my own benefit—partly for my *protégés*, as each præpostor may excuse three fags. Think what a privilege! I shall go on playing, I think, though it is a joke among the boys, and a form to myself for the most part, as I do very little more than run backwards and forwards after a crowd for the space of two hours.'

On his helplessness with hands and feet he often comments. It was with 'patient endurance' that he accepted

his mother's efforts to develop his physical capacity, though the process was as 'horrible' to him as it was delightful to his brother Charles. His mother writes to her sister of her two sons at Christmas 1831 :

'I am going to have a sergeant from Macclesfield to drill them in their holidays—to Charlie's great delight, and Arthur's patient endurance. The latter wants it much. It is very hard always to be obliged to urge that which is most against the grain. I never feel I am doing my duty so well to Arthur as when I am teaching him to dance, and urging him to gymnastics, when I would so much rather talk *with* him of his note-books, &c. Then, with Charlie, *vice versâ*.'

But the deficiencies proved unconquerable. Those who knew Arthur Stanley in later life will recognise him in the following extract from a letter written in November 1832 :

'Last night we (*i.e.* five) went to dine with Arnold. I, being the head, was in deadly fear of making blunders in taking Mrs. A. in to dinner, carving, &c. I did make great work about taking her in, but that being over, she took all the carving to herself, till at dessert there happened to be a cake before me, which I had to cut ; but unfortunately I thought, at every slice I cut, I had cut enough, and consequently laid down my knife, and was four times asked to go on again, reminding me of the lady curtseying to the King, and his saying "Come a little nearer." So much for the bodily part of it. The intellectual part, *i.e.* the conversation, occasionally flagged much, but part of it was very good indeed.'

In the same connection may be placed two further extracts from his schoolboy letters. The first, taken from a letter written in October 1831, is filled with a humorous description of an alarm caused by a fire in a neighbouring study—promptly extinguished by pouring the contents of his teakettle over the burning window frame—'after pausing for a moment (don't laugh at me very much) to think whether the boiling water would not increase it.'

The description ends with a remark, significant to those who were familiar in later times with his want of the senses of smell and taste. 'One advantage I had was that, while everyone else was holding his nose from the smell of the stuff-curtain being burnt, and the smoke and fire, it had no effect at all on me.'

The second extract, taken from a letter to his brother Owen, throws some light also on the experience of those who in later years rode with him in Malta, or Spain, or Egypt, or the Holy Land. Though quite incapable of managing, or holding in, an unruly horse, he was singularly free from the timidity natural to a bad rider.

'I had a much happier visit at Delamere than my Christmas visits have been in general—especially my last year's. There were no young men there, only towards the end Lord William Beresford, who made great friends with Charley, and was quite a boy—the rest were none of them older than me. There was, luckily, no frost, so that I had not to go out and pretend to slide, as I did at High Leigh, but we went out coursing—I being put on a large pony said to be vicious. There were four others on horseback, all boys. I did not feel very easy on setting out, but the pony carried me famously up and down the steep hills, where I was most thankful I was not on Dick. My trousers were for the most part up to my knees, except when I got them fastened down with a shoe-string on one side, and a weed on the other. I avoided a leap as long as was possible, but at last, after having been carried perforce up a dirty lane backwards and forwards full gallop, so as to cover me with mud, I found myself with the others in a labyrinth of hedges—out of which was no way but by a leap: I looked in vain for a gate. One after the other they cleared the hedge—and so I followed—and made two gallant leaps without any damage at all. It was very warm work, and I liked it very much.'

His aversion for mathematics may perhaps be regarded as the intellectual complement of his bodily unreadiness. His picturesque and concrete mind recoiled from the

abstractions of the exact sciences. Writing to Mary in February 1830, he speaks of having

'had to do the fifth proposition of Euclid, Book I., which is very hard (as they say, for I scarcely know which is hard and which is not), and has the ominous name of the 'Asses' Bridge.' . . . I am to do it again. . . . I can quite fancy Archimedes not attending to the soldier who came in, if he was as much engaged and puzzled in his problem as I am.'

In spite of his efforts, in spite also of Dr. Arnold's personal instruction, mathematics always presented insuperable obstacles to his mind. His incapacity for accounts formed, with his ignorance of architecture and indifference to music, the three serious disqualifications for his work at Westminster, to which in later days he was wont, half seriously, half jocularly, to refer.

Nor were his incapacity for games and his bodily unreadiness counterbalanced in the eyes of his schoolfellows by that general accessibility and expansiveness of temperament, which often secures for a boy a wide share of popularity. He was, in the early part of his Rugby career, singularly friendless, reserving his confidence for the one or two boys with whom he felt in sympathy.

Both at home and at school he suffered from a reserve and a difficulty in expressing his feelings which, as a boy, he never fully overcame. His gifts of utterance and his conversational facility were a later growth. The defect escaped neither his mother's observation nor his own self-examination.

'Arthur,' wrote his mother in June 1832,

'wants the free use of his powers of mind as well as of body. The embarrassment and difficulty of getting *out* what he knows seems so painful to him, while some people's pain is all in getting it in; but it is very wholesome to have drawbacks in everything.'

In a curious fragment of boyish introspection (January 1831) he notices the 'fear of expressing myself badly. Shall I say this or that? which ends in my saying nothing.' He laments his 'aversion to games, and withdrawing into myself, and avoiding company,' and he confides to his sister in June 1831 his resolution 'to fag with circumspection, and make myself more agreeable and conversational.'

His contemporaries at school were perhaps less impressed by his shyness and silence than would be expected from his own or his mother's language. One, indeed, a little his junior (the Rev. J. P. Whalley), recalls him before he had reached the sixth form as 'a very shy, quiet boy, hurrying along, his books under his arm, with short quick steps, to or from school; with nothing to say to an ordinary boy whom he met, absorbed apparently in his own thoughts'; but adds also, that 'he might be seen going out for a walk at much the same pace, when he would be found talking fast enough to some particular friend.' 'Shy and reserved,' says another, 'but brightening up when accosted.' 'The feeling about him in the house was of a respectful nature, which left him alone and prevented all annoyance.' 'Once within his study, the door was closed, and you saw no more of him. Very few were admitted into that study.' His position at Rugby, gained in spite of many drawbacks, was a striking tribute to his moral and intellectual qualities. His contemporaries, even in those rough times, showed themselves capable of appreciating one whose tastes, habits, pursuits, and tone of mind were separated by so wide a gulf from those of the ordinary schoolboy. It may be well to give here a few more lines from a letter of one of the many early friends (Mr. H. G. Allen) whose affection he retained through life:

'In the fifth form, and being in the same boarding-house, I became intimate with Stanley, and felt attracted towards

him by his intellectual gifts, as well as by his unpretending sweetness of disposition. Though not addicted to the usual games, Stanley used to take long walks after the school hours, and soon found companions in these exercises who, like himself, felt no aptitude for the games, or gave them up for the pleasure of his company. There was certainly such respect entertained for intellectual powers in our school society, that none of us held Stanley in less esteem because he was not a cricketer or football-player. The regard for strength and activity is always a prevalent feeling among boys, but I am confident that at Rugby, at least in my time, equal, if not greater, regard and respect were entertained for intellectual vigour and mental acquirements. In the course of Stanley's first half-year in the fifth form, our master required of us an English poetical exercise, giving as a subject "Brownsover," which was a small village near Rugby, on the Avon, chiefly, if not solely, entitled to commemoration as the birthplace of Lawrence Sheriff, the founder of our school. Our poems were handed about to one another, and all were struck by the great superiority of Stanley's, which was announced by the master, Mr. Moor, as entitled to the first place. Our verses were usually Latin, in which language the rhythmical position of words, and appropriate epithets commonly dug from the "Gradus ad Parnassum" went some way towards making up for meagreness of imagination; but we were much impressed by the "higher mood" of Stanley's verses, unsupported by Gradus or other common forms. I think that his Latin verses were not remarkable for classical or artistic finish, but in imagination he far outstripped any of his competitors. It was probably for this reason he was beaten in the fifth-form Prize Poem on "Malta" in the following summer, but obtained a prize for his historical essay on "Sicily and its Revolutions." Stanley had a turn for drawing, but was too much occupied otherwise to allow himself any time for the pursuit of that art. I had a spirited drawing of his for some years between the pages of my volume of Cicero in Verrem, in which a vast beast of the Megatherium class was lying down, but being teased by a quantity of smaller animals clustered about him and endeavouring to excite him by pinching and poking him with sticks. . . . When he and I had, as head boys of our house, to receive a challenge from the "schoolhouse" (Dr. Arnold's) to play us and another house at cricket, and

thought we were hardly strong enough for the contest, Stanley said, "At least let us receive them with dignity, as the Roman Senate did the ambassadors of the Gauls," and he arranged us in my study, seated, with our shoulders bare, and putting our biggest champion uppermost, and himself, as not being a player, last. Though defeated in the match, we happily were not massacred, like the Senate.'

In August 1831 he was promoted into the sixth form. His feelings and impressions on entering upon new duties, and coming into that closer contact with his Head Master which was to be the main feature of the next three years of his life, are fully recorded.

'I am firmly established (Sept. 4) in my new foundation, and am very comfortable and happy. First, as head of the house, I am not very much overpowered with the miseries of royalty; yet the former head is very kind to me in not altogether dropping his dignity. My subjects have not yet involved me in very great distress or anger on their account. The greatest nuisance I have yet experienced has been the collecting of the taxes for the newspapers, and being obliged to reckon up over and over again, as I forgot the calculation as soon as I had finished; however, that is pretty nearly over, . . . The sixth I like very much, and shall learn abundance, though I always feel rather quaky when I am called up; yet it is not so awful with Dr. Arnold as I expected: he is certainly a splendid man. I feel as if he could magnetise one directly. I think the chief difference between him and our late master in the manner of teaching (of course putting his immensely greater knowledge out of the question) is the questions he asks in the modern history we do—such very useful ones.'

Within the next ten months he had given fresh evidence of his powers by winning the prizes for an English Essay and for an English Poem. The subject of the first 'is a very odd and, as I think, very hard subject, *Novels and Novelists*'; and he writes to Mary to hunt for extracts, 'in the Reviews in the dining-room,' and in books which

he names to her. Meantime, he himself is at work at every authority on which he can lay hands, from the Académie des Inscriptions and Chalmers' Dictionary, to Dr. Johnson in the Rambler; and is trying to find some 'good account of the progress of novels and of novelists—what kind of people they were'; also attempting

'to draw a line (if there is one to be drawn) between novels and romances; and puzzling myself to avoid on the one side confusion, and on the other, repetition, provoked sometimes at getting hold of a fine thought which I dare not follow up, as it would lead me from my subject; and rather alarmed at seeing how few of my thoughts are original, and how many of them come directly or indirectly from Dr. Arnold's sermons, &c.'

The Essay was sent in. He feels 'rather hopeful,' though pleading guilty to 'criticising books which I have never read,' and gives a long list of 'many books and many persons' that have helped him. But he is hard at work again. The subject for the English Poem is 'Charles Martel'; 'a rather odd subject,' he says, 'at present I don't much like it.' But its greatness and its interest dawn upon him as he reads more. He is 'at work at Gibbon, Hallam, Percy's Reliques, Ellis's Metrical Romances, Mémoires de l'Académie, Bayle's Dictionary.' He sets Mary to hunt with 'the people at Stoke'—the Leycesters, and the Hebers of Hodnet—for further authorities. He busies himself, just as he would have done in later life, to ascertain the exact topography and scenery of the great battle which saved Christendom. 'I may *begin* with the Pyrenees, which the Moors crossed, but I dare not linger upon them,' he tells his sister. But he has since 'been happy to find that the Saracens were cut off in the mountains, which can mean no other than the Pyrenees, therefore they will figure very well.' Mary, 'and the Charles Martel hunters at Stoke,' have not been able to send him very

much useful information,' but comfort yourself by thinking of the great good you did me in the Essay. There, I was at the first quite destitute ; here, I have matter enough and to spare close at hand. . . . I was much amused at his large nose, but large noses are not poetical. I am rejoiced that I have found him to be a really great man.' At last the Poem, which, with the Essay, is the earliest of his compositions that remain in print, was sent in ; and he, and the family circle, who in all these matters more than shared his hopes and fears, were not kept long in suspense. In the first week of April he is able to announce that, 'the Doctor's voice has just proclaimed Stanley as the winner of the Essay Prize. My head is even now whirling under it.' He tells how reports became rife of 'the extraordinary goodness of one copy,' and how,

'as I went down to school, before I got to the quadrangle, a shout went out for Stanley ! so I had to run breathless into the school, where it was given me accordingly. Dr. Arnold then said that as my verses were so exceedingly good, he should give a half-holiday for them ; especially after the disappointment of the year before, when the English verse had not been good enough for a prize to be given. . . . All this was very satisfactory, wasn't it ? I forget whether I told you that I got the third prize for Latin Verse. . . . I have got my Essay back from Dr. Arnold, but I shall not be able to send you a copy just yet. . . . I went to have it looked over with him. . . . He was looking at something about Smollett, and said "Humphrey Clinker" was not thought enough of generally—and upon my telling him I had never read it—"Oh ! you must read 'Humphrey Clinker' ; if you have not got it, I will lend it to you. It is not too much to say that I have read it through fifty times"—and accordingly he jumped up and got it down for me.'

A few days later, he is revising his poem, and writes to Mary to remind him of 'any sound which we heard besides the owl on the "*Venasque* night" in the Pyrenees' ; he is

'much distressed at having, for the sake of rhyme, written the "*Eagle's yell*"—"yell" is in itself bad, though I shield myself under Scott, but I am afraid they do not yell at night!... Dr. Arnold has looked over the poem, and corrected only one ambiguous word, and left out two lines.... When he came to the words, that before the Moors, as they passed the Pyrenees, "Lay the green vines and sealike plains of France," Dr. Arnold said he was sure, when he read that line, that it was written by some boy who had been in France.'

On April 26th, he writes a minute account of his own performance, under his father's eyes, on the Speech Day in Easter week;—

'I think I made my hair decent, without the help of artificial curls ... was in a very great fright when the Latin Poet was speaking, but when he had done, got up with my "Charles Martel" in my hand, and, trying to look at no one in particular, I set off as loud as ever I could, and did not feel very much alarmed. When I came to the "sealike plains of France," I waved my arm over the plains. But I made some blunders. I said the *unknown* ocean and the *boundless* shore, and forgot my first bow before I went up for my prize—two large folios, which it was all I could do to carry back. As I got up to speak, I felt just as if my hair was standing on end, but it very soon went down, and then as I went to get the last prize, there rose from all sides a tremendous peal of clapping. Those few moments gave me as much pleasure, I think, as I have ever had, and did fully repay me for all my trouble.... After the speeches came the dinner, in which fortunately I sate before veal; I had not a single slice to carve.... I had to propose the customary toasts, which I cut very short, without bestowing any praise on the persons proposed—and then the day was over—such a whirl as I have never had, I think.'

The unusual impression made by his prize compositions, and by the scene at the speeches, is not yet forgotten by those who were present. It was reported at length in the Leamington and other county papers, and is thus recalled by one of his contemporaries: 'I have a vivid recollection

of the Speech Day, when, after reciting his beautiful prize poem, "Charles Martel," he returned from Arnold's chair so loaded with prize-books that he could hardly carry them —his face radiant, yet so exquisitely modest, and free from all conceit, that we outsiders all rejoiced at "little Stanley's" successes.'

The little boy, 'in a frill and blue jacket, with the pink watch-fob in relief against the grey trousers,' was no longer a child. Even as a new boy he had been treated with something of a tenderness, and almost a deference, unparalleled in those rough days of the history of Rugby. He had now not only reached the sixth form, but he was already recognised as one of its leading members, and had carried off two of its principal prizes—one for a poem which had produced an unprecedented effect on the world of school. From this time his position in that world was thoroughly assured: a peculiar and unusual position no doubt, but one which after the lapse of half a century vividly impressed those who recalled it. Henceforth he followed more entirely his own course in school-life. He no longer continued his ineffectual and rare attempts to interest himself in school games, but sought his only relaxation in the society of the few friends with whom he could find full sympathy in his literary tastes, and in his almost insatiable avidity for fresh knowledge and new ideas. As those older than himself left the school, his influence, as well as his responsibilities, increased. He writes more and more cheerfully of his position at Rugby; he acts as head of his house, real as well as nominal, without friction or difficulty; he is elected first president of the Debating Society, plays a prominent part in suppressing a threatened rebellion, takes a decided line in a sixth-form discussion, adding in words which will have a touch of interest to those who remember his many controversies in later life, 'It is the

only row I have ever been in where I have been in the right, and at the same time in the majority, which last makes a great difference in the comfort.'

The following portions of letters from the Rev. J. N. Simpkinson and the Rev. Sir John L. Hoskyns record the impression which Stanley made upon his schoolfellows :—

'The treatment which Arthur Penrhyn Stanley experienced in his school-life at Rugby was a marvellous homage to the purity and elevation of his character. Rugby was a rough place in those times, as is seen sufficiently in "Tom Brown's School Days," and in George Melly's "Experiences of a Fag"; and it was considerably worse some years before. Stanley was a good deal senior even to Tom Hughes and his brother, who came to the school only a few months before he left it. Yet it is not too much to say that he was never persecuted nor bullied, and scarcely ever laughed at, though habitually abstaining from games, and habitually diligent in school work. The beauty and goodness of his character seemed to impress the roughest of his schoolfellows, who felt him to be a being of a higher order than themselves, and not to be judged by their conventional standard. And he knew as little of them and of their ways; so that when "Tom Brown" came out, he remarked about it: "It is an absolute revelation to me: opens up a world of which, though so near me, I was utterly ignorant." His great ability (or more correctly speaking, his genius) was universally acknowledged, though not of course under that name: and the boys were proud of him as a brilliant phenomenon. When, in 1831, the fifth form was for the first time subjected to a searching examination to decide their places for the next term and to settle the promotions into the sixth, it was only what all expected when he, though much younger than most of his competitors for the highest place, came out first on the list. His four years in the sixth form, under the immediate teaching of Dr. Arnold, were years of intense enjoyment to him. There was the most perfect confidence between them, and something even of deference on the part of the great master, when listening to his pupil's answer to a question, or his English rendering of some passage in a classical author. His chief friends during that time, and latterly, at least, the only ones with

whom he could be said to be intimate, were Vaughan and Lake—the present Deans of Llandaff and Durham. To the rest of us, he was always pleasant and courteous, but holding himself somewhat aloof. . . . The three exercised great influence in the school; which was shown remarkably on the occasion partly described by Tom Brown, when a neighbouring squire's fishing rights in the Avon were very justly enforced by Dr. Arnold against the boys, producing in them a reckless spirit of rebellion. In the "levy" of the fifth and sixth, which was held to discuss the grievance, it was by the three friends above all (and certainly not least by Stanley) that the folly of resistance was exposed, and the turbulent majority brought to reason and submission. After gaining every prize and distinction in the school that was open to him, and winning the head Balliol scholarship at Oxford before he went into residence, he ended his school career by being bracketed with his future brother-in-law, C. Vaughan, as first exhibitioners—the examiners being the future Bishops of Salisbury and Lincoln, Doctors Moberly and Wordsworth, who were greatly struck with both of them, though pronouncing them, as Dr. Wordsworth remarked, *magis pares quam similes*.' (J. N. S.)

'After years of slow climbing, I at last reached the sixth, and there again met Stanley in class. He was very near the top, with Vaughan and Lake. There was no taking places. What struck me was the way in which Arnold referred to them in matters of criticism or points of history. "Stanley, what do you think about that?" "Vaughan, how would you construe that?"—folding his gown and leaning upon the table, and looking towards them with such *respect*, shown in the very tones of his voice, and always getting a good answer. Then after their construes—often in the most difficult bits of Æschylus or Thucydides—"Very good":—not like the cold "that will do," or terrible "sit down, and come to me afterwards"—words which more than once made me quake. Then came the memorable day when "little Stanley" returned triumphant from Oxford, having "won the Balliol," and beaten Eton's best man, Lonsdale, to my intense delight. He became quite our hero, and again the sweet modesty and unaffected satisfaction at seeing our pleasure struck me very forcibly, and it seemed almost impossible that such a clever fellow should be so humble, and entirely unspoilt by such successes. It was, I think, Stanley's singular modesty as a boy that

made many of his schoolfellows—who, like myself, did not know him well—wonder in after years at his undaunted courage and perfect fearlessness, and even combativeness.' (J. L. H.)

These two letters contain a record of the principal events in his Rugby career. They bridge over the gap which intervenes between his promotion into the sixth form in 1831 and the great crisis of his school-life—a crisis that must be described in his own words, his competition for the Balliol scholarship in November 1833. The scholars of Balliol had already secured a leading position among the undergraduates of the University, and the attainment of either of the two annual scholarships was a distinction much prized in the educational world. But Rugby, so repeatedly successful in later years, had never as yet achieved the prize. It was therefore natural that the candidate who was to represent the school should look forward with some trepidation to the coming contest. The result of the examination is communicated in a letter to his sister on November 29th, 1833.

'I will begin my letter in the midst of my agony of expectation and fear. At two o'clock to-day I finished my examination—at eight o'clock to night the decision takes place—so that my next three-quarters of an hour will be dreadful. As I do not know how the other schools have done, my hope of success now depends on nothing, except that I think I have done well—better, perhaps, from comparing notes, than the rest of the Rugby men. Oh! the joy if I do get it, and the disappointment if I do not. And from seven of us trying at once, I fear the blow to the school would be dreadful if none of us get it. My consolation will be that I shall perhaps get down earlier to Rugby than I should were I to get it. Reports are not many, but various. . . . Rugby will be a dull place after this week's excitement. Last night I dined at Magdalen—which is enough of itself to turn one's head upside down—so very magnificent; from thence to a supper at another

place, and from thence to the Debating Society, where there were some very good speeches, particularly Massie's,[1] who, I believe, is a brother of Owen's friend—a very clever man here, who is the president. One thing I am very agreeably disappointed in is the great soberness and civility about wine at all places I have been at, as I have never had the least trouble about it.

'Now wait for half an hour. I will go on regularly. We all assembled in the Hall, and had to wait an hour, the room getting fuller and fuller with Rugby Oxonians crowding in from various parts to hear the result. At last the door opened—the Master's servant appeared and called for Mr. Stanley. I clapped my hands—rushed forward amidst congratulations—everybody ran to the door, when you may conceive how angry I was to find it was only a note from someone to breakfast. I tore up the note without seeing who it was. I said I could not. Well, another quarter of an hour passed; every time the door opened my heart jumped, but many times it was nothing. At last the Dean appeared in his white robes, and moved up to the head of the table. He first began a long preamble—that they were well satisfied with all—that those who were disappointed were many in proportion to those who were successful, &c., &c. All this time everyone was listening in the most intense eagerness, and I almost bit my lips off, till "The successful candidates are—Mr. Stanley"—I gave a great jump, and there was a half-shout among the Rugby men—the next was Lonsdale from Eton. The Dean then took me into the chapel, where were the Master and all the Fellows—in white robes—and I then swore that I would not dissipate the property, reveal the secrets, or disobey the statutes of the College. I was then made to kneel on the steps, and admitted to the rank of Scholar and Exhibitioner of Balliol College, nomine Patris, Filii et Spiritus Sancti. I then wrote my name in a book—and so all was finished. I am to be matriculated to-day, and so shall get back to Rugby in good time. We start at two to-day in a chaise-and-*four*—for the glory of it. You may only think of my joy. The honour of Rugby is saved, and I am Scholar of Balliol.'

[1] Edward Massie, Ireland Scholar 1828, afterwards Fellow of Wadham, and Arthur Stanley's private tutor in 1837, was one of the most distinguished pupils of Dr. Butler, of Shrewsbury.

The young scholar, it need hardly be said, left Oxford in high spirits. But owing to a delay caused by his matriculation, he did not arrive at Rugby till midnight. 'At half-past five we started in a chaise-and-four for the first stage; my things,' he says, as his later fellow-travellers can well believe, 'being confusedly thrown into the chaise, and then on more humbly, two outside till the last stage, when we all five—one of us had gone on in the morning by the coach—got in and made a merry party, I lying at the bottom, till we got to Rugby at half-past one.' There Stanley and one of his companions, 'after fruitless attempts to make ourselves heard, found beds at the Inn. I was received, of course, the next morning with many congratulations, had tea with Mr. Price to tell my adventures, to their great amusement. Dr. Arnold is delighted.'

The post was slower in those days, and it was not till December 6th that he was able to acknowledge the loving letter of delight and congratulation which reached him from his home.

'You are all of you worthy of having the scholarship,' he replies. 'I was looking out for your letter eagerly, as the last finishing stroke. . . . I think on the whole I felt my glory the most at Oxford, where there was more general and visible anxiety than here, where there are so many who care so little. It was, however, the greatest delight to see Dr. A. after it, and all the masters are very much pleased. . . . My visit to Oxford has certainly most wonderfully reconciled me to what I had before such a dread of—going up to reside there, as now, instead of being associated with gross bigotry and gross profligacy as before, it is associated with the recollections of one of the happiest weeks I ever have had—even besides the scholarship, besides seeing all my old Rugby friends, and the great excitement of it—I am sure the very sight of the place must shake one's prejudice against it. It is amusing to compare Charley's matriculation' (at Woolwich), 'so to call it, with mine—his distress from his stock, mine from the very opposite, my white tie

and bands; his being obliged to wear boots, and I swearing to abstain from that absurd and conceited custom of walking about in boots.'[2]

Stanley, though now a matriculated member of the University, did not go into residence at Oxford till the beginning of the next October term. He remained at Rugby till July 1834. During this period he competed unsuccessfully for the Newdigate Prize Poem at Oxford, the subject being 'The Hospice of St. Bernard.' His disappointment was to some degree compensated by further triumphs at school. Before the end of March he was able to announce that: 'my circle of prizes is complete. I have got the Greek Iambics and the Latin Prose, *i.e.* all that can be got.' No one had ever before won all the six, the five given to the sixth form and the fifth-form prize. 'I have done enough,' he tells the family circle, 'for myself at Rugby; what now remains is to establish the fame of Rugby elsewhere. . . . I had a very hard contest for both—particularly my Latin Prose. . . . My Greek Iambics are said to be particularly, my Latin Prose *not* particularly, good. . . . How differently,' he adds, 'you will take this from my three first prizes.'

On April 5th, 1834, he sends a full account of his last public appearance as a winner of prizes at the Rugby Speeches on the Wednesday before Easter:—

'There was a large meeting; a good many old Rugbeians from Oxford and Cambridge. . . . The Latin Prose I read, and then came the last of the sixth-form prizes with the Greek Verse. I had in my hurry forgotten to write down the subject of the Essay, and so reckoned on being able to say it when I got up. I was rather in a fright when I found that, on there being a general clapping as soon as I got up, for which I was not at all prepared, it had been entirely put out of my head; however, I managed to make

[2] *I.e.* in the oath then required at matriculation to obey University statutes, many of them entirely obsolete.

out something, and this was the only breakdown. My Greek Verses, about which I had been rather fearful, having to *say* them, I got through beautifully. . . . I had always been told before that I could not be heard; so this time—the last speech I shall ever make in Rugby School—I shouted to the top of my voice. When I went up for the last of my six prizes, Dr. A. stood up and said: "Stanley, I have now given you from this place every prize that can be given, and I cannot let it pass without thanking you thus publicly for the honour you have reflected upon the school, not only within these walls, but even already at the University." The applause was great; and so ended my Rugby career with the most glorious hour I have ever had; more glorious even than my one at Balliol, though not of such unmixed pleasure. That was the beginning of my successes at Oxford, and this (it makes me melancholy to think of it) the last of my successes at Rugby. However, it is something to think that henceforth every honour which I get must bring with it twice the pleasure of any before, as involving two credits instead of one. I finished the work by going into our dinner . . . just stayed long enough to return thanks for my health being drunk, "as having," in the language of the proposer, "done what had never been done before in the memory of man!"'

Those who remember their own schooldays will not wonder at the unaffected delight which Stanley shows at the reception given him at such a time by his master, his schoolfellows, and the visitors. It was perhaps not less, but more, welcome from special causes. His entire isolation from the pursuits of the majority of schoolboys, the extremely small number of those who shared his intimacy, and his undisguised detestation of all that was coarse or immoral in the school-life around him, might in ordinary cases have involved no small amount of general dislike and unpopularity. Of the existence of such a feeling it is difficult to find even a trace in the memory of his surviving schoolfellows. All other feelings seem to have been lost in the general sense that he was, and somehow had a right to be, unlike other boys, and in the admiration

that was caused by his great gifts and marked successes. Nor can there be any question of the strange spell that he already cast over the few who penetrated the narrow circle in which he lived, and even over the larger number to whom he showed those little acts of kindness which often leave so lasting an impression.

'I well remember,' says the author of 'Tom Brown' (April 13th, 1888),

'how when George and I went to Rugby in February 1834 (I being ten), we had a letter from George Atkins, son of a neighbouring squire, to Arthur Stanley. Two days after the sixth came back, we got an invitation to breakfast in his study at Anstey's, which was, I remember, marvellously packed with other new boys. His welcome filled us with joy, and induced us at first to haunt the walk under Arnold's garden-wall to get a nod from him as he scuffled along, to or from Anstey's, with his hat on the back of his head and mighty books under his arm. Soon, however, this part of the Close became the hunting-ground for the purveyors of island-fags for the sixth, who cultivated that spot for the yearly visit of the guests who came to the Easter speeches. This drove us small boys out of bounds. I don't think I ever *spoke* to Stanley again at Rugby, but I was one of the heartiest shouters on the topmost bench in the big school—close up, I remember, to the board on which the exhibitioners' names were painted—when he got all the prizes which it took two fags to carry up to Anstey's, and the Doctor told us that he had not only got everything he could at Rugby, but had already gained high honour for the school at the University.'

When once the excitement had passed away of what he calls 'the most glorious hour of my life hitherto,' he is haunted by the melancholy thought of leaving Rugby. His heart sinks at the prospect. He counts the days that remain to him; 'only three weeks, next Wednesday! It seems so different to the time when I used to count the days and hours for the holidays to come, and now I should like the time (I hope you won't be affronted) to be trebled.'

He is oppressed alike by the thought of leaving Rugby, and by the work of the final school examination, on the results of which depended the award of the School exhibitions.

'I feel,' he writes on July 3rd, 'it is all the better that the examination and the close of my Rugby career should come together; as the relief of having finished the one will in some measure compensate for the sorrow of the other. However, you must treat me very well when I come. I have settled much to read with you, and look forward to happy holidays. . . . Think of me between 3 and 4 P.M. on Tuesday next, walking up and down the cloisters in the agony of expectation.'

The Examiners were George Moberly from Balliol, afterwards Head Master of Winchester and Bishop of Salisbury, and Christopher Wordsworth from Trinity, Cambridge, the future Head Master of Harrow, Canon of Westminster, and Bishop of Lincoln. The result was announced on July 6th. Stanley and Vaughan were bracketed first. 'I was proclaimed first in the Quadrangle as first in the school, but our equality was announced in the Library,' to which those elected to exhibitions were always summoned in order to be presented to the trustees.

In a letter written to a friend during the leisure of the holidays (July 22nd), he begs him not to be 'disappointed at my being bracketed even with Vaughan,' and not to 'think it affected in me to think and say that I could not possibly have wished it better.' He assures him that there is in the result 'all that is necessary to gratify my own individual vanity, all to make me happy for Vaughan, to whom I should not have grudged the first place, all to make me happy for the school.'

On the same evening (July 6th) came the parting between the great schoolmaster and the most devoted of his pupils. The story is told minutely in the same letter. 'I went to take leave of the Arnolds, with as heavy a heart as was

compatible with the relief of all being over and the joy of so good a settlement. He was going out, so I saw him only for a few minutes, but those few minutes were worth much.' He describes the brief conversation, the look and voice of his master, 'speaking in that low, choked voice which you know. . . . After saying how sorry he was to lose me: "God bless you, Stanley," he said, "here and hereafter, and let me see you and hear from you as often as you can." And then he called me in again after I had gone out, and again blessed me, and said that he would give me letters to Oxford, one to his old pupil and dear friend, W. K. Hamilton, and one to Roundell Palmer, a very able man, he said, who had asked Arnold to introduce to him any of those whom he thought highly of. And so we parted.' He goes on to lament the close 'of that constant and delightful and blessed intercourse' which he had enjoyed 'with him for three years'; the close, too, of 'my life at Rugby, the place where I have spent five happy years, learned knowledge, human and divine, as probably I shall never learn it again—the place, too, of my several friendships, to last, I hope, none lessened by the coexistence of the others, to the latest hour of my life—the place, too, of so many little sorrows and some great ones for a time.' Even yet the letter is not at an end. He adds a word suggested by the reference to his 'several friendships,' and begs his friend always to bear in mind that his 'failing is not pride, but want of great depth of feeling, together with rather a love for seeing various people. I go,' he adds, 'towards the end of August to Julius Hare, who, though it was convenient when I was younger to express our relationship by "Uncle," is no more really so than you are.'

But much is still wanted to complete the portrait of Arthur Stanley from 1830 to 1834. His Rugby letters are far more than a chronicle of the successes or the failures of his

school career. On every page they reveal the warmth of his home affections, whether the expression of his feelings is elicited by a thought of the holidays, or by a letter to his sister, or by the return of his brother Owen from sea, or by the presence of Charlie at Rugby, or by the keenness of his own self-reproaches. They form a confession—as genuine as it is unreserved—of his inner character, his simplicity, modesty, and generosity, his keen interest in other boys, combined with his peculiar difficulty in making friends, his indecision, his militant hero-worship, his undisguised detestation of the coarser sides of school-life, the courage, and even combativeness, that underlay his shyness, the chivalrous spirit which in after-life prompted him to spring to the defence of anyone who was either dear to himself, or seemed to be unjustly assailed. They illustrate with an abundance of detail, which would be sufficiently remarkable if his time and his pen had been otherwise idle, his literary tastes and mental habits, his veritable passion for miscellaneous reading, his special enthusiasm for poetry and history, the development of his critical faculties, his ready command of the wealth of a well-stored memory, his ventures in various fields of composition, and, as he grows older, his widening interests, not merely in the historic past, but in the social, political, and ecclesiastical questions of the day. And, above all, they record the growing affection for Arnold, which became the strongest influence of his Rugby career, and rose from a schoolboy's awe to the height, as he himself notices, not without a touch of momentary misgiving, of almost idolatrous veneration.

No evidence is needed by anyone, who reads the letters of Arthur Stanley or his writings in later life, to see how happy were the home influences under which he passed his boyhood, or how keenly in advancing years he cherished the memories that gathered 'beneath the roof'

of a country parsonage, still, after all the vicissitudes of a chequered life, familiar, dear, and sacred, beyond any other spot on the surface of the earth.' Nor does his love for his sister Mary require any other monument than the voluminous correspondence in which it is enshrined. But some pleasant notices of the affectionate relations between his two brothers and himself, and some evidences of the striking contrasts between their characters and tastes, may be gathered from the letters.

In 1830 his brother Owen returned, after an absence of more than three years, in the *Adventure* from South America. The effect on the whole family of the return of the sailor son from his first long absence is one which gives a characteristic picture of English household life 'sixty years ago.' If the mother was thinking of the drawing and Italian she would teach him on shore, if the youngest sister, 'sitting on Sarah's bed, was first laughing then crying,' the young Rugby schoolboy fully shared the family excitement. 'The *Adventure*,'—his letter to Mary on October 17th begins with the name in huge letters—'that was the word that sprang up to my eyes, as clearly as if it had been printed, or as I have written it.' 'I threw down the paper,' he writes, 'after *Adventure*, *Beagle*, and "Rio Janeiro," and ran up into my study to ruminate. I pictured to myself the scream, the shout, the running up and down, and Sarah, "not really, Miss Mary?" and Mademoiselle, "Est-il vraiment arrivé?" and Emmy (Owen's favourite cousin) coming down in such raptures. . . . This first thought has swallowed up all the lean scraps that I generally cook up to make a letter. Your first letters were all moonshine, your next comets and meteors, your last all sunshine;' and he adds a short note to 'Emmy,' from her 'very glad cousin,' begging her 'to keep Mai [his usual pet name for his sister Mary] from going

quite mad.' A fortnight later (October 31st) he writes again, while his brother was still detained at Portsmouth :—

'I *must* write to him, if it is only to draw us nearer together. . . . I do feel so odd about it, very happy, but there is such an indescribable feeling of shyness, and when I come to consider coolly how much I remember of him, there is so very little. His voice I have not the least recollection of—his *living*, *real*, *conversable* face very little also, and I think I always had an awe of him. . . .'

He can recall

'little pieces of advice about school here and there, and spinning yarns, and a little scolding. . . . I must get thoroughly acquainted with him in the holidays, that I may not have such another blank to look back upon, or the difficulty in writing letters to him which you know I have now. How odd it will be having a young man in the house always. I am sure I shall be making such civil speeches to him and trying to entertain him.'

Within a few days comes a letter from Owen himself, proposing to spend a day with him on his way to Alderley. Soon the meeting takes place. He goes to Dunchurch and back, a six miles' walk, after second lesson, to inquire about the coaches.

'After dinner away I set off again to Dunchurch. Till that day I had not been so painfully anxious for it [the meeting], but now I was. I ran a good part of the way, and reached Dunchurch just as "The Wonder" entered the other end of the town . . . but away it went, rattle, rattle. I was left with half an hour or an hour more to wait—a gusty, rainy day in the dullest of towns, shewn up into a room in the inn with windows looking the other way, and two stout farmers on their way to Rugby horse-fair; so I went and walked up and down the streets. Another coach goes rattling off without stopping. At last I heard a horn and sound of wheels. The coach stopped at the Green Man. Amidst the bustle, I saw one small figure which, though it was not the least what I had expected, I was convinced must be Owen. We met each other—what passed I can scarcely say—we did *not* kiss—I said very little—we

went into the Inn. The room was full of horse-traders, so we marched out down one road in the rain, and then down another, and oh! how happy I was! But you asked me for a minute account of my feelings. They were really *indescribable*—and I can scarcely say what I said or did. I thought at first, as you did, that he was very much altered, chiefly, I think, from my having tried to build up a face out of the picture, which I don't think he is like; then every now and then a look or word brought back, not the picture, but Owen himself strongly to my remembrance. . . . We went into the inn, where we found the room empty for us, when Owen ordered dinner, of which I did not eat much; and we went on talking, and I got more and more at ease with him, and longed for hours more, when at half-past five the sound of the coach-wheels was heard at the door, and Owen got in; the coach rumbled away, and I was left pursuing my dark and solitary journey along the starlit road (for they were all reflected in the puddles) from Dunchurch to Rugby, —and it was not till then I felt how *very* happy I had been. It was just like a dream—and yet scarcely a pleasant dream, for I brooded over it, thinking what I wished I had said or done, and not said and not done, and when I got back there was that loneliness which has always come upon me after having seen any of you—in a more or less degree since that miserable night at Seaforth.'

December 1830 was the last Christmas which the three brothers spent together as boys. To those who remember that, in less than twenty years, two of them, the eldest and the youngest, were to be called away from posts of arduous duty on the other side of the globe, and their graves to be

'Severed far and wide
By mountain, stream, and sea,'

the following extract from their mother's letters to her sister will have special interest:—

'I was so amused the other day taking up the memorandum books of the two brothers—Owen's full of calculations, altitudes, astronomical axioms, &c.; Arthur's, of Greek idioms, Grecian history, parallels of different historical situations. Owen does Arthur a great deal of good by being so much more attentive and civil. It piques him to

be more alert. Charlie profits by the two brothers. Arthur examines him in his Latin, and Charlie sits with his arm round his neck, looking up with such profound deference in his face for his exposition of Virgil.'[3]

The contrast was not confined to their note-books. No two brothers could be more unlike than the two who met for those Christmas holidays, and were to 'part' so early 'for manhood's race.' The one with every bodily sense always on the alert—quick, ready, prompt, active in all outdoor exercises; having, in his mother's words, 'entire command of his limbs, he is not in the least awkward, has perfect self-possession—no shyness, and yet no forwardness.' The other, still shy and taciturn in company, feeding eagerly on some fresh field of literature, and as unready with voice or hand as he was ever ready with the pen. And the contrast was one which was possibly heightened and intensified by daily intercourse. It left its mark on the sensitive conscience of the young student.

Two small sheets of paper, dated January 17th, 1831, contain a record of a searching self-examination carried out in these Christmas holidays. He taxes himself with 'bad temper, and with being sulky and unaccommodating,' and with 'being indecisive—very—which makes me unhappy often.' He writes of the 'agony of deciding between two things, even small things, which I remember feeling for a long time.' He speaks even of his 'love of reading' with some distrust: 'it varies so much; at present, much taken up with History and Antiquities; at times discouraged by the quantity I have forgotten—the immensity I want to read.' He feels afraid of his 'being blunted to fine ideas and fine scenery'; he shrinks from the 'cold water' that school so far seems to him 'to throw on all that is bright and good in affections, imagination, and everything else.

[3] Mrs. Stanley to Mrs. Augustus Hare.

I cannot help thinking that I don't care so much for them as I did.'

On his return to school, he confessed to his sister his having been made miserable all the way back by not having been as happy in the holidays as he ought to have been, and his 'not wondering if she felt cross or vexed'—'when I think how unaccountably foolish I was'—and at last he fully unbosoms himself (June 19th):—

'I have made good resolutions for these holidays. I hope I may keep them, and fill up some of the blank Owen must have left, who, as poor Catherine observed in floods of tears, "could be grave and like a grown-up person with old people, and play like a little child with little children." Last holidays I wanted that sort of disposition. I had that half-year first begun for good an intense pursuit after history, &c., and I was thoroughly wrapped up in it, so that the consequence was, that when I came home full of it, I was thrown out of my regular course. . . . I got out of humour with myself and everybody else . . . and in short I was anything but happy. This half-year I began in the usual way of fagging, and indeed have gone on most part of it; but gradually as I went on became more and more conscious of what I have just told you—that it insulated me and made me sulky. This perception of the case I think I owe a little to one of the characters in Mitford's "History of Greece," which struck me very much with the evil of putting oneself alone in that way. Of course I don't mean that I shall become thoroughly idle—indeed, it would be impossible for me now, I think—but to fag with circumspection and make myself more agreeable and conversationable. I should not have given you all this long talk, but I have just come out from one of Dr. Arnold's beautiful sermons, given in his emphatic manner, which was so particularly applicable in some parts to my case. Now, my dearest Mai, with dear love to all,

'Your very affectionate brother,

'A. P. S.'

His younger brother, 'Charlie,' joined him at Rugby in February 1832. 'Young Stanley's' advent was anticipated

with some brotherly misgivings. Mindful of his own *frill* days, he says,

'Of course you are prepared to have him in collars before he comes here. I think it would serve you right if I were to revenge myself by insisting on having coat-tails, to be more dignified as "old Stanley."'

The relations between the two brothers at Rugby are of the tenderest, and at the same time of the most characteristic, description. Arthur Stanley describes, with his usual minuteness, the long coach journey which brought them to Rugby in 1832. 'Charley at starting very happy: she [the young sister Catherine] not crying when we kissed her, but I think crying bitterly when I turned round to look afterwards.' He adds full particulars of his taking Charley to be examined in Homer and Virgil in the schoolhouse study, and of 'the Doctor' being obliged to confess that 'my Homer has travelled about with me so much that it has no Book I. left; will you please get one for me?' The letters which follow are full of Charley, who, after a day or two of 'bewilderment,' and one or two amusing new-boy blunders, is 'as happy as can be'; 'holds a fair place in his form'; is 'quite petted amongst the boys, so that it is evident that there is no very general ill-will towards old Stanley'; is declared by his mathematical tutor (Mr. Bonamy Price) to be 'a much better mathematician than his brother'; sleeps in his brother's room; and, though he has a share in another study, sits mostly in 'old Stanley's'; 'takes his turn in sweeping it with the other fags, and does it very well, only he is rather too long' for the eager student. 'When I am busy, I sit as if nobody was in the study, except that, now and then, by signs and monosyllables, I order my little slave to snuff the candles, give me a book, or look out a word, which he performs very obediently.'

'In short nothing could be more harmonious and happy than we are; the uncomfortable feeling' (with which he had looked forward to their joint life at Rugby) 'wears off, and I feel more united to him than ever I did. We indulge ourselves with "Charley" and "Arthur" in private, and behave orthodoxly in public (calling out "old Stanley" and "young Stanley"); but I did not execute your commission of giving many kisses to Charley.'

The elder brother watches over the younger with tender solicitude. 'Charley' is laid up with measles, and Arthur furnishes him with 'The Abbot' to beguile him; or again, 'poor little Charley has got wet and had a touch of rheumatism, but is getting better. I have given him "Kenilworth," choosing it as having been read by Catherine.' Soon he sends word to Catherine that he is making 'Charley learn some "Marmion" to say by heart to get him up in his form, which saying any lines out of regular work does. He has been learning the last part, about the battle; and he says them to me in bed (at night—not in the morning), and I guess all the right words when he says them wrong.' The studious brother thinks this the best way of 'giving him something to do, as a check to his idleness.' He makes the acquaintance of a new master, Mr. Grenfell, and takes care to note that he said, 'without my asking, that Charley was a good mathematician.' He leaves space for a delightful schoolboy letter from Charley to Catherine, with a full account of two white mice which 'I and Corbet' are keeping, and which 'run up and down my arm, and do not try to get away'; and of his having 'seen a man with coat and waistcoat off walking backwards as hard as he could, and found that he was to walk six miles an hour—half of it backwards—which he did in fifty-nine minutes.' The handwriting, the matter, the very spelling of the letter, with its final story 'of the strange little mouse—the colour of a dormouse, only much smaller, and it had no fur on

its tail, and a longer nose, . . . and it ran up my sleeve and down my back, and I was obliged to undress to get it out'—has a charm of its own, as well as from the contrast in every line to the style of the other half of the sheet.

He ends another letter with, 'I shall make Charley write next time. He wants practice, and I want time.' The result is a boyish letter from Charley. There is not a word on any literary subject, just a passing hint that he has been 'examined, but not got a prize'; and all the rest is taken up with the nearness of the holidays—'only a fortnight!'—with a description of a wild-beast show, and a full account of the dress of the monkeys—'one like a little boy, the other like an old woman in a red gown and white apron'; with a picture of a Rugby horse-fair—'all the town full of horses'; news of the death of the white mice; impatience to see 'our new ponies'; hopes for a 'good hard frost for skating,' and the 'good fun of football, now it is so cold.' It gives a glimpse into an innocent schoolboy world of which, and of much that lay behind it, the elder brother knew but little.

Incidentally the letters already quoted have revealed many points in Arthur Stanley's character. But other traits are also illustrated in these simple confessions of his inner feelings.

He lived his own life at Rugby so entirely that he might be supposed to have lacked sympathy with his schoolfellows. Such was not the case. His letters are filled, for instance, with careful accounts of his Cheshire *protégés*. Of one little fellow especially, a future Admiral, he reports that he is 'doing famously,' in spite of coming in 'plaid check waistcoat and trousers, which make him too conspicuous, as it is always unlucky for a newcomer to have any peculiarity of dress or appearance, as he may

get a nickname which sticks to him long after the thing itself is gone away.'

There are already the germs of that abounding interest in those younger than himself which marked the man, and which attracted boys and young men so irresistibly to his side that they forgot, as he forgot, the disparity of years in the freshness of his sympathies.

It was no lack of interest in others which left him for some time without a chosen companion, and narrowed the circle of his intimate friends. Rather it was the constraint and reserve, which have been already noticed, that led to his comparative isolation. He speaks in 1832 of his plan for 'an Ecclesiastical Tour,' but confesses that 'it is difficult to find companions who will take long walks and see churches at the end.' The difficulty did not last long. It was about this time (1832) that his friendly acquaintance with C. J. Vaughan (now Dean of Llandaff and Master of the Temple), and W. C. Lake (now Dean of Durham), began to take the form of a close, and almost exclusive, companionship, and to ripen, not least with the former, the future husband of his 'dear little Catherine,' into a lifelong friendship. In June 1832 begins the series of letters to C. J. Vaughan, the friend who did so much to teach him his first lesson in the difficult task of attaching himself 'deeply or long to anyone outside of my own family.' Many friends, who in later times prized the affection borne them by Arthur Stanley as among their most precious recollections, have to thank the little group of Rugby boys who first opened those inexhaustible springs of friendship, that thus far had been sealed, and were henceforth to flow in such increasing volume.

When once the barriers of constraint were broken down, the confidence was unreserved, and the affection expressed with all the warmth of Arthur Stanley's tender eagerness.

The following letter was written in his last half-year at Rugby to C. J. Vaughan, the friend whom in the last hours of consciousness he named as the most fitted to preach in Westminster Abbey on the Sunday after he had passed away. 'He has known me longest.'

'If I have been of any use to you, I am most thankful for it; will you believe me also when I thank you for all the good you have been to me? I hope you will not find that you have been leaning on a broken reed in trusting to me. Surely—I speak it out of the abundance of the simple truth—you must have seen over and over again, and the more, I should think, as compared with yourself, my extraordinary want of energy and real strength of character. For this I assure you I do look up to you most entirely. . . . I have never ventured, much as I have wished, to speak to you of your father. I should very much like to see the sermons you speak of—and now that I have lost my poor uncle,[4] who was a father to me in the few times I saw him, and would have been much more to me when I should have known him better, I feel that we have something in common.'

In this letter Stanley speaks of his 'want of energy and real strength of character.' His indecision was, as we have seen, another source of self-reproach. 'I am now,' he writes in November 1833, 'in one of my most dreadful states of indecision,' 'perfectly miserable,' 'exactly equipoised, and consequently wretched.' To the end of his life, he would say that he was liable to fits of indecision which made him 'unfit for any post of command.' Yet on occasions he could act with a firmness that showed the reserve of courage, and even of combativeness, which underlay the apparent shyness and timidity. A serious disturbance was caused at Rugby by the arrest of one or two boys, who had taken part in a

[4] Augustus Hare died February 18th, 1834.

fishing expedition to a part of the Avon which had been recently closed to the school. 'The school,' he says, 'was on the eve of a rebellion; many of the sixth quavered in their allegiance. There was, however, a party firmly and deliberately opposed to the whole affair—I was one.' In conjunction with Vaughan and Lake and a few others, he acted with a decision which averted the danger, and he characteristically adds to his minute and picturesque story the statement that, 'for myself, I rather enjoyed the excitement.'

His courage easily passed into combativeness where his affections were engaged. It is worth while to record the strong language which he uses on behalf of a friend who is fully able to protect himself. He shrank from the prospect of going to Oxford, partly because of the hostility with which Arnold was regarded by many of the leading men in the University. He is speaking of his intention to try for the Balliol Scholarship.

'I still doubt; I hope my visit will be satisfactory, as, if my present aversion to Oxford is not lessened, I don't know what will be the end of it. I am afraid it will come hard on me after Rugby . . . I shall have to go from a place which I love with more than ordinary affection to a place which I hate with more than ordinary hatred. . . . —— has told me that that party seriously think, or at least are anxious to get him [Arnold] turned out of the Church, and to thwart his influence in every way they can.'

The Rugby letters are more than a chronicle of school-life, a record of home affections, and a confession of inner feelings. They illustrate in varied details his literary tastes and his insatiable avidity for knowledge. Now he has

'taken to read Milton all through again, partly because I am afraid of disliking poetry through misuse; partly because I have so much forgotten it, and that I want to see how I like it; partly because it is useful for school-work for the reference to history, &c., in the similes and for the comparison of it with the old writers.'

Now he is feeding on 'Sintram'; now reading the eight volumes of Mitford's Greece, and noticing with malicious amusement the mistakes, 'I mean such as calling the same man different names, making men alive and in different places, when they were dead and in one place'; now 'disappointed with Sir W. Gell's 'Itinerary,' because it is 'a mere road-book of modern Greece.' At another time he is delighted with Whately's Historic Doubts, or devouring Gibbon's Decline and Fall or Walton's Lives, or 'reading steadily through (that is, skipping in my usual way) Boswell's Johnson,' or 'reading in my superficial way Southey's Colloquies.' Nor did he read uncritically. He formed his own opinions on books and authors. He recommends Byron to his brother Owen for his descriptions of Greece, but admits that the poetry reminds him 'of overripe fruit.' Or, again, he advises a friend to read Keble's Christian Year 'as midway between Wordsworth and the more usual type of poets, and between sacred poetry and secular poetry.'

And the knowledge which he gathered was always available for allusions and other purposes. If he writes on St. Valentine's Day, he remembers that the first earthquake in London was on St. Valentine's Eve, 1247; or that 'one of the most unfortunate of marriages, that of the Queen of Hearts (James the First's daughter) and the Count Palatine, took place on St. Valentine's Day.' He recognises a false reference in his father's article on 'The Port of Venasque,'[5] and writes to say that the line quoted from Spenser is

[5] *Blackwood's Magazine*, April 1830.

really from Chaucer, a striking proof of the curious reading of a boy of fourteen.

In the midst of school work, prize competitions, and correspondence, he is fascinated by a legend of King Harold surviving the battle of Hastings, and dying an anchorite, blind of one eye, in the Abbey of St. John at Chester. At home he traces the topography of the story ; at school he tracks the tradition to its earliest authorities, and composes a ballad on the legend, which he sends from Rugby to his sister. Eager in his search for monuments of the past, he visits the churches and houses near Rugby, walking, for instance, seven and a half miles there and back, to Combe Abbey, because the ancestor of Lord Craven had married James I.'s daughter, the Queen of Bohemia, and 'consequently, the house is filled with pictures of her and all her family, among which I felt quite as if I was among old friends, as a good many are the originals of Lodge's portraits.'

Such references to his literary tastes, and poetical or historical enthusiasms, abound. Nor were his interests confined to creations of the imagination or memories of the past. Questions of the day, whether political, social, religious, or ecclesiastical, occupied an increasing measure of his attention.

At first, indeed, politics intruded but little into his world of thought. If the ferment of the Reform Bill agitation reached him in his study, it did not check his thirst for reading. If he 'dreamed of the Reform Bill,' the dream 'was ridiculously mixed up with Homer and Latin verses.' Yet he repudiates the idea that he was entirely uninterested in political questions.

'It was too bad of you to think I did not know what *canvassing* is. Though I am not a great politician, it always puts me in a great ferment to hear politics talked, especially

by a violent adversary to my (*i.e.* our) opinions (for all boys of course follow their fathers' politics); but I think that in this Reform Bill there are more for it than against it, so I am much better off than in the Catholic Question, when there were so few on my side.'

He reads the newspapers diligently, and will be 'glad if Mamma will fill a letter with political knowledge,' as his newspaper 'perhaps perverts things.' But he admits his own political impartiality. 'The bitterness of Whigs and Tories seems,' he says, 'to increase daily. It seems to me a sort of Scylla and Charybdis.' The establishment of the 'Rugby Debating Society' compelled him to take sides, and he joins the 'small but growing Whig minority.' He was elected President, to his great surprise—'a new argument against the ballot, you may think!' His first speeches were not entirely successful. Of one debate he writes :—

'I spoke against the taxation' (of American colonists) 'of course, but soon got quite confused, and ended by being swamped in the waves of the Atlantic.'

'I found,' he says of another debate, 'that I got on very well while I stated facts or abused my adversaries; but the moment that I said anything out of the common way, approaching to a metaphor or fine speech, I felt directly that I was making myself ridiculous.'

As his career at Rugby drew to its close other subjects besides politics disputed the exclusive supremacy of history, poetry, and antiquities. He discusses at length such questions as the perpetual obligation of the Sabbath, the prospects of the Church of England, 'the Oxford Tracts,' the evils of transportation, the dangers and drawbacks of public school-life at Rugby, Eton, and Harrow. He anticipates the judgment of older men in his language on transportation :—

'Consider,' he says to his friend, 'the enormous evil we inflict on New Holland, for instance, by sending it a popu-

lation of the greatest rogues in England, who do not get better, but worse ; the evil being greater all the while in that this population is Christian, and therefore—as nothing is so worthless as salt that has lost its savour—how can Christianity ever take root in a place where she must have such just prejudices to encounter ?'

It is remarkable to see a schoolboy of barely eighteen writing as he does, more than fifty years ago, to a friend of his own age (C. J. Vaughan) on the difficulties of the Mosaic cosmogony.

'It seems far more Scriptural to suppose that the whole account of the six days is an allegory, or whatever is the name for it, to impress more vividly on people's minds, in that early time in which Gen. i. 1–ii. 3 was written, the great practical truth that the world was created and not self-existent—this, I say, seems to me more Scriptural than to suppose that there was an actual revelation made to man, not on any practical, not on any even theoretically religious subject, but merely on geology. I don't know how the geology of the case is. If, however (which I don't deny may be the case), it is clear from scientific induction that there were six periods, in which were creatures corresponding to those mentioned in Genesis, then I can only say that it is an exception to the general rule (of revelation). . . . Arnold has never, to my knowledge, directly expressed himself one way or the other.'

So in the next letter he adds :—

'If, however, it is proved either that plants and animals were really created in the order there mentioned, or that that order is inseparably connected with the fact of the seven days, I am perfectly willing to allow that this is an exception to the general rule. . . . As for the exact degree of inspiration in the Old Testament, I don't suppose it can ever be settled to everyone's mind, because the exact meaning of *θεόπνευστος* can never be settled. Happily it is of no importance whether the sun or moon were made first.'

To another friend, who hesitated what profession to adopt, he writes in 1834 :—

'As to the Church, I am, on the whole, well satisfied with it for myself; though it seems to me that the pleasure of it may be modified in infinite degrees by the situation and nature of your living. One thing before deciding on it I would certainly advise, and that is to make sure of believing all the Articles, and if you do not believe them all to the letter, to read one of those books, which I suppose exist, to explain better than I can how far they can still be conscientiously subscribed. I almost dread touching on the subject, because I am so afraid of prejudicing either myself or other people about it; however, I believe I am myself very sound as to the Articles, so *you* need not be afraid.'

Shortly before this last letter he had himself

'read through for the first time the Thirty-nine Articles, and though I think I could conscientiously sign them myself, I could never think the worse, but the better, of one who would not sign such as the third, the end of the sixth, the eighth, the twenty-first, the thirty-fifth, and the end of the twenty-eighth.'

On these, and all other, questions his mind was more and more coloured by the influence of Dr. Arnold. The growing veneration of the pupil for his master becomes the most striking, enduring, and important feature of Stanley's career at Rugby. Early in 1832 he wrote the following letter to his old master at Seaforth:—

'I am now, as you may have heard, in the sixth, *i.e.* the head form of the school, and constantly under Dr. Arnold. I don't know whether you have heard much of him, or whether you have heard or conceived bad opinions of him—all I can say is, that he is to my mind the most powerful-minded man I have ever had to do with—and I may say also, I think, one of the best. It is possible you may have heard him abused in every way—he has been branded with the names of Sabbath-breaker and infidel—but seeing so much of him as I do, I may safely say that he is as thorough a Christian as you can anywhere find. His sermons are certainly the most beautiful I ever heard, and rendered doubly impressive by his delivery. He has published two volumes of them—and almost all those in the last

volume I have heard.[6] He has reformed the school in every possible way—introducing history, mathematics, modern languages, examinations, prizes, &c., &c.—and altered all the rest so much as to make it quite a new thing. The information I get from being in his form is quite wonderful. I am afraid you would not find many in the school to give him as good a character as this—as perhaps he has got a little more than the usual odium attached to a public school head master—but I think there are few who would question his talents or his sermons. I am, as you may perceive, thoroughly prejudiced in his favour. The common report now is that he will be a bishop. I hope it will not be before my departure. Of course the advantage which one is to get depends chiefly on oneself—but it is hardly possible for anyone in the school to be so ignorant as they might have been before Dr. Arnold's time. . . .'

His worship of his Head Master gathers strength. He thinks that Dr. Arnold's arguments on the Catholic Question are incontrovertible. He notices with delight Niebuhr's reference to Dr. Arnold in his Roman History. He records Whately's opinion, that he had 'known many cleverer men, but none who grew so fast.' He observes that among the few books at Eaton Hall was a copy of Arnold's 'Sermons.' He transcribes verbatim a sentence from the very striking sermon which the Head Master had preached in the autumn of 1832 on Christian Friendship.[7] It is that in which, after speaking of the Roman Christians as having looked on St. Paul with suspicion because he had preached boldly the indifference of outward things, such as circumcision or holy days, or meat and drink, he added: 'The blessed Apostle Paul, whose name is now beloved from one end of the Christian Church to the other, was esteemed by the Christians at Rome a latitudinarian and a heretic.' To this his pupil adds the words—writing,

[6] The second volume of Arnold's Sermons was published at the close of 1831.

[7] *Sermons*, Vol. III. xxvii.

it will be remembered, before the storm had burst which followed the publication, early in 1833, of the famous pamphlet on Church Reform : 'His indignant tone quite made me start, besides that the application seemed to me so obvious, that he himself, who is esteemed by the Christians at Rugby and Oxford a latitudinarian and heretic, will, in future time, have his name beloved from one end of the Christian Church to the other.'

As yet, indeed, his schoolboy awe of the Head Master —he was barely seventeen—prevented him from feeling at his ease in Dr. Arnold's presence. He will convey his parents' invitation to Dr. and Mrs. Arnold to come to Alderley (November 1832),

'though I don't think they will come, and, on the whole, for myself at least, I had rather they would come after I am gone from here ; because, though I do like him very much, yet I stand in such exceeding awe of him, that I don't think I could ever have a perfectly comfortable talk with him till our relations as schoolmaster and schoolboy are snapped asunder. I can hardly help laughing every time I open "Boswell's Johnson" to see how very like my feeling towards him is to Boswell's towards Johnson.'

Gradually this sense of awe is lost in other feelings. 'Tell me,' he writes to Vaughan, who was staying with the Arnolds at the Lakes in January 1833, 'all the news, moral, intellectual, &c., about my great idol that you think yourself entitled to disclose.' He reads the famous pamphlet on Church Reform as soon as it appears, and likes it 'very much';—

'Almost everyone that I have heard speak of it says, as you do, that it is "beautiful but impracticable." But then Arnold would say that it is foolish to sit down in despair—see the end of his Preface to his second volume of Sermons. It is the same complaint I have more than once heard of his Sermons, that they hold up too high a standard of duty.'

He is eager to know what is thought of the pamphlet, and indignant at the tone in which it was criticised. 'Have you heard,' he asks an Oxford friend, 'much about Keble, whether he is very angry with Arnold for the pamphlet?' He has read carefully Mr. William Palmer's answer to Arnold, and discusses it at length, pointing out the only pages in which he thinks the objections are of weight.

'All the texts,' he says, 'I have not looked out yet; but some of them seem grossly misapplied. When Mr. Palmer applauds our fathers of the seventeenth century, does he remember, what I believe was the fact, that on one point (that of the observance of Sunday) the orthodox of that day were the ultra-latitudinarians of this; the dissenters of that day, the orthodox of this?'

In his eagerness for the Head Master's reputation, he expresses his horror of a reported denunciation of his hero from the University pulpit.

'Pray,' he asks, 'who was the preacher? It fills up the catalogue of Oxford enormities. I really rejoice more and more that I am not coming up next term, as perhaps the storm will be in some measure blown over by the time I come. As it is, of course I shall be a perfect heretic.'

Revolted by what he has heard of a too prevalent side of undergraduate life and conversation, he breaks out with unusual vehemence:

'Monstrous, that these men should have the amazing inconsistency to attack a man because he is not made after their notion of orthodoxy, or dare to pretend that they care a straw for the Church of God. . . . I have read Arnold's pamphlet over again, and, whereas, before, I was startled at many places, I do now, with very few exceptions, agree with it entirely. However, I suppose I must keep my thoughts to myself at Oxford. I am afraid that I have quite a bad prejudice against orthodoxy—except, to be sure, that it is somewhat hard to say wherein it consists.'

A reported expression of 'Mr. Newman, who once knew him well, and is a very able and good man,' is 'for that reason doubly painful,' and is referred to repeatedly. Another leading member of the University is said to

'have compared him to Cobbett for the force of his language and the mischief that he does. . . . He has been denounced in the pulpit as "a political and literary quack, who has gained far more reputation than he can possibly deserve," while Mr. Froode (I don't know the spelling) really does consider him "as a sort of special agent of the devil to deceive men by his apparent goodness." I think this last is the most reasonable supposition of any, as I do not see how they can otherwise reconcile all his infidel and abominable principles with the goodness of his writings and his practice.'

His enthusiastic veneration for Dr. Arnold, and his eagerness to rush to his defence, are alike characteristic of Arthur Stanley. At one moment he fears that the Head Master will become a Bishop, and he prays that all the Bishops may be kept alive. At another time he dreads lest the Doctor may be hounded from the school by the opposition of one or two of the older masters, or by the strong political feeling of the county gentry, or by the denunciations of many of the clergy at Oxford; but he comforts himself with the thought that 'the trustees will keep him at all risks.' Rugby without Arnold is a 'terrible possibility,' 'the worst thing that could happen to me here,' 'a world without a sun.' He feels that he owes everything to his teacher. He reads Shelley's 'Queen Mab,' 'the first professedly infidel book I ever read; it made me only more glad to think that I had fallen in with Arnold.' He says that he answered most of his questions in the Balliol scholarship 'from Arnold's mouth, so our boys have only to pay decent attention, and his teaching will do the business for them.' He breaks out with—

'What a wonderful influence that man has had on my mind! I certainly feel that I have hardly a free will of my own on any subject about which he has written or spoken. It is, I suppose, a weak and unnatural state to be in, for I do not at all consider myself to be naturally of the same frame as he is.'

It was above all in the chapel of Rugby School that Dr. Arnold obtained so great an influence over his pupil. It was Stanley's weekly practice to write down all that he could remember of his master's sermons.

'. . . Whatever happens in the week to diminish my respect for him, it always comes again on the Sunday, when I hear him preaching.'

He speaks with the utmost enthusiasm of the 'striking thoughts,' or 'beautiful language,' or impressive delivery, of the sermons. Of one, which he heard in the last half-year of his stay at Rugby, he says:

'I cannot describe it to you, but I never heard or saw anything which gave me so strongly the idea of inspiration, or of the effect which truth in the mouth of a man of uncommon excellence and wisdom ought to produce, than this, made yet more striking by the breathless silence from one end of the chapel to the other. I have made a resolution that I will, if I possibly can, be here every Easter Sunday till he goes.'

In the summer of 1833 the Arnolds paid their visit to Alderley, Stanley travelling with them from Rugby.

'The journey surpassed my utmost hopes. We set off at seven o'clock; he and I outside, which situation we preserved all the way except two stages, when Miss Robertson came out instead of him. I certainly could hardly credit my senses that I had him actually there; it certainly was a most total change from the exalted state in which he has appeared to my eyes for the week before—such childlike joy and simplicity. . . . He talked of his talk with Coleridge the other night, about chivalry, geology, and phrenology, and Queen Caroline and mobs, and Niebuhr and

Thucydides, and triremes, and genealogies and races, &c. &c. . . . Arnold was rather shy and tired at night (at Alderley) ; indeed he fell asleep more than once outside as we were coming, which completed the extraordinary metamorphosis from the Head Master of Rugby in his full pontifical robes and exalted dignity to something so very familiar ; but in the morning he spoke of his principles (in his pamphlet) quite like himself on Sundays. . . . I was rather alarmed, for the carriages were at the door, and the children packed in, and all on the point of setting out, and not one word of my going to the Lakes, when he at the last moment gave me the fullest invitation to come whenever I liked. I cannot go till towards the end of the holidays, when I certainly shall. I hope to goodness I shall be the only one there—but I hardly dare look on to anything so purely delightful without some take-off.'

His letters during the long-hoped-for visit to Dr. Arnold at Allan Bank are full, partly of striking descriptions of scenery,—of scenery described for its own sake, and entirely unconnected with any historical associations,—partly of Boswellian accounts of Arnold's conversation on various topics, from the House of Lords, animal magnetism, the effect of Reform on the House of Commons, America, Republicanism, female succession to the Crown, the Apocalypse, to paper currency and Royal marriage laws. But nothing beyond his account, written to Mary in August 1833, of Wordsworth as seen at his own home and at Allan Bank, need be quoted here :

'In the afternoon with Dr. Arnold to Rydal Mount. Wordsworth had come back on Friday. . . . He is an old man with silver-grey hair, and rather untidily dressed. I don't think there is anything peculiar in his face except perhaps a great mildness. He went with us to give his opinion on Fox How. He recommended for planting, oaks, birches and Spanish chestnuts—where there had been any trees before naturally—objected to a smooth-shaven lawn—asked after Julius and Augustus Hare, saying that they were very great friends of his. We then went home by "Moderate Reform" and so by the Wishing Gate, where

it is said that everyone may wish and have what he wishes. It looks over into a beautiful view of the mountains round Grasmere. It was quite touching to see Dr. Arnold leaning over it, with such an evident yearning love and affection to the mountains for the last time of his summer stay. As we went on, he said, "I know that there is both moral and physical evil here; but it is a great comfort of this country that there is less here than elsewhere."'

'We had for dinner the Wordsworths, Pasleys and Fletchers. Wordsworth, they said, was quite himself, for of late he has been in a very gloomy mood. Unfortunately the conversation did not turn on anything in which he could talk advantageously, but he was very merry and laughed heartily. He told a story of a man having got up a speech all ready for him, and discharging it on his brother-in-law instead—who is a plain farmer—and not being able to reload again in time for him, when he found the mistake. He was telling a story about a man on a precipice, when suddenly Sir T. Pasley broke out with the "Mauvais Pas," not knowing who had written it. . . . When we came out, to our—at least to my—horror, there had taken place a vast inundation of a large travelling party, who had been expected for some time, but of whom we had given up all thoughts. This was a regular spoiling of the whole party, —the father of the family took hold of Wordsworth, and I saw no more of him for the rest of the evening.'

In a letter written about the same time to W. A. Greenhill, he adds one or two touches to his descriptions of the most conspicuous of Arnold's neighbours. He speaks of Captain Hamilton as 'lame from a wound at Albuera,' and of Hartley Coleridge as 'son of the poet—so eccentric as to border on madness.' Of Wordsworth he says that—having heard that the poet lived where he saw no one but his admirers and idolisers—'the only sign I saw of conceit was his being dressed untidily! he looks rather like a farmer; is quite old, above sixty. . . . The only evening on which I saw him, he gave me the idea of a pleasant old gentleman, was not dictatorial, and did not engross the conversa-

tion.' He adds, '*you* will perhaps like to hear' (his correspondent was no Wordsworthian) 'that Arnold'—a profound, but not indiscriminate, admirer of the poet—'thinks Goody Blake and Harry Gill immoral, a remnant of Wordsworth's Jacobinism, and ludicrous as poetry, and that he called one of the sonnets stuff.'

The visit to the Arnolds at the Lakes, if possible, increased Stanley's devotion to his Head Master. The following letter is but one among many in which the intensity of his feeling is expressed. It was written in May 1834, to C. J. Vaughan, a few weeks before Stanley's school career terminated:

'Six Sundays more, and only six. Alas! Alas! I never in the days of my first coming wished so earnestly for the arrival of the holidays as I now dread it! Oh, may God grant you strength and health, that I may carry on to my last hour that association of almost perfect happiness which I have so often enjoyed here, and that as I trust we have begun, so we may end together in the service of Christ. . . . Most sincerely must I thank God for His goodness in placing me here to live with Arnold. Yet I always feel that the happiness is a dangerous one, and that loving him and admiring him as I do to the very verge of all love and admiration that can be paid to man, I fear I have passed the limit, and made him my idol, and that in all I may be but serving God for man's sake.

'It is fortunate then, perhaps, that I can stay here no longer—for this feeling must grow as long as I have him before me. What I shall do without him I know not. Whether this will be succeeded by indifference or dislike, or increased yet more and more, I cannot tell. . . . I say this now, as I may not have another opportunity, and to let you see fully how the case stands. It may be foolish—and it may wear away; though God grant that it is not the one—and that it may not be the other—but I can hardly tell you the relief I felt last Sunday night, when he was hearing the children their lesson, that from all the abounding wickedness in the school and in the world, one might always turn to the image of that pure Christian family.

'As I feel it now, it is wound up with my very life. But

I must stop. You too love him and admire him as much as he deserves—but not more, and not dangerously, and you can help me—I would hardly say to love him less—but to love God more. And now believe me, my dear Vaughan,

'Yours ever affectionately,

'A. P. S.

The record of Stanley's life at Rugby cannot be better closed than by the following reminiscences, communicated by the present Dean of Llandaff:

'You ask me to send you a few reminiscences of our friend as a boy at Rugby. I have to go back sixty years, into the furthest recesses of a not very tenacious memory, to do this: let me try.

'He had been one year at Rugby when I went there in January 1830. What a strange place was my boarding-house, long since swept from where it stood in the old market-place, as far as possible from his, which was a master's house looking into the school close! The first time I heard Stanley's name was in the idle chatter of a breakfast in what we called our hall, and in connection with some exercise which he was said to have done for someone, in the somewhat lax way in which things were then conducted. I remember being confused by the name, which was also that of one of the dames' houses, kept by a former writing-master of the school, whose son, "Ned Stanley," was one of the young men of the town, coming and going between Rugby and Oxford, in preparation, I think, for being a clergyman.

'The first time that I remember seeing our friend was on the Good Friday afternoon of that first half-year, when he came into chapel, from under the organ gallery with its old inscription, "*εὐφράνθην ἐπὶ τοῖς εἰρηκόσι μοι*," his face turned by blushes from rose-colour to scarlet in the joy and pride of his first triumph, the prize for the Fifth Form English Essay (on "Sicily and its Revolutions") having been just adjudged to him. His face and look are as vividly before me as if it was a scene of yesterday—the black hair, cut close as always, the bright ingenuous child's face, the round jacket and twilled trousers, and the quick gliding movement, three steps to a man's one—all these I could

draw, if I were an artist, into a far livelier picture of him than any of those that are left to us.

'At Easter I was moved into the Fifth Form, and there we were together till a year and a quarter afterwards, when what was then a new invention, the Fifth Form examination for places, shook up the old fifty into all manner of strange reverses, and placed this young boy of fifteen at the head of the whole number for promotion into the Sixth at Midsummer 1831.

'The Fifth Form, under "old Moor," was a really remarkable institution. He was an elderly man, to our eyes at least; and his rusty knee-breeches and worsted stockings, as well as a general slovenliness of apparel, added, no doubt, to his years. He was Vicar of Clifton, near Rugby; an excellent clergyman, with a voice the melody of which is still in my ears as he read out to us from time to time some little English poem done in school by the youthful genius in which he took an evident pride and delight. He maintained a vigorous discipline over a somewhat difficult herd of fifty (for the most part) oldish boys, by various ingenious devices which lengthened the irksome school hours for the idle and abridged them for the good; and although the *idea* of the man was old-fashioned, his practice was thorough and sensible, and his love of modern history, and his keen enjoyment of poetry both ancient and modern, contributed something, I cannot but think, to the early interests and tastes of Stanley himself.

'During our three years together in the Sixth Form under the daily teaching of Arnold himself, we grew by degrees into a very close and intimate friendship. Having neither of us any taste for games, our intercourse was chiefly in the form of long walks—indeed, of walks long and short, for he had already that solemn sense of the *duty* of air and exercise which was characteristic of him to the end.

'There were also endless talks in his study, some four feet square, at an upper corner of Anstey's boarding-house looking upon the Close, with its already considerable store of books, its metallic sofa, and its large copper kettle, generally hissing for the feeblest tea.

'We discussed all things—politics and politicians, theology and theologians, notably (when their turn came) the Church Reform pamphlet of 1833 and the Thirlwall controversy of 1834. His own prize compositions, which I

used to write out for him, furnished a fruitful subject. School politics, at times somewhat revolutionary, were treated as moral matters, with a little too much (it may be) of grown-up sternness.

'But the secret of this, and of much else in his early thought and talk, was that growing and absorbing devotion to his great head master, of which he sometimes accused himself as tending to the idolatrous. The intensity of his effort, in school and chapel, not to let one word or one tone of that voice escape him, till it was inscribed (in letters then sometimes legible) in one of that interminable succession of note-books which began thus early and ended only with life, is one of those memories which must die with one. The influence of Arnold's character, at once so high above and so powerfully in contact, gave to this early period of his life a sort of fire of zeal (if I might so express it) at which Oxford undergraduates might afterwards smile, but which had in it the making of the future man, with that unresting energy, that forthright purpose, that resistless attraction, that clean and pure soul.'

CHAPTER V

August–December 1834

HURSTMONCEUX AND BALLIOL COLLEGE, OXFORD

THE parting from Dr. Arnold and from Rugby launched Arthur Stanley into a new world of experience and of thought. In the second half of the year 1834 he was not yet absorbed by the stream of work which, for the next three years, laid such heavy claims upon his time and faculties; and during these six months there is scarcely one of his letters which would not interest any student of the academical, or intellectual, or religious life of England in the stirring period at which they were written. Before six months had gone by he had passed some weeks under the roof of Julius Hare, who, while sympathising in many points with Dr. Arnold, was in many other respects singularly unlike the Head Master of Rugby. He had lived in close intimacy with one so capable of influencing an impressionable youth of eighteen as John Sterling. He had spent eight weeks as a freshman at Balliol, and had recorded his first impressions, both of academical life and of men like J. H. Newman, Dr. Pusey, and others, who were giving a fresh direction to the whole religious life of England. He had been thrown into constant contact with young men trained in different schools from himself, such as Frederick Faber and W. G. Ward. He had not only paid his first visit since childhood to London, but had also spent some days at Cambridge, and

made the acquaintance of Thirlwall, Whewell, and other leaders of the sister-university.

On leaving Rugby, Stanley returned at once to Alderley, 'hardly able yet,' as he wrote to C. J. Vaughan, 'to fancy that I have really left Rugby for good, and finding no one even here to sympathise with me fully.' 'However,' he adds, 'I dare say it will do me good, though my last parting with Arnold was not calculated to lessen my idolatrous affection for him.' It is touching at this distance of time to read his acknowledgments of some want of adequate responsiveness to the enthusiastic affection with which he inspired more than one of his schoolboy friends, and his readiness to tax himself, now with 'want of patience,' now with 'want of depth of feeling,' and to quote against himself the words of Aristotle, 'that one who has many friends is not φίλος to any, only ἄρεσκος to all.'

After telling his friend of his multifarious literary occupations, he enters into an elaborate paper discussion on what was to be to himself a subject of lifelong interest, the possibility of so altering the formularies of the Church as to admit, so far as possible, all English Christians to membership of the National Establishment.[1] It is interesting to notice the boldness with which even then, in arguing against the position that 'unity of doctrine is essential to the idea of a Christian Church,' he questions the statement that 'absolute unity of religious opinion on all subjects,' involving as it does 'the idea of absolute intellectual perfection, is necessary to make up our notion even of the Church in heaven,' and asks 'whether improvement is not necessary to our notion of happiness.' 'For myself,' he

[1] The Bill for the admission of Dissenters to residence and degrees at the Universities was rejected by a large majority in the House of Lords on Aug. 1st, 1834. 'Alas for the Dissenters Bill!' cries A. P. S. in a letter from Toft Hall, Aug. 10th, 1834.

adds, 'I should not ask more to make up my notion of the unity of the Church (even) in heaven, than that they all loved one another as Christ's redeemed servants, and all loved God in Christ.'

On August 22nd, 1834, he left Alderley to pass some weeks at Hurstmonceux with Julius Hare, the younger brother of his 'uncle Augustus,' who had lately abandoned his tutorial life at Trinity College, Cambridge, for the living of Hurstmonceux. Mrs. Augustus Hare, the 'Auntie' so often mentioned in Arthur Stanley's letters, still in the first months of her widowhood, was residing at the time with her brother-in-law. John Sterling, the close friend of F. D. Maurice, and the future subject of two biographies (one by his rector, the other by Thomas Carlyle), was then curate to Julius Hare.

It was nearly dark when he arrived, and 'Auntie' had been banished to bed by a violent headache.

'The house was just what I expected. The first thing that I saw was the Roman senator and his wife, and, dinner over, Julius showed me over the pictures. Looking at them by day, I don't know that I should have observed the Raphael Madonna particularly, but I should have noticed the Vision of Ezekiel, where the figures all seem to stand and spring out of the beasts and out of the picture with such vivid strength, and I like it the best of all; indeed, I think it is the only one of which I of myself understand the beauty. . . . I have been looking about at all the books, of course, and not begun anything regular. The German part is quite astounding; if they are so good, and so much better than English books as to take up so much more [room], what a gap there must be in all Englishmen's minds. I was looking at them in the drawing-room when Auntie came in. I was startled at first, for I had not imagined her to myself in her widow's weeds. She sate down before me and cried very much for some time, but she soon recovered herself, and now she talks as calmly and as cheerfully as usual. . . . After lunch,

Mr. Sterling came in with an extract from the "Quarterly"[2] on Coleridge's conversations, which he says is a very good account of it, and by Lockhart. . . . Auntie tells me to tell Mamma—what she has always forgotten to do—that the day before Coleridge died, he said he felt his head was full of wit, but he had not strength to give it utterance. The "Letters on Inspiration" are being transcribed, and are to be sent to Dr. Arnold.'

The following Sunday brought his first experience of two preachers, both new to him.

'Mr. Sterling preached in the morning on 1 John iv. 19, being one in a succession on the Atonement. Julius said it was not quite as good as the one Mamma heard, but it was very fine—the next best after Arnold I have ever heard, and like him in several things. He has the same evident and positive conviction of perception of truth, the same undercurrent of a great system, and to-day he had nearly (except in one flowery sentence) the same beautiful language that Arnold's later sermons have. However, there were differences that did not make me forget that to-day he [Arnold] has begun preaching again at Rugby. Julius preached in the afternoon—very well, I think, with a good many of his thoroughly worked-out, odd images. . . . . Auntie has not yet spoken to me of Uncle Augustus. I read a little to her last night. I do not see that she is altered, but that, with my want of perception in such things, is not much.'

A few days later his pen is at work sending full pictures of his new home. To his sister, after tender messages 'to dear little Emmy (Penrhyn)! kiss her much for me,' he gives the routine of daily life.

'I get up between 7 and 8. Julius comes down at 9, having always sat up till 2 A.M. Then prayers in the dining-room and breakfast; my home reading of the "Quarterly" in the interval is supplied by a French book (the only

[2] The article referred to appeared in August 1834. There is a note at the end of the number recording Coleridge's death on July 25th, and his burial on August 2nd.

language in the room I understand) on Names. . . . Auntie comes down about 10.30, and I learn my work in the drawing-room, where she sits and writes or lies down. On Monday Julius and I began with the "Antigone" (of Sophocles), which I had not read, and this we shall do till we finish it, which will be some day next week. I learn it before with a German-Greek lexicon, which teaches me both languages at once, and then about 11.30 do it with him, which takes till (luncheon intervening) 2 P.M. He does it very thoroughly and with all his books about it. You would be amused to see how we begin by having four books (*i.e.* four editions), and end by having twenty, on the table. He is very fond of the play, and enters into it with such spirit and earnestness it is quite delightful, much in the style of Arnold; only that, taking more time and having more books for it, he does it, of course, more thoroughly. I also do Aristotle's "Poetics" to myself, asking him in case of difficulty. . . . At 2.30 Mr. Sterling comes, and so far all days are alike. On Monday he came and had some talk about Prometheus and Job, as he was reading Job, and then took me out.'

He describes his walks and conversations with Sterling.

'I went out with Mr. Sterling again. He talked about the various systems of mythology, and we went to the poor-house, where he reads the Bible once a week, taking any chapter, sometimes whichever the old women ask for. It was the same sort of exposition as Arnold gives in Rugby Church, though not nearly so good, as it was more general, and bringing in too much of his peculiar system, and not so clear as his sermons. However, it was very good, and listened to very attentively. . . . Then he took me to his house, and showed me his books, chiefly of odd theology and philosophy, among them twelve volumes of Puritan divines, St. Augustine, Spinoza (which he said was the profoundest book there was). He lent me a German-Latin book on the Revelation, and a paper with Coleridge's view of the Atonement (of which I like and understand the first part, but not the last). In the evening Julius read us some of Milton's speeches, of Shakespeare's sonnets, and of Wordsworth's prose (in the "Friend"). Wednesday, Mr. S. came to look for books for a sermon he was going to write on Abraham, and carried away five German ones,

saying he should never be able to do it unless he knew what country Abraham came from, &c. &c. Julius and Auntie both laughed at him very much, but he persisted it was the right way. It struck me so, when he was asking me what Arnold's view of the Atonement was, what an exactly opposite way they took—Arnold saying, "Ask for the lesson first, and the abstract truth afterwards"; Mr. S., "the abstract truth first, and then the lesson." I quite agree with what Auntie says, that the "metaphysical part of his nature has got the better of him."

'Mr. S. brought me the "Letters on Inspiration" (Coleridge's) to read before they are sent to Dr. Arnold. On the whole, I like them very much (this for Mamma). The spirit is beautiful, and some of the passages, that especially about Deborah, that too about the Psalms, and some of the outbursts of indignation, are quite magnificent. I think, however, as I thought I should, that in some Dr. A. will not agree. Indeed, I don't think the argument throughout is clear. As far as I can judge, he, Dr. A., will not like the placing the whole Bible (except the Prophets and delivery of the Law) on a footing with all good books, but will require (what Coleridge seems himself to require in one place, and must require for his argument's sake in all) a providential care at least. Then he would make much more use of the Old Testament than Coleridge does, as in the murder of Sisera; which Coleridge declares unqualifiedly inhospitable, perfidious, and treacherous, but on which Arnold has preached a most useful sermon.[3] Then, again, Coleridge brings forward, among the difficulties, which his view gets over, but which are so great according to the present view, the *un*-genuineness of the beginning of Daniel, which seems to me not in the least to affect the inspiration of the Bible, but only the arrangements of the Canon, which is quite a different question. Nor would he like to give up the Bible as the great authority for Christendom, and go instead to creeds and councils. However, he will delight in the comprehensive spirit of not making it an article of the Christian faith to believe every word, or receive every book. . . . It struck me, on thinking over the letters, what a thoroughly *Catholic* essay[4] Arnold's is, its

[3] Preached June 8, 1834, forming Sermon VIII. in the volume of sermons on 'Interpretation of Scripture.'

[4] That on the 'Interpretation of Scripture,' in *Sermons*, Vol. II.

only objects being to get as much good out of the Bible as possible, and remove stumbling-blocks without making any new ones. . . .

'I was not sorry, but quite otherwise, for Arnold's own sake, to hear that Newman's sermons are so good. It is only what he has always said, that difference of opinion, on all but one point, in a good man, can never be a cause for disagreement. I should think a more striking proof of this could hardly be brought forward; two men differing to the last degree on points which one of them thinks of the greatest importance, and yet in all that is really valuable not only agreeing with, but like, each other.'

Before he ends this letter, which extends over every available space in two large sheets of old-fashioned letter-paper, he mentions that he is 'beginning to feel more at home with Julius, having even ventured to discuss with him the lawfulness of war.' He has been 'reading a good deal more of Coleridge, and I feel as if I had got a new element into my mind.' How many young men, now old, said the same in those days! And he cannot close without a word which shows that his capacity for hero-worship had not been exhausted at Rugby.

'I had never been in a place so intellectual before; everything seems to breathe with learning and deep thought; and, hearing no conversation of an ordinary sort, I feel quite as if it was a dream when I go to bed at night. Julius so poetical, and Mr. Sterling so philosophical, and Auntie so heavenly—at once so evidently above the earth, and yet interesting herself so in all that is beautiful and good on earth.'

The Rectory and its inmates must indeed have presented a singular specimen of a rural parsonage, even to one nursed in the refinement and cultivation of Alderley. And the impression which they made was no passing one. More

than twenty years later, in an article that appeared in the 'Quarterly' in the summer after Julius Hare's death in January 1855, Stanley drew a charming picture, not only of the Rector of Hurstmonceux, but of the rectory, 'peculiar even amongst English parsonages,' of the library, 'unequalled in the combined excellence of quality and quantity,' and of 'the noble pictures which he had brought from Italy,' which to him 'were more than mere works of art, they were companions and friends.'[5]

The above are mere extracts from a single letter, one of many written to his sister from Hurstmonceux. To his friends he also describes his daily life—his long afternoon walks, generally at first with Sterling, 'who idolises Coleridge as I do Arnold, having known him intimately.'

'He is very kind to me, and very agreeable, and most communicative of his thoughts. My pseudo-uncle himself is very kind, enthusiastic in the "Antigone," as in all poetry, very fond of, and agreeing with, Arnold. I am more at ease with him, and enjoy the place more from my aunt being here. He generally reads to us in the evening, things which I should not be likely to read—Wordsworth, Charles Lamb, Coleridge, Milton's prose, &c., and (Oh! tell it not in the streets of Gath!) Alfred Tennyson.'[6]

He bids his friend 'borrow the volume and read "The Lady of Shallot," "The Sisters," and the two on the "May Queen," which he (J. H.) thinks very fine.' He goes on to speak of the amount of Coleridge which he is reading, 'his prose I mean, which I like very much, except the style, generally, and particularly certain points. . . . I think of

[5] *Quarterly Review*, July 1855.

[6] The reference is obviously to the article in the April number of the *Quarterly*, 1833, in which the volume of poems by the late Poet-Laureate, published early in that year, was reviewed with strangely contemptuous and undiscriminating severity.

Arnold in the chapel every Sunday, but I have as good sermons as I could have short of him.'

Two special influences are seething in his brain: one, his study of S. T. Coleridge; the other, the sermons and conversation of John Sterling. Speaking of Coleridge, he says that parts of his writings—

'I wish you would read him, if you could—seem to me to have more beauty and wisdom than I ever saw in any work before. If he had but been able to write like Arnold, what a man he would have been!'

And again:

'Coleridge's "Letters on Inspiration" contain passages of exceeding beauty, though the argument seems to me at times confused beyond all power of unravelment. . . . The general impression left on the mind is the exceeding value and beauty of the Bible, and the exceeding evil of Bibliolatry. Perhaps the very confusion of his attack may be the more suited to the great confusion of the thing attacked' (the popular idea of verbal inspiration).

Of Sterling's sermons, the effect on him was such that 'parts,' he says, 'almost moved me to tears when I heard them, and made an impression on me more like that of those I have heard from Arnold than any other'; and he sends, 'as I am sure they will be quite safe in your hands,' long and interesting extracts copied from the manuscript of one on the "World before the Flood." He feels bound to add, 'the whole was unsuited to the congregation, of course, at least so they say.'

But neither his study of Coleridge, nor his conversations with Sterling, nor his classical work with Julius Hare, nor his voluminous letters home on every detail of his life and work, nor his long daily walks, nor occasional excursions to scenes of interest, could prevent his pouring out to his old schoolfellow the thoughts as to the need for some larger framework for the Church of Christ, which already haunted

him in youth, and which remained, to his last conscious moment, the cherished and dominating idea of his life. At first he is content to describe his new home and friends, to speak, much as he speaks in his other letters, of the enormous abundance of books about him, and the intellectual atmosphere which he is breathing—'all the talk and all the books being so high, that I feel, at times, in a sort of seventh heaven, at others, rather depressed, all my faculties exhausted, depressed also at my own slowness of comprehension and want of memory.'

But, by degrees, his thoughts centre more and more round his hopes of a wider union among Christians, to be effected in England by such changes as would admit Nonconformists within the pale of the National Church.

'Conceive my delight,' he writes, 'on finding that both J. H. and Mr. Sterling agree with, or rather believe in, most fully, the advantage of comprehending all but Unitarians; indeed J. H. would make the Divinity of Christ the only Article.'

And a few days later, fresh from 'that beautiful service, of the Sacrament of yesterday,' he pours out his soul in a long and earnest letter to his friend and confidant, C. J. Vaughan, on the text:

'Alas that a Church that has so divine a service should keep its long list of Articles! I am strengthened more than ever in my opinion, that there is only needed, that there only should be, one, viz. "I believe that Christ is both God and man."'

He writes at great length, and with unusual fire and real eloquence, on

'the constraining and ennobling power of the Love of Christ, as the one force that can . . . alone supply the place of an imperative law, and destroy the merit of our own goodness, . . . that alone can turn earth into Paradise; that is, in short, the subject of the two most glorious

passages that were ever written, the 8th of Romans and the 13th of 1 Corinthians. . . . This surely is enough, and all this, I am sure, is contained in that one Article as much as in fifty.'

Even the exclusion of Unitarians troubles him ;—

'They are, I think, excluded from the outward Catholic Church as a body, but their individual members are not so from the Communion of Saints, . . . which I take to be the communion of all good men, in all ages and countries, of all who have loved God and served man ; including, therefore, chiefly real Christians, but also the Jewish saints, who lived before Christ, and all those, such as Socrates, &c., whom we value among the pagans, or those whom we might have to value among Unitarians or Deists.'

He dwells on this theme as 'some of the results of my late solitary walks,' and expresses his strong conviction that, while the avowed belief in the Godhead and Manhood of Christ is essential to the idea of a Christian Church, it is not essential in all cases to individual salvation, or 'to the admission of hearts that have an earnest longing for good to the communion of saints.'

On such a subject some apology might be required for giving even a summary of the views of the most active-minded boy of eighteen, as conveyed to another of the same age. The reader, however, will probably notice with interest, how early the religious and theological and intellectual tendencies and ideas of mature life were taking definite shape and substance, and how keen and genuine was the interest felt in such subjects by one whose schoolboy days were barely ended. It is touching, too, to note the care that he takes to warn his friend 'against thinking that all I said in my last letter of the love of Christ came from my own experience. Quite the contrary!'

It was no wonder that, with his brain busy on such subjects, he envies the steady progress which his old school-

fellow was making in his classical reading. 'I can't think how you can get through so much.' Yet his own record of work—the Antigone and Agamemnon, with the Poetics of Aristotle—was not an unsatisfactory result for a six weeks' stay in so stimulating a circle. His 'unclassical hours' were fully occupied with such books as Digby's Mores Catholici, Thirlwall's Preface to Schleiermacher, De Quincey's Confessions of an Opium Eater, and other articles in the London Magazine, Lamb's Essays of Elia, and some of Southey's prose works. Nor was the surrounding country neglected. He describes, with more or less minuteness, the ruined castles of the Monceux and the Dacres, his ride through Ashburnham Park to Battle, his drive to 'East Bourne,' and walk to Beachy Head and Pevensey Level. As he rode home from Ashburnham, he records a sight that must have been rare in village life fifty years ago—'a little ragged cottage girl, perched up on the hedge-bank, with a dirty doll stuck in a hollow tree, herself busy with a book,—a sight I never saw before.' He dines frequently with Mr. Wagner of Hurstmonceux Place, and even goes 'out shooting, or rather standing under the hedges, for there was no shooting, it rained all the time, and I was wet through. Poor Mr. W. was much distressed at my having had no sport, not guessing how very little difference it made to me.'

He discovers with great delight a manuscript hymn of Dr. Arnold, which he copies out, and sends, with characteristic notes and warm admiration, mixed in parts with keen criticism, in a long letter to his friend Greenhill. He draws up an annotated genealogy of the Hare family, 'beginning with Bp. Hare, an old friend of mine of three years' standing from Smollett, being Marlborough's Whig chaplain, who by marrying two heiresses amassed the fortune which his children squandered, and of whose sons

the younger pulled down the castle. What a grandfather to have two such grandsons!' as Augustus and Julius. He is 'touched to find in a note to one of Landor's Conversations (Leofric and Godiva) some verses which he made—the first Landor ever wrote—"sitting by the side of the *square pool at Rugby*," and ending, "may the peppermint still be growing on that bank!" The only affectionate remembrance I have ever seen of Rugby, in a book.' He writes to Lake also, telling him the whole story, as told by Landor,[7] and begging him 'to look whether (query, at the Bilton Pond?) the prayer is fulfilled'; and reminds him of the contemptuous language in which, at the beginning of 'a novel called "Vivian Grey,"' Rugby is spoken of as compared to Eton and Harrow.

Before his stay at Hurstmonceux drew to a close he writes, not to his sister, but to his mother, hoping that she will not be alarmed by so unusual a step, which he explains by his wish to consult her as to a visit to Rugby on his way to Oxford. 'It will enable me to meet Vaughan and Lake, to see Dr. A. and have some talk with him before I go to Oxford, and to hear him preach once more. It would do me good too, I think, to have a little ordinary conversation with my equals, and loose the strings of my tongue for Oxford.' Indefatigable, as always, in travelling, he proposes on his way to 'go down to Sheen, and see the little girls,' who will 'like to hear "Khubla Khan" (if not too like their own nonsense), and certainly the "Ancient Mariner."' The plan was fully approved, and eager anticipation is combined with his enjoyment of the present.

'What a number of places,' he ejaculates, 'I have in the world to be happy in! . . . Such an enlargement of my mind's horizon I seem to have had in these six weeks,

[7] See W. S. Landor, *Works and Life* (Chapman & Hall), vol. v. p. 219.

and now I seem as if I were going to pass through transmigrations this week, and as if I should never get safely to the end. . . It will give the consummation to my heterodoxical teaching, before I go to the place of supreme orthodoxy.'

The sense of his debt to Hurstmonceux mingles with the delights of his approaching visit to Rugby, where his 'one fear is—what would break my heart—being there on the unlucky Sunday when Arnold does not preach.' 'I have learned here,' he thinks, 'more reverence for antiquity, but am strengthened considerably in my opinion as to the reduction of the number of the 39 Articles.' 'One good (morally) I shall get here, I think, that is, a diminution of my gossiping tendency.' He has 'grown quite fond of Mr. Sterling,' with whom he dined two days before his departure, and who 'puts Coleridge's poetry far above Wordsworth's, Julius dissenting.' He has even a word of sorrow for parting with his class in the Sunday-school. On his last day he found time, besides packing up, and saying good-bye to the Wagners, 'to read through a manuscript book of Coleridge on the "Prometheus," and on "State and Church,"' before he left 'with a heavy heart; all my sins of omission as usual coming up at the last moment.'

He crossed the border into Kent on a visit to friends at Scotney Castle, and, starting the next morning (October 10, 1834), reached Sheen late in the evening.

'. . . I rang the door-bell most seasonably, just as Uncle P. was on the point of revealing a secret of Mamie's to Aunt P. Such a joy, as I stood outside, to hear the jumping and screaming within, and then their bright faces and kisses! The little girls looked more beautiful than ever. I had a little dinner, and then saw no more of the children, who had to go to bed, which much grieved me, as I had a capital story to tell them, which a Polish count had told his host at Scotney.'

The next morning, after some difficulties and perplexities, he reached the 'Swan with Two Necks' in time for the coach to Dunchurch.

'The morning sun shone red and copper through the yellow mist over the houses, and St. Paul's looked finer than I have yet seen it, so cloudlike over the city. The people on the coach were dull, so was the road; but St. Albans I saw, and its Abbey, . . . and reached Dunchurch at five. Such a joy to be with my face towards Rugby! I ran over as fast as I could, found at Lake's house that Mrs. A. was expecting me at the Prætorium' (as he often calls the 'Schoolhouse' in his letters), 'so ran on, and came in just as Dr. and Mrs. A., and Vaughan and Lake, were going in to dinner. They welcomed me most cordially. Dr. A. took me up to my room, where I washed my hands and face, and then dined. Talked about Coleridge and the "Letters on Inspiration," the publication of which he approves, only that it much wants an editor; he will gladly help Julius if Julius undertakes it; talked about Coleridge, and Wordsworth also; very excellent he was about them; then about old times at Rugby.'

His visit to Rugby, 'this seventh heaven, where I now am,' he speaks of as

'the time of the most luxurious happiness I have ever had—so unbrokenly delightful. . . . Woke in such joy on Sunday that I was at Rugby, with all the pleasures of it, none of the annoyances, though Vaughan's going on Tuesday was a little diminution of my Paradise. Such pleasure going into chapel again. He (Dr. A.) preached very well, though his voice struck me as being too low, and rather monotonous. I believe it was partly accident, but a little, I suppose, from being accustomed to Julius's great variety of tones. It called back, however, all my setting up of him again, and I enjoyed it very, very much. Then in the evening we had a talk about Eton. He had written to Hawtrey to congratulate him, and ask him to help in a grammar reform. . . . Such a real greatness he shows in the utter absence of any petty jealousy of Eton being reformed, and sympathising so fully with the immense difficulties, and refusing to join in the least in the cry against its abuses, knowing how hard it is to manage, and considering it as of

great interest to everyone. Then we went on through inspiration, prophecy, and many of the hard questions which I wanted to ask, which he answered so kindly.'

One practical result of the visit to Rugby was the warning which he received from 'Dr. A.'s nephew, John Penrose,' then on his way back to Balliol, of some of the necessities of Oxford life;

'among others, that of having sheets to one's bed; this had never struck me, and the necessity, moreover, was urgent, for without sheets I cannot go to bed at Balliol, so I bewailed myself to Lake, whose mother kindly provided all that was necessary, adding even written directions as to how and when they were to be aired; while Miss Price hemmed for me a table-cloth and dusters, and people are all so kind that it is just like being at a great home.'

No reader who knew Stanley would wish to lose this record, not only of his lifelong helplessness in such matters, but of the delight in aiding him which he contrived everywhere and always to evoke. After an affectionate parting from the Arnolds, and 'with two very pleasant accessions to my library, one from Lake of Coleridge's Poems, and one from Mr. Price of a Wordsworth,' he faced the coach journey to Oxford—'very pleasant morally, for I had two Rugbæo-Oxonians as companions; but very unpleasant physically, for there was much wind and rain, and "the Pig"[8] was full to imminent danger of upsetting.' He reached Oxford 'at about seven in fine moonlight,' and as he stood—bewildered and helpless—

'watching the debarkation of my multifarious luggage, up came Penrose, who very kindly appeared, to take charge of me, guided me to the "Mitre," where I engaged a bed, and then to his rooms, where I took tea in company with some of his friends, apparently clever and gentlemanly, but who, being utterly unknown to me and intimate with each other, only served to make my solitude and desolation more visible.'

[8] The name given to the Oxford coach.

So he confesses in a letter to Vaughan, headed 'Oct. 20, Lawrence Sheriffe's, alas!' and dated on the first 'Founder's day' on which he had been absent from Rugby since he entered the school.

On the first morning after Arthur Stanley's arrival at Oxford he was at 'Balliol by 7.30, to look at my new rooms before going to chapel. My sitting-room is about twice as large as my father's little room, square, with two windows, looking out on a street and churchyard, which is the worst part of them, owing to the noise of carts and tolling of the bells. This, however, must teach me abstraction.' The rooms were on the west side of Balliol, looking out towards the church of St. Mary Magdalen, in a part of the College which has since been reconstructed. He adds a full plan, as he had done years ago of his Rugby study, so as to place the position of every item of furniture before the eyes of those at home. Instructed by the porter, the freshman, 'after finding my cap and gown,' takes his right place in chapel, but learns too late 'that, it being a saint's day (St. Luke's), I ought, as a scholar, to have worn a surplice.' Those who knew him in later days will scarcely be surprised to find that he 'had to wait long for breakfast, as I was for some time perplexed as to whence tea and sugar were to come, nor did I get my tea good when it did come, as I had imprudently taken the kettle off the fire meantime.'

Chapel and breakfast over, he paid the necessary calls upon the Master, the well-known Dr. Jenkyns, and upon his tutor and late examiner, Mr. Moberly, and returned to his rooms 'feeling very desolate, the more so by contrast with the past week, the happiest week that ever I remember.' 'Craving for something more sympathetic,' he sets out for Christ Church in search of a Cheshire friend, E. Egerton. On the way he meets a Rugby acquaintance, with whom

he 'lunched homelily on bread and butter'; then, after leaving letters, of which he brought a large packet from Rugby, at various colleges (in days before the penny post), and making some calls, he again came home, arranged a few of his books, 'threw into the fire, one after the other, about "fifty programs" of tradesmen,' and dined at the scholars' table in Hall, where

'there is one who rather makes me wish to know him, but I have felt very desolate on the whole. I have as yet received no strong impressions of liking or disliking the place, and I can hardly yet believe that the shadow of the cap on the wall belongs to my head.'

So ends the first day of a Balliol freshman sixty years since. The next day, Sunday, brought new experiences. The preacher of the University sermon was Pusey; his subject, the 'Song of Solomon.' The first sermon which Stanley heard from the great Oxford theologian and party-leader, with whom he was in after years brought into such frequent contact, impressed him as

'very long and disproportioned, most of it learned and clever. The general argument, which I thought very weak, was singularly anti-rationalistic; while the digressions, which were very long, were rationalistic, and against the spirit of the rest. There were slight attacks on the spirit of the age, and on the German neology, which rather amused me as coming from him.'

The feeling of desolation soon wore off. At the end of a week he says, 'I have had numberless calls, and been out to breakfast or wine daily.' Among those whose hospitality he accepted were 'R. Palmer of Magdalen,' the present Lord Selborne, 'Frederick Faber, nephew of the anti-Catholic and prophecy man,' and

'Mr. Churton, an evangelical Fellow of Brazenose, where I met C. Marriott, a Fellow and Tutor of Oriel, a friend both of Price and Newman, who therefore must be a

curious person to know. They discussed Pusey's sermon, and also Newman's. About the first they both agreed, admiring it very much, and were rather scandalised at my humble and partial dissent from it. Poor Mr. Sterling, what would he have said of the sermon, or, still more, of these comments on it! Marriott said that the sermon was quite an era in their history, and supposed that I had not been in the way of hearing the errors against which it was directed, the errors being the whole system of Mr. Sterling's sermons! About Newman they split, and then, too, I had to keep my mouth fast. Marriott looked on Newman's sermons much as I do on Arnold's, and I agreed mostly with what he said.'

The next day Mr. Marriott called on the young freshman; 'very kind, and well-informed, and good, though he seemed singularly bashful;' he expressed, however, 'his deep veneration for Newman, which grew the more he knew of him. . . . On Wednesday, while I was calling on the younger Churton, Newman came to the door to speak to him. I ran to the window, and just caught a glimpse of him. . . . I feel a great interest about him, both from his relation to Arnold and in himself.'

At Rugby Stanley had lived much aloof from the mass of his schoolfellows, and confined himself to the society of two or three chosen friends. At Oxford he found himself surrounded by a throng of fresh associates, whose society by degrees largely broke down the reserve and shyness which had long stifled, and still kept in check, his naturally social and expansive nature. He has hardly been ten days in residence when he sends his friend at Cambridge a description of the five different sets into which his observant eye has already divided the College. He classifies them as

'the most disreputable;' 'the idle, though respectable, if it exists at Balliol;' 'those who read much, but are not over-gentlemanly;' 'then a class of literary, but rather dull men, who profess not to know classics, second-rate speakers

at the Union, &c., but very respectable and gentlemanly, these border on the next and highest class, men who are both clever and gentlemanly, among whom I may mention Cardwell, Tickell, Wickens (the cleverest of all, clothed with information and talent), Erskine, Faber, &c. I tell you all this,' he adds, 'because then you will understand the sort of people. . . . Of Rugby men I see some often, and am anxious to keep up a connection with all who are respectable. It is pleasant to keep up a union which was once so real and delightful, and may always be turned to good purposes.'

After a little longer experience, he continues to

'like general society as much as ever; but in individuals, when I go out walking with them, I am disappointed. They all dogmatise very much. When they are together, this is softened down, so as to be amusing and lively, but when I am alone with them, I find it tedious and unsatisfactory, and when to this is added constant exaggeration, which also is only amusing in general society, the matter is worse still.'

His outward life soon fell into the ordinary routine of the 'reading' undergraduate. He speaks of himself as breakfasting out often, though of course less often as 'the tide of invitations subsided.' His attendance at morning chapel will, among other things, he tells Mary, 'help me to my dates,' in writing home; but he owns, later on, that at 'Collections' he was rebuked for some irregularity on this head, and the effect on his letters is too often quite imperceptible. His mornings are given to his lectures and to reading Herodotus and Juvenal. He ceases, as he confessed, to prepare his other lectures, 'the amount expected being too large.' In the afternoons he always walks, at first with his old friend Greenhill, but very soon with other associates. Among the latter he names especially F. Faber, his fellow-scholar, Lonsdale, and others. He does full justice to the scenery of Oxford. 'The country is bleak,

certainly, but the hills make a strong feature, and the rivers and quantity of streams and canals come in very well. But the great thing of beauty in every walk is Oxford itself, rising with all its towers out of its solemn grove of trees.' He has been to Iffley, and owns that he has still to learn 'the difference between, and the origin of, Saxon and Norman arches.' Before the end of November he has 'been at last to Cumnor, grossly exaggerated as described in "Kenilworth."'

'Alas for my reading!' is a frequent ejaculation, and at the end of the term is still more emphasised. 'Alas! for the splendid visions which I had conceived of reading, he writes, 'and this is the only alas! (though it is a great one) that I must utter, for otherwise I have enjoyed Oxford much.'

He received but little assistance in his work. It is difficult for the undergraduate of to-day, surrounded by facilities for attending stimulating lectures, and met on every side by almost a superabundance of educational aid, to realise the contrast—a contrast which was sometimes bitterly felt in the days of unreformed Oxford—between the ordinary tutorial lecture of many colleges, and the sixth-form lessons at the best public schools. 'Alas!' writes Stanley after a month at Balliol, 'alas! most truly was it said that the last year of school surpassed a hundred-fold the first year of college.' Like other freshmen of those days, he had to learn the value of self-reliance, often a repulsive lesson. 'Even at Balliol,' in summing up and lamenting the amount of time which he has lost, and the little reading done, 'the lectures are the worst part.' He returns disconsolate from his first lecture on Livy I., at which he has been told 'that it has been supposed that the first book is not quite authentic, and that the best dissertation on the subject is to be found in

Hook!' 'I suppose,' he cries indignantly, 'that he has never heard of Niebuhr. However, I won't quarrel with them yet,' he adds, 'till I see more.' Again, 'We construed,' he says, 'in the old way, word for word by turns, with one or two unimportant remarks from him.' Of his first lectures on St. Mark and Herodotus he reports, 'In St. Mark a few commonplace, though perhaps useful, observations from the lecturer, and remarkable ignorance from the men, even——' (a future First Class man and Fellow) 'asserting that St. Mark was written under the direction of St. Luke: in Herodotus no observations at all.' Two out of the three classical lectures that he was attending, those on Livy and Pindar, he soon finds 'absolutely useless.' But he speaks of 'Moberly's on Herodotus' as being 'from time to time really excellent,' and names him with 'Johnson at Queen's, and Sewell at Exeter,' as being 'spoken of as the three best college tutors at Oxford.' Still, even of Moberly he sometimes laments that 'he makes no observations whatever, except occasionally a joke on some of the men, or even on Herodotus himself.'

With the loss of his teacher's presence, and the change to the less inspiring influence of college lectures, his interest in his daily work greatly flagged. The series of youthful competitions, the eager delight in the acquisition of fresh knowledge, the absorbing interest in each weekly subject for composition in prose or verse—topics which had formed so large a feature in his Rugby correspondence—leave no trace on these first Oxford letters.

Like other freshmen, before and since, he uttered vain lamentations over 'lost time and little progress in my reading.' But the time was not wasted—for himself or for others. His thoughts and interests turned for a while into other channels—to things and men outside himself. He had landed on a new shore, rich in novel sights and un-

familiar sounds ; and he had set foot there at a moment full of interest. Calm as the air seemed, a time of storm and tempest was not far off, destined to shake to its foundations the whole fabric of academical life. Day by day he came, directly or indirectly, into contact with the present or the future leaders of that movement, the effect of which on the religious life of the English-speaking race was to exceed the anticipations of either its champions or its opponents. There were whispers also—at present not more than whispers, but audible to the observant listener—of other questions of hardly less enduring interest and moment even than those of ecclesiastical organisation and Christian ordinances. The germs of stormy controversies, academical or wider, in which Stanley was one day to bear so large a part already lay thick in the soil around him. Scarcely a day passed without bringing some fresh incident, or idea, or person, before his eyes. And, week after week, his facile pen pictured the impressions made by each successive feature in his new life, with entire unreserve and open-hearted simplicity. So vivid were the pictures, that they were set aside and carefully preserved by those who received them, with a prescient sense of their future value. Scarcely a letter written during that October term is missing, and the difficulty has not been to select that which will interest the educated reader of to-day, but to make those extracts which give the most faithful representation of the writer as he passed, in so stirring and eventful a period, from boyhood to opening manhood.

While shocked at the bad side of undergraduate life, and speaking to his closest friend of 'wickedness' as 'abounding,' and of his sometimes 'fearing that my own love may wax cold,' he yet says that 'there is much more good at work among the men than I could have believed.' It need hardly be said that the current of thought, whether

political or theological, which he encountered at Oxford was strongly in opposition to that with which he was familiar. 'The other morning, when breakfasting with Cheshire friends at P. Claughton's, I was quite driven up into a corner and pummelled as the only Whig in the room.' He tells his friend Lake of an acquaintance among the freshmen,—

'a good type of his class apparently, who quotes the Articles as Scripture, the Church as infallible. I went out a walk with him the other day—suddenly a look of horror appeared on his face. "I did not know that such a thing was tolerated in Oxford," pointing to a notice on the wall. I imagined it to be "something dreadful"; it was an innocent *To the chapel.* "Oh!" said I, "you mean the Dissenting chapel?" "Yes, how could it have been bu lt here? I wonder they did not pull it down long ago."'

Still more instructive is the language in which, with a boy's intemperance, he speaks of the doctrine of the Apostolical Succession as essential to the Christian clergy. 'I heard for the first time the other day the monstrous doctrine of the Succession come orally from anyone.' It was from the lips of a future Lord Chancellor, certainly not a fanatical sacerdotalist. 'I own I was quite thunderstruck for a moment,' says the young Arnoldian, strangely unversed as yet in the one absorbing subject of the earlier Tracts for the Times. 'On most subjects, however, I can find people to agree with me, Ward and Faber chiefly.' It is interesting to notice that the two new acquaintances to whom he was most attracted in his first term, men so absolutely unlike each other and himself, should have been destined to follow such different paths in life to his own, each to end his days as a conspicuous champion and member of the Church of Rome—one as the leader of English ultramontane laymen, the other as a much-revered 'Priest and Father.' In each the first ground of sympathy

was an appreciation, very rare at that time at Oxford, of Dr. Arnold.

It was under Faber's guidance—with whom he shared 'a more than admiration for, and knowledge of, Southey and Wordsworth, and also of Henry Taylor's Philip van Artevelde,' and a keen interest in such questions as the relation of the Book of Genesis to geology—that he went to hear Keble's terminal lecture on poetry, 'more for the sake of the man than the lecture,' he tells his sister.

'But you will quarrel with me still more about my not having an eye-glass, when I tell you that his features were invisible. But he is a middle-sized, rather sharp-faced man, and (says Faber) with very twinkling eyes. His lecture was in Latin, and I am ashamed to say that I so tired myself with trying to see his face that I was distracted from what Faber says was the finest part of it (on the "Odyssey" it was), and I only heard a long argument, in part rather fine and true, but in part certainly most curious, to show that Homer was a Tory—not a poetical Tory, but a throughly downright political Tory—in words as plain as Latin can express it.[9] Newman, by the way, Lake tells me—who went to church with me last Sunday—is *rather* like the picture of Louis XI. in the red edition of "Quentin Durward."'

It was in Faber's rooms also that he made the acquaintance of his future friend and companion, William G. Ward, whom he describes as 'one of the most candid men in argument I ever saw.'

'There bounced in on Sunday a huge moon-faced man, Ward, once of Christ Church, now of Lincoln. The first words almost that he spoke, having just come up from town, were that Arnold's "Sermons" (vol. iii.) were on the point of coming out. It seems that he idolises Whately, and Arnold almost, though not quite, as much, purely from their books, without any knowledge of them. I have seen

[9] The reader may be reminded that in those days the Professor of Poetry was bound to lecture in Latin.

a good deal of him since. It would have done your heart good to have seen the unfeigned envy with which he regarded me as the depositary of so much *νόμος ἄγραφος*; as having actually lived with the great man. He is just taking his degree, probably a first and second, and will perhaps be a Fellow of this College.

Before the end of term Faber, 'whom,' he repeatedly says, 'I continue to like in spite of all drawbacks,' had left Balliol to become a Scholar of University, and Ward had been elected Fellow and appointed Mathematical Lecturer of Balliol.

He dined with the Warden of New College (Dr. Shuttleworth, afterwards Bishop of Chichester), the college of which 'Uncle Augustus' Hare had been a Fellow and Tutor. His first dinner with a Head of a College is noticeable on more grounds than one. There he met his future tutor and lifelong friend, A. C. Tait, then a Junior Fellow of Balliol.

'Tait told me that Moberly came back convinced that Rugby was the first school in England. Palmer too, I hear, came back delighted with Arnold. I don't know anything that gives me more hope for the future than these strong praises from men who know him so very imperfectly. It makes me feel, perhaps rather superstitiously, that he cannot have all these extraordinary qualities given him for nothing, and that he is, or will be, the great Elijah of the present evil crisis.'

There, too, he heard that

'the Duke [10] takes a very active part as Chancellor; corresponds with the Vice-Chancellor, and (I don't know how far this may be divulged, as it was not told to me myself) has recommended him to remove the subscription to the Articles at Matriculation. This, I understood the Warden to say, would take place by Act of Convocation within three weeks. I feel most sincerely obliged to the Duke

[10] The Duke of Wellington.

for it. He seemed to speak of it as nearly certain. I rubbed my hands for joy when I heard it.'

The sanguine hopes raised in the young reformer's breast as to University legislation, and the triumph of what he calls 'the cause of truth and charity,' were soon dashed. Writing to his sister on November 24th, he says :

'As for the proceedings in Golgotha (*i.e.* the Heads of Houses who have the initiative in everything), *it is said* that they cannot agree what to do about the Articles ; that Shuttleworth is the only one who wishes to admit Dissenters, the rest only wanting to substitute some declaration equivalent to, but not the same as, signing the Articles. . . . The Convocation, *i.e.* the M.A.'s who have the ratifying power, are opposed to all alteration whatever, unless the lawyers are brought up from London, which would give the reformers a clear majority. The Duke's reported recommendation carries great weight with the undergraduates apparently—those, I mean, who are of course a great part, who signed the old declaration (against it) without reason, and Julius, I suppose, will be exulting in the greatness of his hero.'

The picture of Stanley's life during his first term would be incomplete without some extracts from letters on two very different subjects ; namely, the debates at the Union, and the effect produced upon him by the preaching of the great leader of 'the Oxford Movement.'

Stanley, though not yet a member of the Union, was a regular attendant at the debates, which he at first describes as 'dull.' But the atmosphere was soon troubled, and he confesses his enjoyment in witnessing the storm. The subject of discussion was a measure of increased stringency in Sunday observance. 'Marriott,' he writes,

'the Fellow of Oriel, who worships Newman, has brought forward a motion at the Union for closing the Union on

Sundays. The motion comes on on Thursday next, and will probably be lost.'

Himself destined, in after years, to be the advocate of large relaxations in ordinary Sunday observance, he entered as a spectator with zest into the struggle. He gave his undivided sympathies to the advocates of increased stringency. But the tone in which he writes of the ultimate fate of the motion shows that his choice of sides was greatly determined by what seemed to him the character of the two parties.

'Suffice it to say that Marriott brought it forward with Balliol and Oriel at his back last Thursday; that the Sunday men behaved as nobly and quietly as their adversaries did shamelessly and turbulently; that —— made a clever but degraded speech against, Massie a fine speech for, it; that it was carried by 84 against 80, never to be repealed; that in vengeance the windows of Capes and Faber were smashed at half after twelve that night, and Faber nearly killed by a bottle thrown at him through the window. It was the finest thing I have seen, since the great Brownsover row.'

Of more general interest than this episode in the history of University life are the extracts which describe the impression made on the young Stanley—not yet, it must be remembered, nineteen years old, and fresh from the influence of Arnold, the Hares, and his home—by the actual preaching of J. H. Newman.

Newman returned from the South of Europe to his post as Fellow of Oriel and Vicar of St. Mary's in July 1833. He came back to Oxford impressed with the conviction that he, and the group of friends of whom he was the centre, 'had a work to do in England'; and he states that he always looked on Mr. Keble's assize sermon, on 'National Apostasy,' preached on July 14th from the University pulpit, as 'the start of the religious movement of

1833.' The publication of 'Tracts for the Times' began in September of that year.

'The point that most occupies my mind just now is Newman. I heard him preach in the parish church on Sunday. There were things that reminded me that he was the High Churchman. But the general tone, the manner, the simple language, reminded me of no other than Arnold. There was the same overpowering conviction conveyed that he was a thorough Christian—I had almost said, a man of the purest charity. . . . I have also had a long talk to-day about him with Faber, who with Marriott worships him as we do Arnold, and, from what he says of him, I think rightly. He does appear to be a man of the most self-denying goodness that can well be conceived, and to do good to a very great extent. I have spoken (written) to Price about his sermon as strongly as I well could, for I dread more and more a collision between Arnold and the High Church. At present he and Newman seem to be almost antagonist powers, whereas really they are of the very same essence, so to speak.'

The language is strong, and may seem to savour of the hyperbole which the writer freely criticised in himself and others. Yet to suppress it would be to set aside the striking testimony which it bears, alike to the magical effect of the preacher's eloquence, and to the appreciative and open-minded nature of his listener. Further extracts will show that the warmth of his language indicated no real abandonment of the fundamental principles on which his views then, and in mature life, differed from those set forth by the leader of the Oxford Movement. Those who thought otherwise formed a hasty estimate of the tenacity and depth of Stanley's convictions. Only a week later he begs his Rugby correspondent to assure Mr. Bonamy Price, 'in language the strongest that can be used,' that there is no fear of his forsaking Arnold for Newman. 'Newman himself,' he says, 'is the greatest preservative against so terrible a catastrophe.'

A second sermon confirmed the impression which the character of the preacher had produced. It left his hearer's views exactly where they were before.

'As for Newman, I have heard him twice since I wrote, both sermons strongly High Church. One against the "evil-natured arguments" which had been raised against the Christian ordinances; the other on regeneration in baptism. As you may suppose, I disagreed; but still there was the same thoroughly Christian earnestness in all he said that makes him very impressive. You forget that I cannot see his face with my poor eyes. His delivery is simple and earnest, though rather monotonous. I have not read his published sermons yet, but Faber tells me they are much better than those he preaches just now. I have been reading a book of his on the Arians; most of it clever and interesting, and a good deal of it with which I agree, the more as it seems often so contradictory to himself.'

At the close of the October term he paid a visit to Vaughan at Cambridge. The effect on the young Oxonian of the external aspect of the Cambridge of sixty years ago is conveyed in language that has caught something of the hyperbolical tone already noticed. But it is quoted as marking his genuine sensitiveness, at this and all periods of his life, to impressions of the kind. 'The change,' he says 'from the great sweep of High Street and Broad Street to the wretched narrow, winding, collegeless streets of Cambridge, was at first quite overwhelming. . . . I could hardly conceive it possible for a university to exist with any degree of grandeur in a place so vile!' 'In spite of all my wish to be pleased, and even a prejudice in favour of Cambridge, I long,' he writes, 'to blow up all the houses . . . in these unsightly, undignified streets. I must vent my grief, for it is great!' Those who knew the writer will feel that the language, however strong, is too characteristic to be suppressed or softened. He does, however, full justice to the architectural merits of collegiate Cambridge. He

pronounces Trinity 'somewhat finer than Christ Church, as being larger and more diversified. . . . The view of the colleges from the gardens, through which flows the Cam, is finer than Ch. Ch. meadows, and King's Chapel is not to be spoken of in the same breath as any of the Oxford chapels, . . . being superior inside and outside beyond comparison.'

He was fortunate in his guides to the sights of Cambridge. After sleeping 'in a room over Vaughan's,' he breakfasted the next morning with Julius Hare, who was attending a meeting at Trinity. By Hare he was introduced to Thirlwall,[11] whom he describes as 'rather like Moberly, only ten times more reserved,' 'melancholy looking beyond what can be told, and satirical, and seldom speaking,' but 'displaying more feeling over a huge dog, folding his arms round its neck and almost kissing it'; 'to Kemble, a Union speaker and vast Anglo-Saxonist'; and to Whewell, the future Master of Trinity, of whom he says: 'his face, after Holden's (a fellow-scholar at Balliol), is the most good-humoured and good-natured that can be conceived.'

At a party at Downing he met 'the concentrated intellect of Cambridge,' including, besides the lights already mentioned, 'Blakesley, Thirlwall's successor, Lodge the librarian, Romilly, and, not least, Ch. Wordsworth, whom I had never seen before—*quippe qui aberat*' (*sic*). Of his former examiner and future neighbour at Westminster, he says that he 'overflowed with kindness; he is, I think, extremely handsome,' and he was as much struck by his manners as by his countenance. He listened to 'a conversation on etymology, in which Kemble was, and knew himself to be, the most skilled of anyone there; also on

[11] Connop Thirlwall, who had ceased to be Assistant Tutor of Trinity, was about to enter on his duties as Rector of Kirby-Underdale, in Yorkshire, where he wrote the greater part of his *History of Greece*, and whence he was raised to the See of St. David's by Lord Melbourne in 1840.

the shutting of the Union on Sundays, in which Whewell strongly, and all more or less, advocated its being kept open.' 'Thirlwall was very silent, and fell asleep over a book; Whewell talked a great deal.' 'They seem very happy all of them together,' he says of his Cambridge seniors, 'and with much less restraint among them than I should think there was among men of the same standing at Oxford. I bade them all farewell there, and they all overflowed with kindness, Whewell and Thirlwall particularly; the latter is coming to Oxford next term. I wonder how I am to treat him,' he adds, as, naturally enough, the relative position of a junior undergraduate and an ex-tutor of Trinity rises to his mind. His general verdict on the older society of eminent men at Cambridge, 'all of whom,' he says, 'I saw except Sedgwick, who had gone down,' was that he was 'rather disappointed with their talking,' but 'delighted with their kindness and joviality'; and he ventures to add that, 'with the exception of Wordsworth, I thought them less polished than our Dons.' 'On the whole, I don't repent being at Oxford, though the lectures here are as good as those at Oxford are bad.' Undergraduate society he reports as differing from that at Oxford, 'the inevitable result of the much greater numbers at Trinity, the ignorance in which each man lives of his neighbour, and the absence of any one predominating or "elect" company.' He speaks also of 'their manners being more barbarous than with us,' though the points which he mentions could scarcely be called absolutely distinctive of the sister university. It need hardly be added that he did not fail to visit 'the mulberry planted by Milton at Christ's,' and 'Cromwell's picture taken from the living man at Sidney.'

CHAPTER VI

1834–37

BALLIOL COLLEGE, OXFORD

THE period from 1834 to 1838, during which Arthur Stanley was an undergraduate at Balliol, formed an eventful crisis in the history of England and of Oxford. Those who were eager to remove all disabilities that seemed to press unfairly on any one section of the nation were arrayed in opposition to those who were animated by vague but growing fears for all that they valued as most precious in the national institutions. The Reform Bill of 1832 had brought the two parties into collision, and the shock was felt along the whole line of politics and religion. New parties were formed under new watchwords in Church and State. All the grave issues which rose in succession to the troubled surface are illustrated in Stanley's letters. He notices the growth of the new Conservative party under Sir Robert Peel; he watches with keen attention the progress of such questions as the appropriation of the revenues of the Irish Church or the admission of Nonconformists to degrees; he discusses the teaching embodied in 'Apostolical Succession' or 'Church Authority' as it fell, in tracts, sermons, and conversation, from the most persuasive of lips or was preached by the purest of lives. And the part which he himself, while still a boy, played in the momentous discussions of the day was remarkable. It is no common detail in the life of an undergraduate to have been the

author of the most telling portion of a pamphlet of exceptional importance, to have been consulted by those responsible for the appointment of a Regius Professor, and to have written pages in an episcopal sermon which was delivered under circumstances of unusual interest, and provoked an almost unprecedented controversy.

At first, indeed, Stanley was not more interested in watching the threatening aspect of the religious and political atmosphere than anxious as to the effect which the storm might produce on the position of Arnold, whose uncompromising attitude exasperated his opponents and alarmed his friends. Regarding as a national calamity the possible severance of Arnold from Rugby, he dreaded lest the Head Master should be forced to resign by the outcry that was raised against him. His mind was filled with the thought of how he could best aid the man who at Rugby had been his 'oracle and idol both in one,' and who, while ceasing to be his pupil's oracle, retained his 'reverence wholly to the end.' This was the feeling which stimulated his laborious efforts to win the Ireland Scholarship, induced him to support against his judgment the 'Rugby Magazine,'[1]

[1] The idea of following the example of Eton by starting a literary periodical at Rugby originated with the school generation which succeeded that of which Stanley and Vaughan were the most conspicuous figures. The scheme was first brought to Stanley's notice in November 1834, and was at once spoken of by him in a letter to Vaughan as 'singularly audacious, so much so that I would rather not have it tried. But if it is tried, I agree with you that we ought to support it.' After this the matter was repeatedly and anxiously discussed in his letters, especially those to Vaughan. His tone is in general deprecatory of the experiment. Arnold's opinion, that 'if it was in good hands, and could be kept up well, it might be of use and credit to the school,' he justly characterised as 'problematical.' In time, however, he so far modified his objections, though he never entirely withdrew them, as to become a frequent contributor, and to take the deepest interest in its character and success. The first number appeared in July 1835. It continued to appear at intervals of about three months till it reached its eighth number in November 1837. Stanley's contributions included 'School a Little World' in No. 2, 'Thoughts on Horace' in No. 3, 'The Rugby Debating Society' in No. 5, and 'A Few Last Words' in No. 7. Of all of these

roused the enthusiasm with which he welcomed every success gained by his old school, inspired his outspoken defence of his hero in the face of political and religious influences which at Oxford were becoming every year more dominant and more antagonistic. Speaking at Baltimore in 1878, he said :

'The lapse of years has only served to deepen in me the conviction that no gift can be more valuable than the recollection and the inspiration of a great character working on our own. I hope that you may all experience this at some time of your life, as I have done.'

Yet, at the moment when the influence of Arnold was still in full force, Stanley showed an individuality and independence not inferior to his master. If, on the one side, his letters and undergraduate career illustrate his capacity for hero-worship, they, on the other hand, equally illustrate no less essential parts of his character—his complete detachment from party ties, and his power of freely criticising the conduct even of those whom he most revered.

In the first few months of Stanley's undergraduate life the mutterings of gathering storms were distinctly heard. In the winter of 1834 Lord Melbourne's first Ministry had been dismissed, and Sir Robert Peel, suddenly recalled to the Premiership, dissolved Parliament. Politics ran high, and much irritation was caused by the Head

it may be said that, were there no other evidence, the authorship would be unmistakable. Besides these prose essays, some remarkable verses which he had written as a fifth-form exercise on 'Jacob's Ladder' were, with his consent, though without his name, printed in No. 5. The two octavo volumes, in which the eight numbers were usually bound, are now extremely rare. In addition to papers in prose by C. J. Vaughan, signed F. C., are some (unsigned) in verse—one a hymn, reprinted elsewhere, and still in use, on the Dedication of a Church ; another, 'Lines on my Birthday,' the closing portion of which is a tribute of warm affection to his unnamed friend, Arthur Stanley—

'To whom each year brings larger store
Of heavenly grace and human lore.'

Master of Rugby having travelled the whole way from the Lakes to vote against Mr. Dugdale, one of the Rugby trustees, in favour of a 'Radical' candidate. Stanley himself expresses some vexation and doubt. 'I am always afraid about him, that his abhorrence of opinions and men on one side will throw him into the arms of those whom he ought to abhor—some very nearly, some quite as much;' 'those,' as he says some days later to his mother, 'whose utterly Radical opinions, *e.g.* wishing for the disunion of Church and State, he must abhor quite as much as the old, and more than the present, Tory principles.' On his return to the University he reports that 'at Oxford the scandal is great; of the Tories here who knew of it, the ill-disposed rejoice, the good grieve; and so do I, for though I can fully appreciate and reverence the nobleness of his motives, I much doubt whether his principles will bear him out.'

Soon after, hearing that Dr. Arnold is expected at Alderley, he writes a very long and very earnest letter to the home circle (Jan. 31st, 1835):

'. . . I think you at the Rectory are just the people to do him good just now in the political way, and you might impress on Mrs. Arnold how it is of the very utmost importance that he should not be considered a party man or a Radical, for he is certainly really not in the least one or the other. . . . People seem here to be quite unconscious of the great proportion of his nature which is Tory—all his reverence for law, and for antiquity, and for the Establishment.'

Nor was it only in political opinions that Arnold came into collision with the influences then dominant at Oxford. Few points are more characteristic of the period than the incessant recurrence in Stanley's letters of the phrase 'Apostolical Succession.' It was the centre on which all religious controversy was then turning, the standard under which 'the Movement' was advancing. A glance at the

first few numbers of the 'Tracts for the Times' explains the deep feeling which was roused by the appendix to Sermon XI. in Arnold's third volume, in which he speaks of 'the Divine right of the clergy, if grounded on their Apostolical succession, as a mischievous superstition,' and argues throughout against 'the view, as little less than a positive blasphemy, that requires the mediation of an earthly priest between the Christian and his true Divine Mediator.'

Similar language is used by his pupil. Writing in January 1835, Stanley says: 'More and more am I convinced of the unchristian, un-anglican tendency of the Apostolical Succession.' And as the summer advances he speaks more than once of himself as 'working at the question of the Priesthood,' 'turning over books at Parker's and Talboys' in search of authorities on the question, partly because it is assuming a more decided character than ever up here,' and partly 'because it, and not politics, is the point on which Arnold is now (nominally) attacked exclusively.'

The summer term of 1835, when these last-quoted words were written, was, however, disturbed by a more violent explosion than any which doctrinal controversy then seemed likely to generate, and one which formed the first stage in a series of changes that have profoundly altered the whole conditions of academical life in Oxford.

It was impossible that the universities should escape untouched by the movement which was dominant in the political world. In March 1834 a petition, signed by sixty-three resident members of the University of Cambridge, was presented in the House of Lords by Earl Grey, then Prime Minister, praying for the admission of Dissenters to degrees in Arts, Law, and Physic.

The second reading of a Bill founded on this petition was carried in the Lower House in the following June by

321 votes to 174. The excitement and alarm in Oxford and Cambridge [2] may be conceived. Showers of pamphlets loaded the tables of the University booksellers—some, as Stanley characterises them, 'extravagantly foolish'; others, and notably those of Thirlwall, Hampden, Whewell, Sewell, and F. D. Maurice, of permanent importance and interest.

The Bill was lost in the Upper House in August 1834. The victory, however, did not bring a final end to the controversy. It was obviously difficult to reconcile the general feeling of either House with the enforcement of such a test as the signature of the Thirty-nine Articles on boys fresh from school. The Heads of Houses, who with the two Proctors then formed the Hebdomadal Board at Oxford, a body to whose hands the initiative in University legislation was exclusively confided, received, as has been already noted, a hint from their sagacious Chancellor to propose some modification of the existing arrangement.

Accordingly, in May 1835 a statute was framed by the Heads of Houses. Without opening the door of the University to a single Nonconformist, it removed the invidious feature of appearing to tamper with the conscience of youth by a premature imposition of compulsory assent to a mass of propositions on the most important subjects. The pro-

[2] The attitude of the two Universities towards Nonconformists of all classes was by no means identical. At Oxford, every undergraduate was at matriculation called upon to sign the Thirty-nine Articles and take the oath of abjuration. The door of entrance was thus effectually closed against all non-members of the Church of England. At Cambridge, no test whatever was imposed at entrance. A Dissenter, a Roman Catholic, a Jew, might, so long as he conformed to college regulations, keep the necessary number of terms, enjoy all the advantages of college and university teaching, and obtain the highest honours to which he could prove himself entitled. It was only when he wished to proceed to a degree that the way was barred. No degree of any kind could be obtained without a subscription to the 36th Canon, which involved a declaration of *bonâ fide* membership of the Church of England. The difference between the two systems was therefore considerable, and it was a difference which was greater, perhaps, in its practical results than even in its formal statement.

posed substitute took the form of a 'Declaration' to be made at matriculation. The proposal, however, while it did nothing to win the support of those who pressed for the admission of Nonconformists, provoked a storm of opposition for which its framers were little prepared. No better *résumé* can be given of the earliest attempt to modify the terms of admission to membership of the University of Oxford than the following, drawn up by Arthur Stanley for his mother's eye in May 1835 :—

'The only thing of importance that has happened since you were here, is the rejection of the Declaration by a majority of 459 against 57 last Wednesday. The old form was that at matriculation everyone signed his name in a book to the Articles. Of this everyone gives a different interpretation. The natural one, of course, is that the subscriber agrees with every word of what he signs ; but this being too absurd to be upheld, when the subscribers are boys, of whom not one-third have read, and not one out of fifty have thought about, the Articles, other explanations are given : that it expresses your submission to the Church's authority ; that it means that you are a member of the Church of England (both of which explanations in themselves admit of many various explanations) ; that it means a denial of heresy—an exclusion of heresy, an exclusion of Dissenters—a profession of your parents' belief—a belief on authority of what you are to understand afterwards ; that they are conditions of thought to be borne in mind while engaged in the University studies, &c., &c. All these interpretations make it impossible for anyone in authority here, or anyone who comes to matriculate, and much more any one out of Oxford, to know what the subscription means. Accordingly, it was proposed to substitute a Declaration quite as exclusive, but with the great advantage of being intelligible :

'"I, A. B., declare that I do, so far as my knowledge extends, assent to the doctrines of the United Church of England and Ireland, as set forth in her Thirty-nine Articles ; that I will conform to her liturgy and discipline ; and that I am ready and willing to be instructed in her Articles of Religion, as required by the statutes of the University."'

He goes on to describe, in this and other letters, the fate of the Declaration in May 1835 :

'At two o'clock, after a fruitless attempt to vote in the Convocation House, the Theatre was thrown open, and we (about 200 undergraduates) rushed into the gallery. We had been standing in a thick crowd, seeing the people pass between us and the Convocation House, and certainly nothing could be more general than the wish to see Arnold. Even —— was quite anxious to catch a glimpse as he passed by. However, it was all in vain. I went into the Theatre with Ward, and we anxiously watched the door for the appearance of the great man in his full canonicals. The place below was filled with M.A.'s. The doctors of divinity sat clothed in scarlet, and among them a bishop, variously reported to have been the Bishop of Exeter, of Rochester, of North Carolina, of Owhyho, but more probably the first-named. . . . Then came the twenty-four heads—Hawkins and Hampden were hissed by the undergraduates. The Declaration was read, received with a scornful laugh, and proposed, "Placetne vobis, domini doctores?" "Non placet" ejaculated the bishop and various others. "Placetne vobis, magistri?" "Non placet" roared the Masters, and thereupon they waved their hats and caps, and gesticulated and yelled, the undergraduates responding from above.

'They, the majority, behaved themselves more like schoolboys in rebellion than clergymen employed in defending what they call the last barrier of orthodoxy.

'There is a song published here of which the burden is *non placet*; the last two lines are beautifully descriptive of the conduct and spirit of the party :

> "This vile Declaration, we'll never embrace it,
> We'll die ere we yield—die shouting '*Non placet.*'"'

Yet, while condemning the rejection of the Declaration, he is anxious to discriminate between the motives by which the votes of the majority were actuated. The 'Declaration,' he says,

'in itself would make no practical change, except so

far as it would get rid of a palpable absurdity. I have no doubt that Newman, Maurice, Moberly, Keble, Pusey, and their party voted against it on real grounds. But I suppose there is no doubt, on the other hand, that at least 250 of the majority had no grounds whatever, except horror of innovation, which would equally induce them to vote against any improvement in our system whatsoever; so that the very unimportance of the change makes its rejection very important. In the minority were Hawkins, Hampden, Routh, Symons, Burton, Ormerod, Hamilton; indeed, except Moberly, and Maurice, and Newman's party, I don't know of any eminent men in the majority.'

Part of Stanley's first Long Vacation (1835) was spent in a visit to Dublin, where he joined his father at a meeting of the British Association. Though unable, as he confesses, 'to enter into the scientific business from my ignorance of the subject,' he was keenly interested in seeing the eminent men who were assembled at the meeting, and in hearing the debates on social questions.

His stay in Dublin was diversified by a visit to Glendalough and the Seven Churches, in company with his uncle Penrhyn and Mr. Lear.[3]

'Luggelaugh had been very beautiful, but Glendalough was perfect. You come down between woody hills on a narrow valley, with two lakes glittering in the sunset, closed at the end by the cliffs of Lugduff, and with finely-shaped hills and woody rocks jutting into it. At the entrance of the valley is the Round Tower, and three (?) of the Seven Churches, small and in ruins, but the most interesting ruins I ever saw. The greatest trace of this former fane is preserved in the title of the Archbishop of Dublin, which is Dublin and Glendalough, as the latter was once the Episcopal See. The guide was, however, sufficient to drive away all sentiment. He began by shouting Moore's poem on Glendalough at the top of his voice, and then went on with a profusion of legends, in one of which Fin McCoul, the Irish giant, cuts a hole

[3] Afterwards well known as the gifted artist of that name.

in the rock with a sword forged by Vulcan and taken from the anvil by the great huntsman Ramrod (Nimrod), McCoul having previously been at school with the Prophet Jeremiah. He nearly broke my legs by trying to make them meet round a stone cross, which is necessary to secure a beautiful wife and a good fortune.'

He adds a string of similar stories, ending with a description of his

'ascending shoeless with Mr. Lear along a narrow ledge—a *mauvais pas* on a small scale—and helped round the corner by an old woman surnamed Kathleen, who popped us into the hole (St. Kevin's bed) just like a bathing-woman, saying all the time, "Don't be fearful, my dear." We drove on to sleep at Belleview, Mrs. Latouche's place, but owing to the horse being knocked up, and the gradual expansion of miles from six to twelve, did not reach it till 9.30. We met with no sign in our nightly journey that we were travelling through a land of fire and blood, except that, at all houses where the driver knocked to ask the way, he had to say "A friend" before the door was opened, and that we were repeatedly told "that there was no danger in the way."'

It is abundantly clear that the vehement denunciations of the Roman Church, with which many parts of England had been lately ringing, had produced a strong reaction in the minds both of Edward Stanley and his son. 'I came back,' confesses the latter,

'with my impressions against Orangemen increased, and against the Kelts diminished. I went to two Roman Catholic chapels, where I saw the worst of Popery, as it was on the Day of the Assumption of the Virgin. There was much that I disagreed in, but I can bear testimony that they kept throughout within the limits of veneration without idolatry.'

The result of his father's observations were soon after embodied in a pamphlet entitled 'A Few Observations on Religion and Education in Ireland.' Its main object was

to enter a timely protest against 'the coarse invective and gross ribaldry' with which every Roman Catholic tenet was at the time assailed by those who wished to advance the cause of Protestantism in Ireland. But the passage that is of the most especial interest contains an elaborate argument, based on quotations from the 'Tracts for the Times' and Newman's Sermons. Its aim is to show that,

'of the most essential doctrines of the Romish creed, the principle of some is directly sanctioned by the formularies of the Church of England, while there are others which its comprehensive spirit allows its members to entertain; and that a doctrine which lies at the basis of the whole claims of the Church of Rome . . . is entertained by a numerous and active body of our own clergy, men of unimpeachable character and eminent for their talents and piety.'

For these pages the future Bishop of Norwich was, to say the least, largely indebted to the assistance of his undergraduate son.

Immediately after his return from Dublin he paid his first visit to Sir Stephen Glynne at Hawarden Castle. Part of a letter written to his brother at the end of August shows that he was then, as at all times subsequently, delighted to enter into quite other subjects than the grave social and religious questions in which he took so keen an interest.

'. . . I had never been at Hawarden before, and it quite answered my expectation, both in the beauty of the place and of Mary Glynne (the future Lady Lyttelton). The party was very young and gay, but did not break out into games as when you were there, being fully occupied by the bazaar. I betook myself to my usual work at bazaars, viz. —getting up raffles. Money was made in various ways: by a telescope at the top of the tower, by a recitation, execrably bad, in the keep, by auction, by lotteries, by puffs, &c. &c. You will think I must have become very audacious

when I tell you that I actually talked a great deal to Miss Brooke (afterwards Lady Meath). Mr. Phillimore was the most amusing person there, very handsome and very clever, but too much given to talk nonsense to the young ladies. Sir Stephen let things take their own course very much. . . . The greatest misfortune that happened to me was having to sit opposite two chickens at a rather scanty dinner, and so having to help everyone; luckily they were not enveloped in sauce, and I believe I committed no greater error than sending Mr. Phillimore a leg and a carcase. I made acquaintance with a very pleasant young Oxonian, Courtenay, with whom I made an agreement to come to Tatton and keep him in countenance on September 1 by not shooting, and whom we frightened so by our account of Tatton, where he was going for the first time, that he dreamt all night of the red-satin drawing-room. In short, I enjoyed myself very much, more so than on any Cheshire visit I have made for a long time.'

Fresh from his impressions of the meeting of the British Association at Dublin, he wrote out, for his sister's benefit, a long statement of his views as to the apparent conflict of geological science with the Scripture record. It is, of course, only necessary to notice this so far as it shows at what a singularly early date he had formed definite conclusions on such important subjects, and then, in his own words, 'laid the question on the shelf.' One or two sentences only need be quoted from the closely-written sheets which embody his views. He begins with the remark that

'the first thing to be observed is, that the truth of Christianity is not affected by any questions about the first chapter of Genesis.'

After discussing the 'true limits and true grounds of Christian faith, as centred in Christ Himself,' he asks the question, '*Does* geology in any way prove Genesis not to have come from God?' In his reply he gives some of the

various interpretations by which 'the record of science and the account of Genesis may be reconciled'; but lays especial stress on the answer that

'God did not intend Genesis to be a revelation of geology, and that therefore we are no more likely to find geological accuracy in the account of the Creation than astronomical accuracy in the account of the stars, &c., in Joshua, Psalms, or Job. If Genesis be in its first chapter a revelation of geological truth, it is an exception to the general rule of Scripture revelation; . . . what we ought to look for there is our relation to God as our Creator, . . . that we and all the world were created by God, and not by chance, and all that we enjoy comes from God, and God only.'

He enters also into the question of verbal inspiration:

'The Holy Spirit does not seem elsewhere to have exercised an especial influence over the style of the inspired writer. Isaiah's style is different from Jeremiah's, both entirely different from St. Paul's. I do not see why Moses should not have been left to convey the great truth of our creation to the Jews in such language as was most familiar and most intelligible to them as an early Eastern nation; why he should not have taught them their relations to God as their Creator, without teaching them the history of ichthyosauri, with which they had no relations whatever.'

He ends with—

'this is the great point to bear in mind, that, even though Genesis be proved altogether fabulous (which God forbid), yet your faith and the faith of every poor Christian in this world remains unshaken; your rule of life, your object of worship, your fear of judgment, and your hope of happiness, remain the same.'

Another result of his Irish tour was the assistance which he rendered his father in the pamphlet already mentioned. Here, too, his opinions are remarkably in accordance with those which he held throughout his life,

and the words in which they are conveyed might have been used forty years later.

To Vaughan he expresses himself strongly in favour of an opinion, which he maintained up to the final disestablishment of the Irish Church, that any 'appropriation' of the revenues of the Established Church ought to go to 'the whole Christian Church in Ireland,' and that 'Ministers would be quite justified in forcing an Appropriation Bill down the mouths of the Tories, if they would only say, "We will consider both portions of the Irish Church at once."' He tells him: 'I have been reading many Roman Catholic books lately, and learned their doctrines much better than I knew them before. I am convinced that Protestants in general treat them with shameful ignorance and unfairness.' Somewhat later he writes:

'If you are at Cambridge, look, if you have the curiosity, for an answer on the suppression of Dens's "Dedications" in the "Globe" of last Tuesday, sent by my father, signed "E. S.," and—I suppose there can be no harm in telling you—drawn up by me, as he was very busy, and I knew the case well. He is writing a pamphlet on the state of religion in Ireland, which has led me, more than I should otherwise have done, to examine the doctrines of popery. I have experienced this vacation in very great abundance the benefits of staying at home, as Arnold recommends, having become much more at ease with my father, and talked more with him than I ever did before. From his having had so very different an education, and having such totally different pursuits and feelings, we have very little in common with each other, so that I am very glad of anything which we can have in common, as this pamphlet. I shall not agree with all of it; but I hope it will do some good, for really the violence of the No-popery party is quite appalling.'

And again:

'. . . I think I shall go to Rugby, but only for three days, and will most surely think of you. I could not help

alluding to the happy days of reunion there in my article.[4] I long to have a good talk with you about all the things which fill my mind. I am afraid you must think I wander sadly from my own proper studies; but most thankful as I am that God has given us youth to form our opinions in before we have publicly to act upon and express them, it is for that very reason so great a comfort to have settled any one opinion so as to be able to lay it on the shelf quietly, that I cannot help thinking over those which come so frequently before me now in politics and theology. In the latter, the more I consider, the more I can find no resting-place, except to believe that, whatever may be the superstructure, gold, hay, or stubble, there is but one foundation—even Christ crucified and risen—and that in that one foundation all Christians are united, except in countries where, as Arnold says, it is not Christianity, but idolatry and superstition bearing the name of Christianity. It is most painful and perplexing to suppose that, when Christ promised that His Church should be one, even as He and His Father are one, He meant that they ought to be one in all the thousand points of Christian doctrine and discipline, a thing which the laws of God himself in Nature seem to forbid; and, once granting this, that on the corner-stone of the Gospel we and the Roman Catholics are united, I know not what more to be assured of, in order to look upon them as fellow-workers with all good Protestants against our common enemy. . . .

'They (the points for which the Reformers died) were important points certainly—points which, I think, must for ever preclude us and Papists from becoming members of one national, or, at any rate, one uniform, Church, but not from being members of one Christian Church. The important points which form our differences, viz. the priesthood, the infallibility of the Church, the indispensable nature of ceremonies, the Apostolical Succession, and the Real Presence in the Eucharist, are all virtually held by Newman and his followers; in them, therefore, we have an image of the errors of Popery without their abuses or the mischief of their practical details. Very objectionable, certainly, but still not such as ought to be denounced in the language we commonly hear. I do not see any more

[4] A paper on 'School a Little World' in No. 2 of the *Rugby Magazine*.

reason for saying that Roman Catholics are of a different religion from ourselves, than for saying that the High Churchmen are. So much for Popery, of which, since I have thought much, I find that its Articles are better than I had expected, its practice (considering the comparative excellence of its theory, as exhibited in those Articles) worse. This is all very rambling. . . . I am reading Niebuhr now, and am wrapt up in amazement at the wonderful greatness of the work. Every portion of his mind seems powerful enough to have turned all the other faculties into idiotcy.'

A few days after the appearance of the pamphlet (October 1835) he writes a very private letter to cheer his sister, who thought that her father, in his anxiety to do justice to the Roman Church, was doing less than justice to the Evangelical party. He speaks of 'its having been a great source of happiness to me during this vacation to have been drawn so much closer to my father than ever before,' and laments what seems 'the curse of every man, that he cannot be liberal on one point without being illiberal on another.' He then, with a width of view of which few grown men are capable, and which in one not yet twenty years old is remarkable, suggests to her points which she might urge in any possible discussion with her father.

'Ask him,' he says, 'to consider whether it is not as possible to abstain from balls and plays with sincerity as to fast with sincerity, not to say that to abstain from the former is, in most cases, a much greater self-denial; whether an over-reverence for the Bible, shown by interpreting it absurdly, and supposing its inspiration to extend to every word of it, is not much more harmless than an over reverence for the Councils of the Church, shown by supposing their decrees to be infallible, and to have a claim on every Christian's obedience; whether Evangelicism does not admit of men quite as good as are admitted by Catholicism, and whether it can ever run by any conceivable possibility into abuses at all comparable with those produced by popery.'

On the other hand, he reminds his sister that—

'You must remember that the great point in the general question about Catholics is, that they are Christians, and therefore may be, and sometimes are, fellow-workers with Protestants against their common enemies, the world, the flesh, and the devil; and that the point on the other hand is, that the Exeter Hall Evangelicals deny the Catholics to be Christians, and so divide Christ's servants at a time when their united efforts are so especially required. And finally, about controversy, it is no more a part of the essence of Christianity than is a dispute about the Comet. If we have good reason to hope that we are made the children of God by the blood of Christ, so that He will by His example and His aid help us to be good in this life, and that He has saved us from death, this is *all* that we want. . . . Controversy may be necessary or not, according to circumstances, but it is almost always about things not in themselves essential. . . . But by this time I hope you are more at ease. I suppose you have to thank Arnold that I am not illiberal towards the Evangelicals from being liberal towards the Catholics. God bless you, my dearest Mary, and ever believe me to be most thankful to be able in any way to help you.'

The success of his father's pamphlet was immediate. It 'seems now,' he writes a few days after its publication, 'to be going on most swimmingly; it has just come out at the very nick of time, when the "No-popery" cry has reached its full climax and absurdity.'

He had scarcely returned from these theological studies to his necessary reading for the University examinations, when his attention was once more disturbed by an explosion that shook Oxford to its very foundations. A few weeks before he had written regretting his inability to take part in the reception given to the Duke of Wellington and Queen Adelaide. 'There was,' he says, 'the usual display of rank Toryism, which perhaps offends me more because I am so fond of a tumult that I am greatly grieved by any in which

it is unlawful to take part.' But in the tumult caused by the selection of Dr. Hampden as Regius Professor of Divinity he was able to gratify to the full the combative element of his nature, and was even called upon to play for a moment an unprecedented part.

In January 1836 the Regius Professorship of Divinity fell vacant by the death of Dr. Burton. The appointment was vested in the Crown, and after considerable delay Lord Melbourne selected Dr. Hampden, Principal of St. Mary's Hall, and Professor of Moral Philosophy, to fill the vacant chair. In 1832 Dr. Hampden had delivered his Bampton Lectures on 'The Scholastic Philosophy considered in its Relations to Christian Theology.' At first the lectures aroused no protest and excited no special hostile criticism. The real views of the writer were, it need scarcely be said, in no sense anti-Christian ; but the language which he used exposed his thoughts to frequent misinterpretations. For the time, however, the alleged Socinian or Sabellian tendencies escaped detection, veiled in obscurities of style which were often their true parent.

Dr. Hampden was subsequently conspicuous in his support of the full admission of Nonconformists to the benefits of University education and degrees. His 'Observations on Religious Dissent' (1834), and his 'Postscript' (1835), advocated measures which, to the majority of Oxford residents, appeared disastrous and revolutionary. The application of the principles of the Bampton Lectures to a living question of practical politics provoked a criticism which the lectures themselves had escaped. Cardinal Newman records[5] the fact of his having at once, in a private letter to the author, spoken of the principles of the pamphlet as 'tending, in my opinion, altogether to make shipwreck of Christian faith.' And among many of

[5] *Apologia*, 1st edition, p. 132.

those who were best acquainted with Dr. Hampden's works there existed a deep distrust of his theological views, and a strong feeling against his occupying a chair which made him the authorised teacher of all Oxford candidates for Holy Orders.

As soon as the intended appointment was announced the storm broke. Lord Melbourne fully realised the importance of the post, and it was with the entire concurrence of Archbishop Whately and Bishop Copleston that he selected Dr. Hampden as, in his judgment, the man best qualified for the Professorship. 'I was never,' he avows in a letter to Whately, 'more puzzled with any decision that I had to make.' There is still extant a private letter, signed E. J. Stanley, written from Downing Street by the Secretary to the Treasury on February 8th to Arthur Stanley, asking him to state 'what the opinion is respecting the supposed competitors? how Hampden stands as a scholar and a divine? who is generally considered as most fitted for the situation? what names are mentioned?' asking further for 'your own opinion of comparative merits, and also of the feeling of the place.' It is not often that an undergraduate has been consulted, even indirectly, on such a question by a Prime Minister! The substance of his answer can be gathered from the extracts from his letters which follow. It is said to have elicited a concise eulogy from Lord Melbourne. It arrived, however, too late to have any practical effect. On the evening of February 10th the intended appointment of Dr. Hampden, to which the King had on that day signified his assent in a letter to his Prime Minister, was mentioned in the 'Standard.'

Without a day's delay, a meeting was held at Oxford to protest against the appointment, and a remonstrance, signed by over seventy residents, reached King William IV. at Brighton by February 13th or 14th, 1836. The memorial,

supported, as its representations appear to have been, by the Archbishops both of Canterbury and York, made a serious impression on the King. But Lord Melbourne remained unshaken, and urged [6] the injustice of withdrawal, in deference to 'the clamour and outcry' of 'an unreasonable agitation,' from a judgment formed 'upon the soundest and most certain grounds.' [7] His arguments prevailed. The actual appointment was notified in the 'Gazette' of the 19th, with the date of the 17th. At this point some few, who had joined in the previous remonstrance, withdrew from further opposition. Others, who had regarded the appointment as 'most ill-advised and unhappy' from the disturbance which they were aware that it would create, yet voted against the measures which were subsequently brought forward by Dr. Hampden's opponents.

But the great majority of remonstrants took a different course. A committee met daily in the Corpus Common Room, and from the centre of this 'Corpus Parliament' there flowed, during the spring of 1836, a stream of controversial literature unparalleled in the history of Oxford. Among the pamphlets the two most important were, one by Dr. Pusey, entitled 'Dr. Hampden's Theological Statements and the Thirty-nine Articles Compared,' and another—of which J. H. Newman was willing to acknowledge the authorship—called 'Elucidations of Dr. Hampden's Theological Statements.' The agitation grew with every day; the clergy in all parts of England received specimens, as they were supposed to be, of the new Professor's teaching; the public was informed of every stage of the controversy by letters and articles in the London and provincial press.

[6] These letters (to the Archbishop and to the King) will be found on pp. 496–500 of *Lord Melbourne's Papers*, edited by Mr. Lloyd C. Sanders.

[7] See *Memorials of Bishop Hampden*, where the letter is given at length, but undated, on p. 49. The original letter, still in Miss Hampden's possession, is dated South Street, Feb 7th.

Widespread alarm and extraordinary interest were aroused in the coming contest.

The first practical step was to send memorials to the Heads of Houses, with whom lay the initiative in all legislation, calling upon them to submit various statutes involving a censure of Dr. Hampden's 'principles and opinions' to Convocation, *i.e.* to the general body of resident and non-resident M.A.'s and higher degrees. These requisitions, however, were for a while resisted, and formally rejected on February 28th. But the agitation grew with every week, and on March 11th 'the Heads,' by a majority of one, consented to submit to Convocation a statute which deprived the new Regius Professor of two of the functions attached to his office, viz. of his place on the board for the nomination of Select Preachers, and also on that for taking cognisance of heretical preaching at Oxford, on the ground that, 'in consequence of his public writings, the University had no confidence in the present Professor.' The day fixed for the Convocation was March 22nd. Dr. Hampden's inaugural lecture was delivered on March 17th, and was followed by a second pamphlet from Dr. Pusey—'Dr. Hampden's Past and Present Statements Compared.'

When the decisive day arrived the Sheldonian Theatre was crowded with an excited throng of graduates and undergraduates. But the two Proctors[8] brought the proceedings to an abrupt close by exercising their right of veto, and the assembly broke up, to use the words of a letter from Mr. Nassau Senior to the 'Globe' of March 23rd, 'amidst shouts, groans, and shrieks from galleries and area such as no deliberative assembly probably ever heard.'

The Easter vacation only embittered the contest. New Proctors came into office in the following term; the war of pamphlets grew hotter, and fresh vehemence was added to

[8] The Rev. G. G. Bayley of Pembroke, and Rev. H. Reynolds of Jesus.

the strife by the appearance in the April number of the 'Edinburgh Review' of a fierce article from Dr. Arnold's pen, with the heading—for which the editor was solely responsible—'The Oxford Malignants and Dr. Hampden.' The remonstrants, however, persevered, and prevailed on the Heads of Houses to bring forward once more the proposed statute. The second Convocation was held on May 5th. After much disturbance had been caused by the exclusion of undergraduates, who asserted their claim to be present by breaking windows and raising loud outcries, the question was at length put. The opponents of Dr. Hampden obtained a signal victory. The disqualifying statute was carried by a vote of 474 against 94.

This brief sketch of the Hampden controversy explains the following extracts from Stanley's letters. Writing early in February 1836, he says:

'The great event in Oxford for the last week, which has engrossed everything else, has been the appointment of Hampden to the Regius Professorship. Every possible person had been named previously, insomuch that there was not a bad caricature of the various reports in the circulation of a story that Lord Brougham was to take Orders that he might accept the office. Hampden's appointment, which was announced on Monday, has been a very serious thing. He is a man of excellent private character and great learning, but with the most extraordinary faculty of writing obscurely that any man ever had. Having written on the subject of the inexpediency of Articles, he has expressed himself in such a way on several important subjects as to give all ill-disposed and many well-disposed people the idea that he is a Socinian.

'This idea I believe to be wholly and totally false; but the very fact of his writing so obscurely as to convey the impression to any honest person ought to have been a decisive obstacle to his appointment; not to mention that it is particularly desirable that the Professor should be a man of no party, and a man in whom the generality of the men who are to attend his lectures will place confidence.

The feeling here has been very strong. Strong people on the one side say that Arnold would have been worse. Strong people on the other, that Newman would have been worse. Professedly moderate men (like Shuttleworth) say that both Arnold and Newman would have been worse. Pusey, however, says that Arnold would be better. . . . It seems quite agreed by all that no such steps could have been taken against him as have been taken against Hampden, viz. petitioning the King against his appointment on the ground that, judging from the statement of his opinions, his instructions as Professor would be attended with most disastrous results. The petition is not yet gone, I believe, in hopes that Hampden will resign ; but it has certainly not been drawn up or managed with due delicacy, or indeed justice, to Hampden, who is a man of a most peaceful and shy nature, and whose chief fault really appears to be his uncommon obscurity of style. I am very sorry for him indeed, though I heartily wish that he had never been made, and that he will not now continue to be, Professor.'

It was probably in the spirit of this letter that he had answered the communication from Downing Street, to which he alludes on February 21st :

'I am much relieved to hear that my answer to Edward John was approved. You may imagine my astonishment on opening the letter, which was marked *private*. . . . I never felt in so important a situation before, and my answer was one of the most nervous jobs I have ever had. . . . The contest about the Regius Professor has ended in the confirmation of Hampden's appointment—so Owen has no chance ! '

In spite of the intense interest with which he entered into the embittered conflict, he is anxious to do justice on all sides. Speaking of Hampden's appointment, he says :

'It is a most complicated and difficult subject. I think it was a bad appointment on account of his great obscurity (of style), but I think all the petitions and proceedings against him (except, perhaps, the first, before his appointment was definitely confirmed) have been still worse. He is,

I believe, really orthodox, though from this said obscurity, apparently heterodox.'

He describes the scene at Hampden's inaugural lecture as

'one of the most pathetic and impressive sights I ever saw—the Regius Professor defending himself before the whole University against the charge of heresy in the old magnificent school of divinity—especially when he appealed to God that he had never for a moment swerved from the true faith of Trinity in Unity and Unity in Trinity. I believe him to have been entirely sincere, except, perhaps, that he may have purposely used the ambiguous phrases of "the real vital Presence" in the Communion, and "the bearers of the Apostolical Commission." . . . Yesterday it was settled in Convocation whether he was or was not to enjoy the Professorship without a censure from the University. The Proctors, it was said, were going to put their veto on the statute. I had to leave Oxford on Monday; otherwise I should have been most anxious to see the scene in Convocation, as this veto is quite a revolutionary measure.'

He used characteristically to speak, years later, of the occasion as one of the few great sights which he had allowed himself to miss.

Not content to take his opinions from the leaders of either side, he studied Hampden's writings for himself.

'I have read a good part of the "Philosophical Evidences" (Hampden's), which I rather like; though it is now impossible to give an abstract opinion on any of Hampden's works, when one is so constantly on the watch to detect orthodoxies and heterodoxies. It contains all, and more than all, the orthodoxy of the "Parochial Sermons," and vindicates the honesty of some of the doubtful passages of the Inaugural Lecture; moreover, it contains some of the heterodoxy (viz. the Tritheism) of the Bampton Lectures, which is also important, as showing that the frame of his mind has not materially changed. The "Moral Philosophy" is better than one would have expected from the extracts,

but he certainly carries out the moral sense to a prodigious extent, and must, I think, have a very inadequate sense of the superiority of Christian to Deistical and heathen morality. . . .'

Whatever may be thought of the success of the effort, it is plain that he tried to do justice to men whose deepest principles were diametrically opposed to those on which his own most cherished beliefs had been moulded. He speaks with respect of the 'high, and unearthly, and consistent, and enthusiastic fanaticism' of Newman and his friends. He meets the accusation of 'Newmanite exclusiveness' by quoting one of Newman's sermons,[9] in which he had expressly declared his preference of 'a Christian Radical and a Christian Dissenter to a worldly Tory or a worldly Churchman.' While he condemns the course pursued by Dr. Pusey, he is surprised that it should have been adopted by 'a man often so wise and always so good.' He defends both Newman and Pusey against the charge of wilful dishonesty in making extracts from Hampden's works, which often give 'a passage a meaning directly the reverse of what it really bears,' and attributes their '*garblements*' to 'their incapacity of judging the work of a mind wholly different from their own, the same incapacity that Arnold has with regard to Newman.' Nor was he a blind follower of his own beloved teacher. He laments what he 'must think Arnold's somewhat uncharitable spirit towards two such generally good men as Newman and Pusey.' And the commencement of the following letter shows how deeply he regretted the intemperate vehemence of Arnold's famous article in the 'Edinburgh Review.'

'I am glad, and at the same time sorry, that you agree with me about the article in the "Edinburgh." It is a most sad thing, and will, I fear, make the breach . . . irreparable.

[9] The reference is obviously to vol. iii, Sermon XV., p. 234.

The most objectionable thing is "pretended holiness," and the general contempt with which he speaks of them, as well as the imputation of deliberate dishonesty. At the same time, no one who has not compared Newman and Pusey's extracts with the original writings of Hampden, and who has not had experience, in himself or others, of the fearfully erroneous impression that those extracts convey, can duly appreciate the appearance that must have presented itself to Arnold's mind of shameless and wilful fabrication. If they (the extracts) had been made by anyone else than Newman and Pusey, I should not have hesitated to attribute them to wilful dishonesty; as it is, I must call it culpable carelessness, blindness, and recklessness, in matters of the most vital importance to the Church and nation, and to the peace of a good man. They have applied to doctrines what Hampden says of phraseology, to the Atonement what he has said of penance, to denial of sacramental grace, and original sin, and regeneration, and Trinitarianism, what he has said in confirmation and approval of all these truths. They have, till they were compelled by counter-pamphlets to notice that there were such books, kept out of sight his "Parochial Sermons" and "Philosophical Evidences," which contain the very essence of orthodoxy; they have attacked him because he has impugned their own peculiar theory of Church authority, and the submission of human reason, and have enlisted in their ranks persons who differ as entirely from that theory as does Hampden himself; and all this while they themselves hold tenets barely compatible with their remaining in the English Church. However, the end of all things has been that the final Convocation was held to-day; the result you will see in the papers—480 against, 97 for, Hampden. Arnold, Price, Grenfell, and Buckoll came up, and Mrs. A. They were here from eleven till half-past six. But as the greater part of the time was taken up in Convocation, I saw very little of them. It is certainly a deep disgrace upon Oxford, but it shows what can be done by men of commanding influence and undaunted energy like Newman and Pusey. . . .'

The Hampden controversy may be appropriately closed with the two following extracts from letters written in May 1836. The first is from a letter to his sister:

'I had a beautiful letter from Arnold the other day about Newman and his party. I had written to him much more openly than I had yet done, telling him how much his article was regretted at Oxford, and saying that I did not see why the general principles of the Newmanists, or the particular act of persecution of which they had lately been guilty, should necessarily involve their whole moral character, or shake my belief in the very strong evidence I had for their being good men. He wrote back much more moderately than he has yet done, and thanking me for speaking openly to him what I really thought.'

The second is from a letter to Vaughan:

'I was looking over my old MS. notes of Arnold's sermons the other day, and they called back old times most painfully—at least I believe I must say painfully, though there is no great reason why it should be so. But the change is great from the time when I used to go on from day to day in a state of such undoubting trust and confidence, and conscious of gaining day by day improvement in all my powers, and looking forward to furthering the interests of the great man to whom I owed so much by my own exertions at Oxford, and passing once a week twenty minutes in the evening chapel on Sundays. Now there is doubt and controversy, and rival men and principles to demand my attention, and perpetual fear lest I am going backward instead of advancing, and want of anyone on whom I may repose with confidence, or from whom I may gain any moral or intellectual food such as I can be sure will endure. And then, altogether, the mixture of two worlds—looking back to Rugby, and looking forward to Oxford and feeling that as yet I have done nothing to promote Arnold's fame here. But so I suppose it must be, and it would be most ungrateful—when God has so mercifully preserved to me my health and eyesight, and given me new friends here, as well as preserved to me my old friends—to murmur at what seems to be the natural lot of everyone. Probably you will not feel the difference so much as I do, as you do not seem to have so many distractions, so to speak. My interest in public affairs—*i.e.* the public affairs of Oxford—is as great as ever, and I have perpetually to be on my guard against its engrossing me too much.'

The Long Vacation of 1836 was partly spent in a tour abroad with his mother and two sisters. Nearly a month was passed at Baden-Baden. Stanley was not unobservant of points to which Thackeray has given permanent form. He says :

'It is a very amusing place, and would form the most excellent scene for a novel that I can conceive, all the characters—being such as have floated up to, and are now floating upon, the surface of society—are so extremely sharply marked out that they would be most readily described. The needy Scotch baronets, the newly-married couples, the vulgar people trying to scrape themselves into good society, the gossips, the princes, the wicked ex-Elector of Hesse, and the noble ex-Duchess of Baden, are all very curious.'

He speaks in the highest terms of the Grand Duchess,

'whose history is too long to tell you in a letter, and whose conversation (unless I am grievously dazzled by a royal name) is superior to anyone's that I ever heard, except Arnold in his best moments.'

But the fullest account of this remarkable woman is contained in the letters from Mrs. Stanley to Mrs. Augustus Hare.[10] Space permits of only one extract ; but the passage deserves quotation alike from its intrinsic interest, and as a specimen of the descriptive powers of the mother, to whom the son owed so large a portion of his singular gifts.

Mayence, Aug. 28.—'I don't think I have written since I have really made acquaintance with the Grand Duchess. She found out I lived near the Château, so asked me to come there to a much smaller and pleasanter party, and then she asked me to show her my drawings. I hung back, was told it was contrary to etiquette to refuse anything, so desired Madame Walsch, the grande-maitresse, to say I

[10] These letters have been placed at the disposal of the biographers by Mr. Augustus J. C. Hare.

was ready either to bring or send them as she proposed. I did not much like it, thinking it unlikely that my daubs would suit a foreign taste ; but I shall always be grateful to them for thus procuring me the opportunity of seeing one of the most interesting women I ever did see. The moment I went in the dames d'honneur went out—and with them also all traces of the Grand Duchess. Her manner changed instantly ; she took up the books, and at the first word I perceived she was perfectly mistress of the subject. She looked them over with great interest, said that if I could finish as well as I began I should have *un grand talent*. She spoke with great frankness of what she did not like, as well as of what she liked, and then went on to compare Italy with the country about Baden ; complained how Rome had at first disappointed her, how most things did disappoint her, why it was, described the scenes that had most struck her with an eloquence, feeling, and spirit that brought Corinne to my mind—in short, there came out all that I felt sure, the first time I saw her, must be behind that fine brow and eyes. Our *tête-à-tête* lasted nearly an hour and a half without interruption of talking. I was so glad it was her business to end it, not mine, or I should not have dared to prolong it so far. . . . Afterwards I received a message through Madame Walsch that the Grand Duchess would show me a sketch-book of her own that she had found, if I would call again. They were fine spirited outlines, which she talked over just as frankly as she had done mine, describing the inconvenient circumstances under which she had done them, &c. She was going out in her carriage, so begged me to come again. The next time her conversation was still more interesting. She spoke of the comfort her taste for beauty and for the picturesque had been to her ; of the rare pleasure of finding anybody who could understand her ; of how she had often longed to be a poet to express what she felt. She asked me of England, of its education and civilisation, showing by the few words that dropped now and then her large and deep views and knowledge. I got aground in my French now and then, but her rapid comprehension helped me on. Arthur has written down the conversations just as I repeated them to him every day when I came home, so I will not spoil them now, only to say that I took leave of her on Wednesday with the painful feeling that I should never see her again—

both ways, for her health is sinking, even if I were likely to return Our last interview was very touching. Perhaps you know more of her history than I did—that she was a Beauharnais, married by Bonaparte to the Grand Duke of Baden against his will, bringing with her as dowry the southern part of the Duchy. He was in love with someone else, and left her in all her beauty and talents and youth—she was sixteen—alone at Schwetzingen. The Germans hated and persecuted her, and tried to seduce her into what would have authorised a divorce; she was immovable. Bonaparte heard she was ill-used, came to see her, and asked her, but she would make no complaint. When Bonaparte declined, the Grand Duke was reminded that he might then divorce her safely; but he answered, "No; when she might have ruined me with a word she was silent, and I will not forsake her now," and he became strongly attached to her, and left her the castle at Baden. Her two sons, it is suspected, were poisoned (one of them, all the people of Baden are persuaded, was Gaspar Hauser) by the uncle who succeeded to the Duchy. She took me out to show me a view I had not remarked: "Yet a step further," she said—she never liked to go back without having seen the Vosges, and the people about her say she cannot bear to live out of sight of France. There is a mixture of melancholy, sweetness, dignity, and liveliness in her countenance and manner that is most attractive, but it gave me a lively notion of the inconvenience and *suffering* of becoming attached to a person in that situation—the necessity of restraint, etiquette, &c., besides the disadvantageous effect upon the finest character. The interest of her acquaintance, and of making out all we could of her character and history from different people, put a finishing stroke to our enjoyment of Baden.'

Stanley greatly needed the rest which this foreign tour afforded. For months he had been working with almost feverish energy for the Ireland Scholarship. The strain, followed, as it was, by the great excitement of the Hampden controversy, told upon his health. Their combined effect had been, he confesses, 'wholly to incapacitate me for writing.' Yet, in another sense, the Hampden controversy

proved a salutary distraction from his disappointment at his failure to win the Scholarship. 'I cannot,' he says,

'be too thankful that the great (Hampden) controversy broke in at the close, when all my hopes and employments, for which and in which I had lived as with living creatures for those long two months, vanished and left me desolate. As it was, the atmosphere of intense interest, the deep solemnity of the Inaugural Lecture, and the everlasting torrent of pamphlets, filled up the vacant space, and it was not till some weeks after that I was conscious of my (so to call it) solitude. I feel that my coming abroad has been very good for me, in so far as it has broken the unnaturally close connection I had formed with the great subjects of controversy.'

Stanley had thrown himself into University life with characteristic enthusiasm. So many of his interests were centred at Oxford, that he was glad to turn his face homewards, even though

'I feel as if I was returning to a boiling cauldron when I think of coming back to Oxford and England—the whirlpool and seething, the ocean of books to be read, and college annoyances, and knotty questions to be decided.'

'Here I am at Oxford,' he writes immediately after his return;

'what a contrast to Bonn and Heidelberg! I don't wonder that, amidst these massy grey colleges, Newman delights in thinking that he is clinging to the only fragment left us of the ancient Catholic Church.'

His circle of Oxford friends had widened, although his shyness continues to be noticed. W. G. Ward, now a Fellow of Balliol, was his most intimate friend. 'I see,' he says to Vaughan,

'more of him than of anyone else, and like him exceedingly. I hardly know how you would like him. I am afraid that at first you would not. He is very uncouth in appearance, as you know, and also uncouth in his

tastes; at least, he has no taste for beauty of scenery,[11] and not much for beauty of poetry. On the other hand, he is passionately fond of music, and I should think that his taste in that line is very good. On these points, therefore, we have not much in common. But what I do like very much in him is his great honesty, and fearless and intense love of truth, and his deep interest in all that concerns the happiness of the human race. These I never saw so strongly developed in anybody. We first became acquainted from his expressing, in my presence, his great admiration of Arnold, merely from a knowledge of his writings; and this, not having been diminished by our further intercourse, has, of course, proved a great point of union. He is the best arguer and the most clear-headed man that I ever saw; though, in one way, his logical faculty is one of his defects, for it has attained such gigantic heights as rather to overshadow some of the other parts of his mind. He is also enthusiastically fond of mathematics, and, I believe, a very good mathematician. He is very fond of me, and, added to these points, he is a very good man, very humble, very devout, very affectionate, and has done a great deal to improve himself since I knew him. He has been badly educated, and therefore, though very well informed on many points, is on many others, such as modern history and geography, excessively ignorant. I have said so much about him because I am afraid that, from what you have seen of him or heard of him, you might very naturally, but very seriously, underrate him. Almost all his worst points, his shyness, awkwardness, love of arguing, and want of love for physical beauty, come out at first very often, and give people an erroneous impression. Among others, I should think your cousin did not nearly do him justice, and therefore I am anxious that you should know what is really good about him, and why it is that I like him so much.'

He speaks also of Brodie[12] as 'a very clever and very

[11] But see Mr. Wilfrid Ward's words (*W. G. Ward's Life*): 'Ward loved natural scenery almost as he loved music, though his eye was not accurate, and he could not explain the features which struck him,' &c. (p. 106).

[12] C. B. Brodie, the future Waynflete Professor, son of Sir Benjamin Brodie, the famous surgeon and President of the Royal Society, whom he succeeded in the baronetcy.

good little man indeed ; I am sure you would like him ; I wish I knew more of him than I do' ;—of E. M. Goulburn, 'a most excellently good man, elected scholar with Lake' ; of James Lonsdale, on whose 'genuine simplicity and rare modesty' he frequently dwells ; of the future Archbishop—'Tait, whom I like very much, but have seen lately but little of.'

'Among senior men, Cardwell, and Tait, and Marriott (C. Marriott, of Oriel), have been exceedingly kind to me, and I admire and like them much. Faber, when I first knew him, I liked exceedingly ; but since he left Balliol we have seen each other and walked together, but no more.'

It was a hard task for Stanley to turn from questions in which lay his chief interest, or from the society of his friends, to the solitude of his rooms and to the distasteful reading which was necessary for University distinctions. His eyesight was weak, and limited his hours of study. He was frequently prostrated by bilious headaches. Much of the work required for scholarships, or even for a degree, was uncongenial and distasteful. He had no special aptitude for Greek or Latin composition, or for the more abstract branches of mental philosophy. During term time his attention had been perpetually distracted, not only by the claims of society, or what he calls his *πολυφιλία*, but also by his keen enjoyment of the storms which were raging round him. His vacations were occupied with other interests than those of 'cram and composition.' With all these drawbacks his total failure in University examinations would not have been surprising ; in the face of them, his success was remarkable. In 1837 he won the Ireland Scholarship—the highest distinction offered by the University for proficiency in Greek and Latin scholarship—and also the Newdigate Prize for English Verse with a poem on 'The Gipsies.' To these distinctions he added a first

class in the Final Classical Schools, and, in the following year, a Fellowship at University College.

His University career affords a striking proof of tenacity of purpose. His aversion to mathematics has been already noticed. Yet he determined once more to take up the subject, and to try, with the aid of W. G. Ward, whether mathematics 'are, as they at present seem, quite impracticable, or whether they will not be of some good to me, if not for honours, at least for education.' The result of the effort was the final abandonment of the 'intolerably irksome' subject. 'I have left off mathematics for good,' he writes in May 1835; 'I found it quite hopeless.' That so distasteful an effort should have been made at all indicates no slight degree of determination. Still stronger evidence of his perseverance is afforded by his success in winning the Ireland Scholarship at the third attempt, and after a laborious and irksome struggle to improve his Latin verse composition.

For one whose powers of expression were in his own language so great, his incapacity to write Latin verse was remarkable, and this defect in his scholarship threatened to baulk his ambition. His aversion for this essential portion of his reading was scarcely less strong than his repugnance for mathematics; it stirred him to outcries and lamentations which he finds it impossible to repress. He characterises verse-composition as 'odious work,' 'so useless and disagreeable,' 'of all classical proficiencies the most utterly useless.' But he had set his heart on obtaining the Ireland, and he struggled manfully to conquer his deficiencies, though it was only after two bitter disappointments that his efforts were rewarded.

In the beginning of 1835 he speaks of himself as putting away all minor things 'before the appalling phantom' of the Ireland, for which he is 'reading from 9 to 2, and from

7 to 11 daily, seldom or never less, and mean to increase it by getting up early. I walk from 2 to 5; I practise composition much, alas! alas!'

The examination came, and was followed by 'the awful interval' between the termination of 'odious work' and the declaration of the result. He watched in vain from the windows of Ward's rooms at Balliol for 'the Vice-Chancellor's officer, otherwise called "the Poker"'; the scholarship was gained by 'Gordon of Ch. Ch. (of whom I had never heard before.)' Some few readers may have met with the beautiful Greek elegiac lines on Chantrey's Sleeping Children in Lichfield Cathedral, by which the late Mr. Osborne Gordon's claim to his success was amply vindicated.

His first defeat only nerved him to a stronger effort. In December 1835 he tells his sister:

'I have made up my mind to make a desperate push at the Ireland; have engaged Claughton'[13] (then a Fellow of Trinity, the future Rector of Kidderminster, and Bishop of St. Alban's) for next term as a tutor to polish up, or rather to create, some Latin verse spirit within me, and have also settled to stay up here part of the vacation; so you must make up your minds to do without me as much as you can. . . . I feel that this is the greatest push I shall ever have to make, as I certainly will not go in again. It is just possible that by making a grand attack I might take it by storm this time.'

He was back at Oxford before the commencement of the Hilary Term, 1836, and

'reading on an average eleven hours a day, devoting my mornings to "De Oratore" first, and then to Aristophanes. I have now read thoroughly the Wasps, Acharnians,

[13] Many years have passed since a friend composed a future epitaph for the future Bishop, as one who 'opus longe omnium difficillimum Arthurum Penrhyn Stanley versus satis latine scribere edocuit.'

Knights, Clouds, and Birds ; the two last the most beautiful, I think ; I have hardly ever, if ever, read any ancient book with so much interest and pleasure. . . . My evenings are given to composition. I have improved much in lyrics, and tolerably, I think, in hexameters. Greek iambics I find I can get up fast.'

Once more his hopes were disappointed. On March 15th, 1836, he communicated the news of his defeat to Vaughan, who had just obtained the Craven Scholarship at Cambridge :

'You will be sorry to hear that your triumph has not been followed up. The examination was as much against me as possible. I was so fully prepared by the whole week for the final result, that the disappointment has been spread over the whole seven days, and not concentrated in one pang. I am even in better spirits than last year. However great would have been my joy if we had both succeeded, it is a most exceeding happiness that we have not both failed. In short, I owe to you the good spirits I at present enjoy. The successful hero was not Holden (his Shrewsbury rival), but Linwood, a freshman [14] hitherto unknown, who beat Lake for the Latin scholarship. It is a dreadful blow to poor Holden, who has behaved extremely well through it all, very kindly and warmly to me, and very cheerfully under his defeat. . . . I am most thankful that for the great object, viz. my First Class, I shall have none of this misery of competition. Claughton has been very kind, and, indeed, so has everyone. Your cousin came most kindly to condole with me to-night. I wish it was as much the custom to condole as to congratulate. I believe really that the consciousness of awakened sympathy is, after all, one of the chief pleasures of success. I have the satisfaction of having worked as hard as I could have done. A violent bilious attack in my last week shows that all had been done which flesh and blood could bear. The term has also been a useful one. I quite rejoice in having become familiar with Aristophanes.

'My greatest sorrow is the very great disappointment

[14] William Linwood, Student of Christ Church, who maintained in after-life the reputation which he won by his election in 1836 to three University Scholarships, the Hertford, Ireland, and Craven.

which I know it will be to you and all my friends. I was unduly hopeful myself, and therefore I am afraid you will all have been so. Arnold sent me a most kind and thoughtful message by Lake, begging me not to worry myself about having the responsibility of the school on my shoulders, as I had quite enough from my own anxiety without their unreasonable expectations. I have no doubt it has been thus ordered for the best.'

At the beginning of 1837, as the time for the Ireland again approached, he passed a fortnight in one of those 'crises of indecision' of which he often spoke, then and later, as a serious disqualification for active life. He was poised between

'the dreadful alternatives—on the one hand perpetual stings of remorse and self-accusation at having sacrificed duty to ease, on the other, four or five weeks of hopeless and gloomy and most uninteresting work, to be crowned probably by defeat, and pushing all my degree-work into the summer term and vacation. . . . If I had only to read poets and criticism, I would do it most willingly, but it is in Latin verses and Greek iambics that I fail, and these will entirely divert me from my degree work, inflict upon me the greatest misery, and will all most emphatically, as you say, perish in the using. Everyone advises me in different ways—Ward and Tait strongly, Lake and Brodie doubtfully, urge my not going in; everyone else urges it . . . and my own original indecision, with which, as you well know, I am cursed to an uncommon degree, comes in to crown the whole. . . .'

Ultimately the opinion of Claughton prevailed, and he determined once more to compete for the scholarship. He set to work reading with Edward Massie, Fellow of Wadham, Ireland Scholar in 1828, and a distinguished pupil of Dr. Butler, of Shrewsbury. But his old distaste for much of the work gradually returned in its full force.

'The time of my deliverance is drawing near. Words cannot express the delight I shall feel when I wake to-

morrow three weeks, with the absolute certainty that I shall never do a Greek or Latin verse again. . . . Will you, by the next opportunity, send me any old paint-box that you have, for me to paint tables and maps with, when once this Ireland business is over?'

He went into the examination with 'a heavy heart as to certain defeat.' But at the end of the first day he sends a line to say that, so far, he has 'done very well,' and that 'the satisfaction of having begun the end of my labours has taken a load off my mind.' On March 6 he writes, 'I have got the Ireland. I go home next week.'

His winning the Ireland Scholarship was marked by a curious incident, of which the memory long lived in Oxford. The Examiners were Dr. Wynter, Head of St. John's, Dr. Russell, Head Master of Charterhouse, and Dr. Denison, who a few days later was appointed Bishop of Salisbury. They were so astonished by the excellence of Stanley's English essay and translations in the work of the first day, that they conceived the idea that he must, in some accidental way, have had access to the papers. They appear also to have heard some rumour that one of the first day's papers had been seen either by some candidate or by his tutor. It is the practice at Oxford that all work done for this examination is done anonymously, the papers being marked, not by a name, but by a motto chosen by the candidate. Instead of inquiring into the matter, the Examiners decided to cancel the first day's papers, and determine the result by the remaining work —in which, however, the same candidate fully maintained his position. They also very unadvisedly allowed the matter to be spoken of before communicating to Mr. Scott, the Tutor of Balliol, the rumour which they had heard, that Stanley 'had had an unfair advantage in one of the first day's papers.' The effect of such a communi-

cation on Stanley, and on all who knew him, may be conceived. The following narrative is given in his own words:

'On the Friday evening, when the examination was over, I was calming myself in the long-forbidden pleasures of a debating society when I heard it. In five minutes I was with Scott, in two more with the Master, who wrote at once to the Examiners to demand their grounds for listening to such a rumour. The next morning the seven Fellows of the College, with the Master's sanction, sent in a protest to the Vice-Chancellor; and by his recommendation I appealed to him, demanding immediate inquiry into a rumour thus (in some degree) sanctioned by the Examiners; while the Fellows presented a memorial to the Examiners, calling upon them to suspend the adjudication of the Scholarship till the inquiry which I had demanded had been made. Nothing could be more gratifying than the—I may quite say—fury with which it was taken up by the whole College—Master, Fellows, and undergraduates. The Fellows, in particular, were perfectly raging with indignation. Scott, with whom I was personally very little acquainted, took it up as if I had been his brother. I cannot describe the preternatural fury of Massie, who wrote to the Examiners, demanding his own exculpation. The Examiners having sent no answer to the memorial from the Fellows, I went again at 1 o'clock to the V.-C., with the Senior Tutor and Scott, to demand a time to be fixed for an investigation. The Examiners were already there to give out the election of the successful candidate—which was myself. So it appeared they had declined answering from the feeling that I should thus come off more triumphantly as being elected without the two papers which had been most favourable to me. They all declared that they had never for one moment believed that I had acted with the least unfairness; but, having heard the rumour, they thought it a kindness to me to cancel these papers, that no one might hereafter say that I had gained the Ireland by some unfair means; not seeing (by some strange perversity) that it would not have helped my moral character if it was shown, not that I had *used* no dishonest means, but that I had not *profited* by them. There was but one feeling as to the

injudiciousness of their proceedings, from the Vice-Chancellor down to the undergraduates.

'However, it was necessary to have a formal document, in case any ill-natured person should ever revive the report. So the investigation was held, and the certificate[15] made out, and signed by the Vice-Chancellor and three Examiners, that the rumour of unfairness was proved to be entirely groundless. The Master, each of the Fellows, Massie, and myself, each had a copy, but we made a compact with the Vice-Chancellor that no copies should be made, as he was anxious that the affair should not get into print. . . . I could not possibly have wished for more universal sympathy. There was shouting from one end of Balliol to the other. The Master so far forgot himself as to exclaim, "Oh! Stanley," dropping the "Mr." Holden's [his Shrewsbury rival] kindness—tho' kindness does not express it—was the most touching thing of all—it was really noble. Nothing can exceed the kindness and sympathy of everyone. All that I now enjoy repays me tenfold for all that I suffered before. . . . The Examiners have done everything in their power to atone for their mistake, and Denison (who the day after was made Bishop of Salisbury) called on me very kindly, and did all in his power to make reparation for the mistake into which he was betrayed.'

But the most interesting of his University successes was the Newdigate Prize Poem—'The Gipsies'—which he

[15] The original is laid up in Balliol Library:

'Brasenose College: March 4, 1837.

'A rumour having been spread in the University that an undue advantage had been obtained by Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, of Balliol College, in the recent examination for the Ireland Scholarship, by a communication previously made to him with respect to an intended subject of that examination, Mr. Stanley this day demanded an inquiry before the Vice-Chancellor, which was accordingly granted, and in the course thereof the fact was established that neither in the selection of the passages and subjects, nor in any other way whatsoever, had any reference been had to Mr. Stanley, or communication made to him; that consequently he had enjoyed no undue advantage, and that the said rumour was and is entirely without foundation.

(Signed) 'A. T. GILBERT, *Vice-Chancellor.*
'J. RUSSELL.
'P. WYNTER.
'E. DENISON

completed a month after the award of the Ireland. Anxious to revive Rugby memories by sending in his verses in his friend's handwriting, he tells Vaughan that he 'got Tickell to write them out, as having a hand like yours.' A few weeks later came the adjudication of the prize. The letters announcing his success have not been preserved, but in one written to Mary on May 29, 1837, he speaks of the Master's (Dr. Jenkyns) invitation to the whole family to stay at Balliol for the Commemoration, which fell unusually early that year, so as to be present at its recitation.

'He' (the Master) 'was not aware of the existence of you and Catherine, but on my telling him, promised to accommodate you all. He is, of course, beside himself with joy. I am now hard at work, correcting, learning, and rehearsing. It reminds me of old days at Rugby. I see Keble to-morrow. It is, indeed, delightful to think of the happiness and comfort it will be to my father.'

Stanley's account of his interview with Keble is preserved in a paper which appeared in 'Macmillan's Magazine' in 1866. He there tells his readers how one of 'the young authors who had obtained the Newdigate Prize' 'still recalls, after the lapse of more than thirty years, the quiet kindness of manner, the bright twinkling eye, illuminating that otherwise inexpressive countenance, which greeted the bashful student on his entrance into the Professor's presence. One touch after another was given to the juvenile verses, substituting for this or that awkward phrase graceful turns of expression, all his own.' After giving several instances of singularly happy emendations suggested by the author of 'The Christian Year,' he ends his reminiscences of the interview by recording the 'delight of his youthful hearer at the sympathetic warmth' with which the Professor referred to one of Dr. Arnold's sermons,

'as showing the recollection of the friend from whom, at that time, he was so strangely alienated.'

Father, mother, and sisters, were present at the Commemoration, and witnessed the enthusiastic greeting with which the recital of 'The Gipsies' was received. The poem [16] was no doubt one of unusual—it is perhaps not too much to say, of extraordinary—merit; and from the first line to the last there is scarcely a thought or a passage that is not eminently characteristic of the writer. But apart from this there was something in the almost boyish appearance and high-bred countenance of the young speaker that went at once to the heart of the assembly that filled the Sheldonian Theatre. There were many also among the 'gownsmen,' young and old, who were eager to welcome one who had so recently gained another high distinction, and who had acted with such decision and courage in a trying moment. The rounds of applause, not confined to undergraduates only, so touched the father, that he was unable to conceal his emotion, and hid his face in his hands. It is interesting also to notice that his friend Vaughan, who had been winning distinction after distinction at the sister University, and earning at his old school the title of 'half-holiday Vaughan,' [17] from the number of such welcome benefits which he had secured for Rugby boys, was present, and acted as his 'prompter.'

The Ireland Scholarship was Stanley's first success in

[16] It has often been reprinted, and is still on sale at Vincent's, High Street, Oxford.

[17] C. J. Vaughan, who in the previous year had obtained the Craven Scholarship and the Porson Prize, in 1837 won both the Porson Prize, the Greek Ode, the Latin and Greek Epigrams, and the Members' Prize for the Latin Essay, besides carrying off the Trinity College 'First Declamation Prizes,' both for English and Latin. Perhaps what the present Dean of Llandaff and Master of the Temple valued no less highly was a present of books voted him by the Rugby Trustees in recognition of the successes of 1836, with an inscription in Dr. Arnold's handwriting.

University examinations. He writes to thank Vaughan for his congratulations:

'It has been a great pleasure to me—far more than I could ever have anticipated—for it was so long since I had gained any honour, or received any congratulations, that I had almost forgotten what it was. And it has been doubly (or rather, I should say, tenfold) delightful to be reminded in almost every letter that I have had on the subject that it is not my own fame only or chiefly which is advanced by my success, but the fame of Arnold, to whom I do most sincerely feel that I am indebted for my present happiness, and for whose sake it was always my chief aim, and is now my chief joy, to gain the Ireland.'

Before he settled down to work for his degree, his father had been unexpectedly appointed to the Bishopric of Norwich. He announces the appointment in a letter dated 'Charles Street, Grosvenor Square, April 14.'

'I came up to town to-day for two days to have a tooth out, and here I found my father just in the agonies of deciding on the Bishopric of Norwich. It is all over, and he is appointed. I had not the least expected it; no more, I imagine, has the world at large. I have hardly figured yet to myself the change that it will be. To me the parting from Alderley will be far less painful than to the rest. Indeed, I shall not care much about it. But the remaining part will be worse to me than to the rest. Of course he is a fit man in many respects, but my heart groans at the exclusion of Arnold, or even of Baptist Noel. For his own sake I believe it will be better in many respects than Alderley. . . . Of course, too, I shall be able to be of great use to him when I am older, and I feel my duties already thickening upon me. It has been a most painful struggle to him, and he was very much borne down by it. But every one of his friends in London most vehemently urged him to take it, and he most sincerely thought it his duty. God grant that it may end well! God grant him strength to do his work and all of us strength to help him! . . . The king is pleased by the appointment; the Archbishop of Canterbury not angry. Only think that the next time you

come to see us will be not at Alderley, but at the Palace at Norwich. I shall be back at Oxford on Sunday.'

His father's consecration took place on June 11th, 1837. Towards the end of the month Stanley returned to Oxford with the intention of spending the whole vacation there. He came back out of spirits at the heavy amount of work which lay before him, 'tired, bilious, and feverish, and unable to work steadily; knocked up instead of refreshed by my fortnight in London.' His final examination was now only five months distant.

The work proved heavier than he had expected, and he finds his 'memory so bad that nothing can compensate for it.' Writing from Oxford during the Long Vacation, he says:

'I should think few people have been more behindhand than I am. My Ireland and my poem have wrought their perfect work in cutting up all my precious time. I struggle on as well as I can, however.'

Yet, precious as were his few remaining weeks, his reading was once more interrupted. The new Bishop of Norwich preached his installation sermon on August 17th, 1837. He urged upon his assembled clergy the importance of taking an active part in disseminating secular, as well as religious, knowledge. While stating his own conviction as to 'the importance of all education being based on religion,' he added that he felt bound 'to hail as a national blessing every attempt, in whatsoever form or shape, towards the mental advancement of the great body of the people.' At the present day such a statement would hardly, perhaps, provoke much comment, even in an inaugural address from a new bishop. But at a time when a Whig Ministry was loudly accused of wishing to introduce a system of national education entirely divorced

from all religious teaching, it was profoundly distasteful to a large portion of his audience. Still more so were other passages in the sermon, in which, in his desire to promote a spirit of friendly co-operation between all denominations of Christians, he had used the following language on the true meaning of the sin of schism:

'No one who has read the New Testament can doubt that the division of the unity of Christ's Church is a fearful sin; but it were well to consider what it really is. Surely, when our Lord declared of the man who cast out devils in Christ's name, yet followed not with the Apostles, that "he who was not against Him was on His part," He told us clearly that there might be outward divisions of form, which were compatible with the truest unity of spirit. And when He declared, "He that is not with Me is against Me," and again, "Not everyone that saith unto Me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven," He told us clearly that there might be a perfect unity of form, with the most utter division of spirit. It is, then, against the spirit, and not the form of division, that the denunciations against schism are directed. If the heart of a man be full of love and peace, whatsoever be his outward act of division, he is not guilty of schism. Let no man, then, think himself free from schism because he is in outward conformity with this or any other Church. He is a schismatic, and he only, who creates feuds and scandals and divisions in the Church of Christ.'

The effect of such advice on the minds of a large portion of the clergy who were present was to produce a stormy scene at the installation dinner, and to give a somewhat inauspicious character to the commencement of the preacher's episcopal work. No one in the congregation would have suspected that the remarks on the meaning of the word 'schism' were the production of an Oxford undergraduate steeped in the engrossing work of reading for his degree. The whole passage formed part of two confidential letters written to his mother from Oxford, and

was introduced in one of those letters by the words, 'I do not quite like the sentence about schism, as you give it. If I had it to do, I should put it rather in this way'—and then follows the passage, of which only the first portion is quoted above, and which his father at once substituted for his own. It is a passage which might have formed a part of any of the real author's utterances, in the pulpit or elsewhere, from that day to his last on earth.

He also, in the same letter, expressed an earnest hope that the sermon would contain a protest against

'the evil of limiting the term "the Church" to the clergy, as making the laity forget their responsibilities, and the clergy forget their fellowship with the laymen. It is a thing so perfectly undeniable when stated, so very important to be stated, yet so often omitted, forgotten, or contradicted, that, if there is any place where it would come in, I would have it.'

The suggestion was followed, and the protest made.

The other letter, dated August 13th, four days before the delivery of the sermon, contains a number of hints, full of wisdom and thoughtfulness, for his mother's eye, and is a proof both of filial anxiety, and of an interest in public matters which was capable of calling him away, even at so critical a time, from his own pressing occupations.

'Look out for any inaccuracies in quotation—that there be nothing like Sydney Smith's calling Zechariah "the Psalmist." . . . I am always afraid of anything about the Roman Catholics; the relations of the Church of England to them are so very complicated, that it requires more subtlety and accuracy of expression than almost any other question.'

The following warning is doubly interesting, as coming from his pen, against what may be called ultra-latitudinarian statements:

'Again, with regard to toleration, great care must be taken lest there be anything like indifference to variety of creeds, or to the necessity of Christian motives. Such phrases as "Religion is between God and a man's conscience only," "A man's opinions are not to prevent his obtaining all civil privileges, &c. &c.," "A man's creed is of no importance if he is sincere,"

> For forms of faith let senseless bigots fight:
> He can't be wrong whose life is in the right,

"Politics have nothing to do with religion," "Why cannot we be convinced that we are right, without being convinced that all others are wrong?"—each of them may, perhaps, express some truth; but the general doctrine which they are used to inculcate is that "one way of serving God," or, indeed, that "one course of doing what a man thinks his duty, is as good as another"; whereas it is, of course, clear as soon as stated, that if Christianity (claiming, as it does, to be a sovereign rule of life—a revelation of God, under new relations, and consequently involving new moral feelings, and a new character) be true at all, it does instantly and of course interfere with and influence all a man's relations in life—all his opinions. The absurdity of the other view appears, of course, in the difference between a Christian and a Thug. And so the very expression of "being convinced that we are right" *must* involve a conviction that "all others are wrong," exactly in proportion as we are convinced that we are right. The real point is that there are differences of opinion within the pale of Christianity which are not essential, and which, therefore, should not divide the Church; that sincerity is a great virtue, but not the only one, or the most important; that, though we must be convinced on important points, yet there are unimportant points on which we cannot be sure that we are right, and so not sure that others are wrong; that there are points in common and political life with which Christianity is not in the least concerned, as cooking, &c., but that with the greatest points it is; and, lastly, even when we are most zealous in defence of truth, and most sure that we have got it ourselves, we must be most charitable towards those who, we think, have not got it, making all the excuse that the case admits of—bad education, small opportunities, &c. Again, *Liberal* principles are not identical

THE BISHOP'S PALACE AT NORWICH.

with *popular* principles. Extension of the franchise and reference to *vox populi* is quite distinct in itself from, although in practice usually joined with, real desire to reform real abuses.'

The sermon excited almost as virulent a controversy in the press and elsewhere as the Hampden appointment of the preceding year. Stanley at once urged the immediate publication of the sermon as the best answer to the exaggerated accounts of its contents. He also promises 'Church of England authorities by wholesale for all about schism, dissent, and education, if they are wanted.' His advice was followed. The sermon was printed, and a long note in defence of the distinction drawn between *dissent* and *schism* shows the value of the son's suggestions and the fulfilment of his promise. Unable to remain at a distance with comfort, he left Oxford, and himself arrived at Norwich before the end of August. The following letter describes the impression made upon him by his new home. It was written, after his return to Oxford, to his brother Owen.

'I have just had your letter sent me from Norwich, and forthwith make haste to send *my* opinion of the events of the year, to cheer, I will not say your solitude, for such it does not seem to be, but your dearth of news at Lough Swilly. To begin backwards, and with myself, as you must know all the general outline of the family history, here am I at Oxford, in the last agonies before my final examination in November, when I shall be at once and for ever freed from the great burden that has been hanging over me for the last three years. I came back a week ago from my first visit to Norwich, where I was, on hearing the first news of your arrival, and where I stayed for (nearly) three weeks, and though a good part of that time was spent in bed, owing to a fall which I got the day after my arrival, from the new episcopal pony by name Gipsy, I liked the whole place—I may say, the whole change—very much. I was the first who saw the

Palace stript of the remnants of the old Bishop's furniture, and, to a certain degree, made comfortable, so that my first impressions are the most favourable; and as I entered the gate for the first time, I was more struck with the size than the ugliness of the Palace, and with the surpassing beauty of the Cathedral, which overshadows it, more than with anything else. The outside is a bad edition of Withenshaw; the inside I do not object to, but I cannot compare it to anything, for I never saw any house like it; it is among houses, I should think, what Moscow is among towns—rooms which we may really call very fine side by side with the meanest of passages and staircases; and the garden is an improved edition of the lawn at Sheen. Then, as to the living attractions of the place, it is more in my way than Alderley was. I find it exceedingly interesting to see so many clergy passing constantly before one's eyes and ears; such letters at breakfast—complimentary, abusive, sermons in verse; such faces at dinner—all overcast, as soon as they come into the dining-room, by the remembrance that it was the scene of their examination for Ordination in past times. That, by the way, together with an enormous ball, is all that people seem to remember of the Palace. Then, I think the Bishop of Norwich seems to be an unusually important bishop in his diocese, whether from the old one having been so much out of the way for so long, or from the country being so much at the world's end. By the riverside is a sign where a bishop once killed a wolf; over the river a road, down which Bishop Turbo marched, with 6,000 men-at-arms. I, as well as you, was first reconciled to it by the house in town, which I still rejoice in, though that served me not much better than the pony at Norwich, for a fortnight's holiday in London knocked me up with dissipation. . . . I do not repent of my father's decision now. He seems much freer and happier than he ever did before, and, I think, likes the work better. I am most heartily amused, and, I assure you, most highly flattered, by your having carried your remembrance of Hampden with you all through the winter. The storm has subsided, and he is left in peaceable possession of his theological chair—in fact, his place in the newspapers, as you may perhaps have seen, has been occupied by the installation sermon of the Bishop of Norwich.

'I went to church the other Sunday at Norwich, to hear my father preach. You would have been amused to see the way in which the people gazed their eyes out with looking at him. A little boy in the pew with me exclaimed, "Mamma, the bishop has got his mitre in his hand," taking his spectacles to be the mitre.

'I am afraid this letter will have given you the idea (which they say at home is the case) that I am the only one puffed up by the accession of dignity. Excuse this rambling letter.'

Meanwhile the examination was rapidly approaching. In spite of the interruption of his work by the installation sermon, he had found time to continue, with but little diminution, the full stream of his correspondence, to write to a cousin an elaborate paper on 'Christian Unity and unchristian Schism,' and, even after the examination had actually commenced, to send to his friend Vaughan a number of hints for an essay [18] which he was then writing at Cambridge. The ordeal, for which he refreshed himself by a visit to Rugby, acted on him as a tonic. On November 13th he writes to Vaughan:

'Here I am actually in the second day of paper work, neither having been upset on the Pig, crushed in a shower-bath, nor annihilated by black doses. I am quite surprised at my health and success. Logic, Aristotle, history questions, English prose into Greek and Latin, Greek and Latin poetry into English, are now past, all quite to my satisfaction. The examination acted upon

[18] This was an 'oration' which the winner of the first Declamation Prize at Trinity College was called on to compose, choosing his own subject, and deliver, in those days, in the College Chapel at the annual College Commemoration. Vaughan's subject was 'The Difference between a Hearing and a Reading Age.' One page, on the true character of the ancient Christian creeds, is described in a note as a quotation 'from the language of a distinguished friend and schoolfellow.' It is interesting to add that the subject had been suggested to Stanley by W. G. Ward for an article in the *Rugby Magazine*, a fact mentioned in a letter to Vaughan written from Hawarden Castle, and franked by the autograph of 'Stephen R. Glynne, August 25th, 1835.'

me like magic, dispelled all my headaches, and I only break down in the intervals.'

He even finds time and spirits to criticise his examiners :

'Some of the questions involved prodigious mistakes, and those in Greek history were quite disgraceful ; and, to end with, I have made several impudent answers, and so shall perhaps be plucked.'

A few days more, and he writes to his sister in a note bearing, as usual, no date beyond that of 'Oxford, Monday' :

'All is over. I am very well. I passed my *vivâ voce* examination to-day. Nothing could be better ; in Divinity especially, I proved, I hope, quite sufficiently that the son of a Whig bishop and a pupil of Arnold knew as much as other people. I have so much to do in finishing off, that I cannot get off before Wednesday night, on which, or on Thursday morning, I shall come.'

Shortly after his return to Norwich came the publication of the class list, in which not only his own name and that of his schoolfellow, H. Highton, appeared in an unusually large first-class, but the names of two other pupils of Arnold, H. Balston of Magdalen, and W. Lonsdale of Oriel, who obtained the same distinction in classics and mathematics respectively.

CHAPTER VII

1837–39

OXFORD—BONN—ORDINATION

THE pressure of reading for his degree, and the necessity of toiling at uncongenial studies in order to attain University distinctions, were at an end. But the stage in life to which, in early days at Balliol, Stanley had looked forward so hopefully, failed to fulfil its promise. His bodily health was weakened by the constant tension and excitement of his boyish and undergraduate career. Denied his ambition of a Fellowship at Balliol, it was long before he could reconcile himself to another college. The divergence of theological views between himself and his intimate companion, W. G. Ward, must have sorely tried even the largest-hearted of friends. He was disturbed by the attractions which 'Newmanism' offered to his mind. He was disquieted by the extent and character of the engagements to which he would be called upon to subscribe at his approaching ordination. Even when he became more settled at University College as a Probationary Fellow, he was still unqualified to take part in either collegiate or academical administration, and found little field for active employment, except in competition for those University distinctions which still remained open to him. The very freedom to form his own plans for the disposal of his vacations, which the natural relaxation of domestic bonds brought to him in early manhood, had its drawbacks for one so ac-

customed to rely on advice from the home circle in all such matters. Such were some of the causes that combined to render the period which closes with his ordination in 1839 'the flattest and least happy portion' of his life at Oxford.

His brilliant successes, high character, and almost unequalled reputation at Oxford seemed to promise him a Fellowship at Balliol almost as a matter of course. But a cloud had risen on the horizon which threatened to overshadow his life at the University with unexpected darkness. Two years before he took his degree he had written, on the 29th of November, 1835:

'I look forward with trembling to this day and this hour two years hence, when I trust that I shall be waiting, in all the agony of suspense, till the statutes of the College are read over with all due formality, and the sentence issues from the Common Room which will declare whether I am to be a Fellow of Balliol.'

Amidst all the uncertainties of the future he had formed very definite views of his own prospects and aims. A Fellowship at Balliol was to be the first stage of his life at Oxford, and he had already planned the use that he would there make of his position and opportunities. 'I forget,' he writes to Vaughan, while still reading for the Final Schools,

'whether I told you what would be one of the great objects of my ambition in staying up at Oxford—viz. to set systematically and deliberately at work to effect its reformation. If it is possible, there is nothing which I should seek further. As Augustus Hare has said in a poem of his on Italy:

> Then let me die,
> Die how well satisfied,
> Conscious that I have seen the second birth
> Of the most beauteous being upon earth.

There is another thing which has at times floated before my eyes, perhaps still more imaginary; but it has been brought up again lately by the thought of how delightful

it would be if we could both work together at it—viz. if at any time a weekly newspaper could be set up at one of the two Universities, at once Christian and Liberal, like the "Englishman's Register." But of course this is merely a castle in the air, and I have not time or space to speak of the various things which have from time to time contributed to put it into my head. However, sufficient for the day is both the good and the evil thereof. To some people, I suppose, the great difficulty is that the vision of the Present excludes all view of the Future. To me it is that the vision of the Future is for ever drawing me away from the view of the Present.'

But the years which followed the publication of the first 'Tracts for the Times,' and the appearance of Arnold's Sermons and pamphlet on Church Reform, were years of extreme political and theological tension. Party feeling ran unprecedentedly high. It was the obvious intention of some of the Fellows of Balliol to oppose Stanley's election, on the ground of his sympathy with Dr. Arnold's religious and political views. Before he returned to Oxford, after obtaining his First Class, he had received hints that his hopes of obtaining a Fellowship at Balliol were not likely to be fulfilled. 'Listen,' he writes to Vaughan at the end of December 1837—'listen to what will make your Cambridge hair stand on end with astonishment.' He then tells him that he has reason to believe that one after another of the members of the society

'has given in to the overwhelming terror of the outcry against Balliol as an heretical and Arnoldian college, and declared that they had rather not elect me in November. Accordingly, there is now no manner of doubt, unless the Oxford revolutions take a new turn within the next two months, that I must stand at Oriel, unless I find their gates also closed against me.'

Disturbed by the obvious intention of some of the Fellows to oppose his election, and knowing that his repulse

from Oriel was almost equally likely, he suffered acutely for the next few months from an indecision which was in this instance more than excusable. It was now, moreover, for the first and last time, that the great movement, which was making itself felt through every nerve and tissue of Oxford life, threw its spell, for a limited period and to a limited extent, over his mind. His impressible and imaginative nature felt the strong 'attraction of Newmanism,' to use his own phrase, and the power of a system that claimed to rest, not on the fluctuating interpretation of the New Testament Scriptures, but on the solid ground of primitive and apostolic authority. The interval of suspense was short. No one conversant with the workings of his mind up to that point would have looked for so entire a subversion of his whole religious, moral, and intellectual attitude as the final change of Arthur Stanley into a member of the party of which Newman was the leader. Yet, for the moment, the movement told upon him as a real force. The compass by which he had hitherto steered his course trembled and wavered, and seemed to give signs of pointing in an entirely opposite direction. Throughout the references in his undergraduate letters to the opinions of Newman there ran an express, or implied, comparison between the leader of the Oxford Movement and Arnold, and always in favour of the latter. His own views remained practically unaltered since they were first formed at Rugby. 'I certainly believe,' he writes in 1837,

'that, had it not been for Arnold, I should have been more radical than I am. So far as I see, his views just afford a resting-place between Newmanism or Popery on the one hand and mere Low Church Liberalism on the other. As it is not likely that I should have run into the former, I think it probable that I should have fallen into the latter. "All things are double one against another," and Arnold seems to have been created at this crisis to

form an antagonist principle to the Cerberus of the Christian Church in England, Newmanism, Evangelicism, and Low Church Liberalism.'

Impressed though he was by the preaching of Mr. Newman and by the general tone of Oxford, his convictions on such questions of Church organisation as were most prominent in the distinctive teaching of the leaders of the movement were at first essentially unaffected by the atmosphere in which he was living, and continued identical with those he upheld to the close of his life. The following extract is from a letter written to a young cousin when he was absorbed in the final struggle for his University degree; it might have been taken from some address to an English or American audience towards the close of his work at Westminster. He begins with a sketch of what the 'Holy Catholic Church might have been but for the miserable sectarianism' which had 'deformed it for 1,700 years.' He allows that

'few outward things so contribute to the destruction of true unity as this vast multiplicity of discordant sects, drowning in the jar of their irreverent and loud disputes the still small voice of true sympathy between all good men.'

And then he proceeds thus:

'For all this I cannot but think that the true evil, on which we ought to fix our eyes and direct our attacks, is that of party spirit and uncharitableness, the sin of violent newspapers and fierce controversialists, and haughty aristocratic scorn despising and trampling on the Christian poor of England, *not* the sin of Baxter and of Wesley, of Milton and of Luther; and that the good on which we ought to fix our praise is surely not the good of adhering to the forms of our fathers, the characteristic mark of Romanism and heathenism, but rather the good of those who look on all Christians as working in the same great cause—the good of Howard, and John Bunyan, and Pope Gregory VII., and Felix Neff.'

Even when at the furthest point from sympathising in the fundamental change which had come over the views of his friend Ward, he never fails to do justice to what he considers best in the Tractarian leaders and their teaching. In every line his letters show how natural to him had already become the attitude towards opposing currents of religious feeling which he maintained throughout life. To his temperament it was congenial to interpret, in its best sense, language which those to whom he spoke or wrote regarded with aversion. One instance must suffice. A sermon had been preached at Norwich on the power of inflicting penance, which was severely criticised by the home circle. His answer to his sister's criticism is characteristic. He points out that penance is but another name for Christian punishment, and that this 'godly discipline of penance' is an example and a symbol of the true Christian feeling towards sin. At the same time the concluding words of the letter show how wide a gulf separated him from those who desired to give more extended force to the controverted doctrine:

'It is only when it is asserted that this penance is to be imposed (not by the Church and its duly constituted officers, but) by a clergy claiming it as their divine right, and themselves claiming a divine right of government, that this becomes Romish or Newmanist; and if Mr. —— meant *this*, then his sermon was Romish and Newmanist.'

But, at the beginning of 1838, Stanley showed decided symptoms of passing from impartial appreciation into active personal sympathy with the Tractarian movement. A real, though transitory, change passed over his mind. He paused to review his whole position. His disquietude, both from the uncertainty of his academical future and from the religious influences by which he was surrounded, is best disclosed in the following extracts from his letters.

Shortly after his return to Oxford, he describes an interview with one of the Fellows, and with the Master of Balliol. The former 'was more decided than anyone that I have seen, besides Oakeley, as to voting against me on the ground of my supposed theological opinions.' The Master 'spoke so oracularly and ambiguously, that I found it impossible to bring him to a point.' 'I find it,' he adds, 'hard to express myself to them (the Fellows) exactly about my opinions; neither to understate my present conviction of their truth, nor, on the other hand, the doubt which must hang over them till I have read the Fathers. I am becoming more and more convinced that I am not warranted in having a decided opinion about the great questions at issue till I have done so, and I am afraid I shall have rather a painful inquiry and struggle before I have definitely settled down.'

A few weeks later (February 1838) he speaks of another of the Fellows, whom he had before considered doubtful, as having 'quite come round,' and he feels

'no doubt that at this moment I should be elected, if it came to the point. The question, therefore, now is, whether it is prudent to run the risk, and bring the whole question to an issue, as, I think, I might in November, before the University and the public (if they persevere in rejecting me on those grounds), or whether this would be rash, and whether the advantages of Oriel coming first are a counterpoise.'

Then he passes to the other subject of his mental disquietude:

'Your letter about my turning Newmanist came strangely in accordance with my own state of mind about it now. Not that I am turned, or am turning, Newmanist, but I do feel that the crisis in my opinions is coming on, and that the difficulties which I find in my present views are greater than I thought they were, and that here (at Oxford) I am in the presence of a magnificent and consistent system, shooting up on every side, whilst all that I see here against it is weak

and grovelling. At the same time, my impression that the voice of St. Paul's Epistles is strongly against it remains very deep; and I feel that to become a Newmanist would be a shock to my whole existence, that it would subvert every relation of life in which I have stood or hope to stand hereafter. I dread to think of it even as a possibility, while I dread also the possibility of a long and dreary halting between two opinions, which will mar the pleasure of every opinion that I hold for an indefinite period.'

With this feeling he assures his friend that he 'will not act without a most serious fight, and will leave no stone unturned.'

'I know no system to which I can hold except Arnold's. If that breaks down under me, I know not where I can look. But, whatever happens, I trust that God will help me to make up my mind for the best. I will not trouble you with my special perplexities till you have got through your work; and meantime do not be unnecessarily alarmed about me.' 'Pray for me,' he ends, 'that I may come into the truth.'

A subsequent letter (March 1838), following shortly on the former, shows that his mind is more at ease on his religious difficulties:

'I am much more at peace about Newmanism than when I last wrote. The opposition which it seems to meet from the Canonical Scriptures seems so very strong that I am content to lay the question on the shelf for a time, and not to read the Fathers till I have possessed myself as much as possible with the spirit of the New Testament.'

A visit to his family in London came as a timely distraction to his unquiet thoughts. On May 2nd, 1838, he writes to Vaughan from his father's house in Lower Brook Street:

. . . I have been twice to the House of Lords, where (as being eldest son *pro tem.* to my father) I stand on the steps of the throne, and hear very well all that goes on. I have heard no long speeches, but short and somewhat

sharp ones from Lords Lyndhurst, Winchilsea, Londonderry, Melbourne. Lord Melbourne is a most pleasant speaker, and a most agreeable-looking man. . . . I expect to enjoy going there very much, though Lord Brougham, I am afraid, will not be there. On one of the days I went with my father into the Bishops' robing-room, when the Bishop of Exeter was there. He, as if by accident, after discoursing on two or three indifferent topics, said, "I was delighted, my Lord, to hear of your son's great success at Oxford." Whereupon my father introduced me to him ; and he, starting as if in surprise, exclaimed, "Is it indeed he? I had entertained a faint hope of it. Allow me to congratulate you, sir, and you, my Lord, on this wonderful" &c. . . . I think it was as characteristic a trait of him as could well be enacted! To-morrow night I hope to hear him speak. . . . I have been a good deal about Lincoln's Inn Fields and the Temple, and feel much reconciled to the life of a lawyer ; so that, if I should feel invincible obstacles to the Articles or Liturgy, I should not feel utterly incapable of taking to another line of life, although it would certainly be still very much against the grain. Have you read Carlyle's "Revolution"? I went to hear the first of a course of lectures by him on general literature, which I liked extremely ; also to one of Chalmers', which I did not like so much. . . . My respect for the Whig Ministry in itself, and as such, does not increase. As a committee of public safety under the circumstances, I think they may be very likely the best and safest alternative ; but my *sympathy* is more with the Christianity of the Tories and the great views of the Radicals ; and if the latter could become Christianised, my sympathy would be wholly with them. However, as I say, considering the momentous danger of a stoppage in things from Toryism, or of a general overthrow of Christianity by Radicalism, I should be well content to prop up the mediocrity of the Whigs. . . . Oh for a man like Wilberforce!'

The language at the close of this letter shows that Stanley was no champion of indifference as regards the presence or the absence of religious principle in public men. The same point is illustrated in another letter written at the same time to W. C. Lake. In it he insists on the

importance of Christianity as a factor in the determination of political preferences:

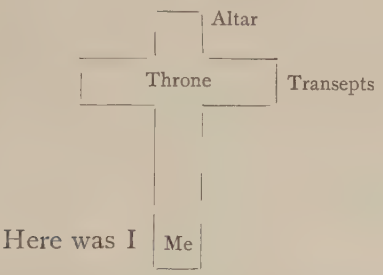
'If Christianity be true at all—nay, more, if it be important at all in influencing a man's character—it seems to me as impossible to omit it in one's political preferences as it would be to omit honesty. And, if it is said that one must go on in faith that Christianity will flourish (although one takes no means to make it flourish), and that Christianity will influence the nation (although one takes no means to promote its influence), much more might it be said by those who think that the truths of morality are less liable to doubt than those of Christianity, and whose faith in them is consequently stronger, that honesty will flourish, though we promote thieves to be judges, and charity, though we promote Shylocks to be governors of colonies.'

Meantime, as the summer drew on, the Fellowship difficulty assumed a shape that required a positive answer. A vacancy had occurred at University College on a foundation which it had been the custom to fill exclusively from candidates born in 'parts nearest to Durham.' This interpretation, however, of the statutes had been authoritatively decided to be erroneous; and on the present occasion the Master and Fellows determined to set aside any such limitation. Overtures were accordingly made to Arthur Stanley, who finally, though most reluctantly, resolved not to expose himself to the possibility of a repulse at Balliol, but to accept the haven which seemed offered to him. A scanty notice of his half-formed intention to offer himself as a candidate appears at the end of a note to his sister on June 20th. 'I am rather doubting whether I shall stand for a Fellowship in University College (Oxford, not London) on July 4, where I should be sure of getting in; but not a very agreeable college.'

In the midst of his doubts he came to London to be present at the Coronation of the Queen on June 28th. The

following description of the scene in Westminster Abbey needs no comment or introduction :

'Now for the Coronation. At half-past 5 we started ; London all awake ; the streets crowded. At 7 we reached the Abbey. My mother and sister were deposited behind the peeresses, and I was taken up to the vaultings to my brother and sister. This was the first view of the Abbey I had—most glorious, the dazzling splendour of the prodigious crowd all in their full dress, and literally "living out" upon the walls. I was here, as it were :



And thus saw everything but the nave[1] and peeresses, being very high up, but with the widest possible view. It was perfectly easy to walk about in the hinder and therefore unoccupied parts of the gallery, where were refreshments &c. prepared, with the most perfect convenience. At 9 the guns announced that the Queen had left the Palace ; an electric shock ran visibly through the whole Abbey, and from that time till the end of all, at 3½ P.M., the interest was so intense that I did not feel exhausted for a moment. At 10½ another gun announced that she was at the Abbey door, and in about a quarter of an hour the procession appeared from under the organ, advancing up the purple approach to the chancel—everyone leaning over—and in they came : first the great dukes, struggling with their enormous trains ; then bishops &c. ; and then the Queen with her vast crimson train, outspread by eight ladies all in white, followed by the great ladies of her Court in enormous crimson trains, and the smaller ladies, with delicate sky-blue trains, trailing along the dark floor. When she came within the full view of the gorgeous Abbey, she

[1] Through inadvertence the word 'nave' is obviously used here for 'transepts.'

paused, as if for breath, and clasped her hands. The orchestra broke out into the most tremendous crash of music I ever heard. "I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord." Everyone literally gasped for breath from the intense interest, and the rails of the gallery visibly trembled in one's hands from the trembling of the spectators. I never saw anything like it; tears would have been a relief; one felt that the Queen must sink into the earth under the tremendous awe. But at last she moved on to her place by the altar, and (as I heard from one of my cousins who had a place close by) threw herself on her knees, buried her face in her hands, and evidently prayed fervently. For the first part the silence was so great that at my extreme point I could hear quite distinctly the tremulous but articulate voice of the Archbishop: afterwards it was quite inaudible; the great drawbacks were the feeble responses to the service, and the feebleness of the acclamations—hardly any at all at the Recognition, and only tolerable at the Coronation. That was the crisis of the ceremony, and the most striking part. The very moment the crown touched her head the guns went off—the trumpets began, and the shouts; she was perfectly immovable, like a statue. The Duchess of Kent burst into tears, and her lady had to put on her coronet for her. The Anointing was very beautiful from the cloth of gold; the Homage also, from the magnificent cluster in the very centre. It was a take off, though a necessary one, I suppose, that, throughout, her face was turned away from the spectators, towards the altar. All the movements were beautiful. She was always accompanied by her eight ladies, floating about her like a silvery cloud. It was over at $3\frac{1}{2}$, *i.e.* she went out then with her crown, her orb, and her sceptre. I walked home; the rest had to wait till 8 for their carriage, which was forced back by the length of the line to Kennington Common; the crowd in the streets to see the return of the procession was stupendous. It was all more like a dream than a reality—more beautiful than I could have conceived possible. I should wish almost never to see her again; that, as this was the first image I have ever had of her, so it should be the last.'

This full account of the Coronation ceremony was written to Vaughan on the morning of July 4, 1838,

while waiting for the formal announcement of his election at University College—a characteristic diversion from his suspense. Averse as he always was to sever the ties of home-like habits and associations, the wrench which the change from Balliol involved was extremely painful. To him it was 'the Bishopric of Man, instead of the Archbishopric of Canterbury.' Even during the examination he was visited by one of those paroxysms of indecision to which he was, at least in early life, constantly liable. So great was his distress, that his former tutor, Mr. Johnson[2] of Queen's, suggested his retiring from the candidature. But he persevered, and readers of the 'Reminiscences of Mark Pattison,' late Rector of Lincoln, will remember a description of the consternation caused among the assembled candidates by the 'appearance of the well-known face and figure of A. P. Stanley of Balliol.' The result was, in fact, almost a foregone conclusion. On July 4th he wrote the following letter to his father:

'My dear Father,—I am Fellow of University. I hope it will be for the best, though it is impossible not to feel that it is a change which nothing but the certainty of this election, contrasted with the uncertainty of the other, could justify. Will you send an affirmation that I was born on December 13, 1815, signed by yourself, to the Master of University College, Oxford, as soon as possible? I go to Hurstmonceux to-morrow.

'Believe me,
'Ever yours,
'A. P. STANLEY.'

Stanley's position at Oxford henceforth began to take another and more settled form. His election as a Fellow, even a probationary Fellow, admitted him to at least the outer circle of those in whose hands was placed the education and government of the University. It

[2] Afterwards Dean of Wells.

secured for him also a settled home at Oxford, with every prospect of definite work and fixed duties. But the circumstances of his entrance on his new life were so peculiar that his place in his new sphere was not yet definitely and permanently settled. As regards the validity of his election, no legal or practical difficulty arose. But the uneasiness caused to the new Fellow himself by what he for some months regarded as a hasty step was such that, as will be seen, he seriously contemplated resigning the post which he had won, and presenting himself as a candidate at his old College in the following November.

The event of the vacation which followed his election at University was his short visit to Newcastle to attend the meeting of the British Association. His long, detailed letters show that he was able to step forth from the atmosphere of shy reserve which still hung round him at home, to throw off the depression caused by recent events at Oxford, and to enter with his usual enjoyment into such a gathering.

He embarked at Great Yarmouth on board a steamer crowded with visitors bound like himself for Newcastle. Among them were:

'Mr. Hall of Bristol, agricultural and dog-destroying, gentlemanly, and speaking in the highest terms of the Bishop; Dr. Bowring, Dr. Granville (Oriental traveller), a Black clothed in flowing white robes and a red skull cap, Miss Martineau, and a Mr. Robertson, from whom I will draw up the veil hereafter. On passing by Whitby (which reminded me that we were performing the voyage of Clare in "Marmion") people brightened up a little; vehement disputes in Arabic took place with the Black, and a yet more vehement one between Dr. Bowring and the rest of the passengers on the contagiousness of the plague—he denying, they affirming. I also introduced myself to Miss Martineau, who behaved very well all the voyage—perhaps because she was sick.'

Arrived at Newcastle, the Bishop's son, in spite of all the precautions taken by his family, found himself the guest of an Unitarian household.

'In the street, on going to the committee of lodgings, met Miss Martineau and suite, who offered me a bed in her brother-in-law's house, Mr. Greenhow, a surgeon. I accepted, thinking that a Unitarian family with her in it was worth seeing, especially as a surgeon did not appear to present so offensive an appearance to the public as a minister—as her literary not her theological opinions form her chief characteristics—as my connection with her was not through the Bishop—and as, lastly, I shall have to subscribe the Athanasian Creed next summer. . . . At 5 I dined with Mr. Greenhow (which prevented me writing last night), meeting him and his wife (a sister of Miss M., pretty and pleasing, and unlike her in every other respect), Mr. Turner, with a son and nephew, Unitarian ministers resembling Roman Catholic priests, Mr. Taylor, and the mysterious Mr. Robertson. Towards the last-named gentleman my heart warmed the moment he entered the room, at his beginning to criticise the appropriation of the name of "science" by physical philosophers, wherein I cordially joined, and managed to sit by him at dinner. He then asked me many rational questions concerning Newmanism, and I, after having satisfied him on that point, began to open a new line by asking whether he had seen the last number of the "London and Westminster Review." "Why, don't you know that I am the editor?" I confess I felt a sort of awe at being unexpectedly pushed into the presence of a man who is holding one of the most important positions in the journalism of England. It seemed like standing at the very fountain-head of Radicalism. However, after apologies, I expressed to him freely my opinion of his Review: that I wished it rather more Christian than it was, &c., but thought some of the articles the best I had ever seen in any Review. He said, "I am not an infidel myself, and I am determined that the Review shall be Christian, and shall not be infidel," with a good deal more of interesting information about it. He does not come up to my beau-ideal of a Radical, . . . but still he is a remarkable man, very clever, very zealous. Before the discovery, he said, while talking of Bacon, "Study the New Testa-

ment and the 'Novum Organum.' They are the only two books I thoroughly know myself: the first gives you the sublimest morals, the second the best training of intellect."

'We (Mr. R. and I) went to St. Nicholas, a beautiful church, nearly as large as the Cathedral, with nave, choir, monuments, &c., to hear the Bishop of Durham preach. On our way to church, whom, of all men in the world, should I—at Newcastle and in such company—meet but Plumptre, Master of University?—who is here for the occasion—reviving the odious vision of Wednesday, the 4th of July. I expressed as much joy as I could screw out at seeing him, and did not reveal my companion's capacity. Dined at 3; a family and amiable dinner, during which Miss Martineau talked, in as quiet and rational a manner as the subject allowed, concerning the oppression of women, and gave a good account of her adventures at the Coronation (E. J. Stanley had kindly sent her two tickets).

'As far as religion goes, Miss M. appears to me the best of the Unitarian race that I have seen here—recommending me to read certain books, especially on the ground of their exemplifying so strongly the force of religion, &c.; rejoicing so heartily that the New Testament is one of the books chosen for the blind children of America to read; coming into the room with great pictorial Bibles to-day under her arm. But on the whole they seem to have the intolerant bigotry and uncharitableness that I have generally seen in their writings. I see I shall be troubled with overmany rather than with overfew acquaintances, and these Radicals (male and female), though exceedingly interesting, are rather distressing. I fear I have no excuse for deserting this infected roof.'

A second letter was written on the following day:

'Went to church; heard a second attack on Unitarianism; returned at 8½ P.M., found Miss M. playing on the pianoforte; she left off, saying that, though exceedingly fond of it, she never played in presence of people, because, being deaf, she could not tell how badly she played and how disagreeable it might therefore be. Gave me a letter to the deaf by her. Something led to talk of the stage. She appeared to be very intimate with Macready and his family, so I asked her about how far what I had heard of

his reformation of Covent Garden was true. She immediately warmed up out of her coldness; said that no one could tell how much good he had done and meant to do and, "what would I give if the Bishops could know of it—did I know whether they did?" I thought it right, both for the honour of Episcopacy and for Macready's sake, to say at once how much my father had wished to be introduced to him. She was very much pleased; said that Macready had a very high opinion of my father, and on my asking for more particulars, offered to write a statement of what he had really done; saying, in answer to my question whether the difference was such that a person thinking it wrong to go to other theatres would think it right to go to Covent Garden, that it certainly was so.

'Of Macready himself she gave a sketch to this effect. His father was a manager of a theatre,—very bad, so as to inspire his son with a hatred of acting; and he was to go to the Bar. When at Oxford, his father by extravagance ruined himself; asked his son to help him by acting, which he, with great reluctance but from obedience, did. . . . After his father's death, which, to his astonishment, he felt very deeply, supported all his father's family, paid his debts; then, falling in love with his present wife, who was an actress, took her off the stage, where she was to support her family; supported them, put her to school for four years to unlearn and learn, and then married her. His great defect a violent temper—of which he is quite aware, and so much grieved about it as to be in paroxysms of penitence when he has indulged it, and, with reference to it especially, keeps a diary—to be seen by no one, not even his wife—for the use of his children, that they may learn to guard against what he thinks may be hereditary faults. His wife told Miss M. that, however late or exhausted he returned at night, he never omitted writing this diary, or his devotions; he educates his children entirely. Her account of his Sunday evenings with them was more like Arnold's with his children than anything else I have ever heard of; teaches them especially notions of Christian honour, as opposed to worldly and duelling honour; prayers of his own making for them, &c.; so thoughtful and kind to all people about him; fatherly care of all the actors and actresses. Once, walking in Edinburgh, a house on fire; a woman in the street called out, "My bairn! my

bairn!" which was in one of the highest windows: he saw it, rushed up the ladder; people trying to hold him back; his hat fell off; caught the child, came down, and instantly ran off, so that it would never have been known but for his name in the hat. If all this and more is true, and I believe she is a truth-telling person, he certainly is entitled to everyone's support; and I should be delighted to think it was so, as it would solve for me the problem of the lawfulness of going to plays, by making a point of going to Covent Garden only.

'Wandered from eleven to two from section to section; went to the lodgings of the Bishop of Durham. Just as the coach drove up and he got out, presented myself, together with an Italian leading, not a monkey, but, as a monkey, a mathematical boy to be exhibited; introduced by Brougham and "the Duc de Suxès." The Bishop, not having the least conception who I was, but confounding me with the boy and the boy leader, drove us all—or made his chaplain drive us—into a room upstairs; talked wretched French, which had to be interpreted through a somewhat dull chaplain, to these Italians, who were very urgent for him to exhibit them as soon as possible; then, having despatched them, he opened my father's letter; introduced me to his chaplain as son of the Bishop of Oxford (an error which he afterwards corrected), and afterwards to a man in the geological section (whither he hurried me as bodkin in his coach) as having come "to represent my father"; he putting in this formal and legal manner what my father had put jocosely; which I in vain endeavoured to correct, and consequently expect to lead me into all sorts of anomalous positions, as he evidently thinks that I am to officiate as a *bonâ fide* deputy. This has determined me to break the illusion, as far as in me lies, to-night, by going to the ball instead of the meeting, where, at any rate, I cannot be supposed to act as vicegerent for a bishop.'

The letter of August 22nd is principally devoted to an account of

'a most amusing discussion in the medical section on Eugene Aram's skull, the opener of which was intent on proving from it phrenologically Aram's innocence—his

amativeness was so great that he could never have murdered a man. Then the identity had to be proved. Dr. H. had taken it down from the gibbet. . . . On this ensued the most vehement debate I ever heard. Three or four on their legs at once—calls to order, &c.; not a single person agreeing with another *both* in premises and conclusion. Mr. —— took the opportunity to make a vehement invective against capital punishments and the House of Lords. Some thought there was no proof of the skull's identity. . . Dr. G. would be satisfied with nothing short of the attestation upon oath then and there of Dr. H., Mrs. H., and others . . . the *sutures* were those of a younger man. . . . Some thought it identical, but denied phrenology; others affirmed phrenology, but denied identity; some thought its identity proved phrenology—others that phrenology proved its identity; some, believing both, yet thought it proved Eugene Aram's guilt—others that he was mad; some thought the discussion "a noble and amiable attempt to vindicate the memory of the dead"—others loudly called on the President to suppress it at once. I felt quite inclined to speak myself, and, absurd as it was, it gave me a very pleasant idea of the energy and earnestness of medical men.

'The next day (August 23), instead of going to the evening meeting, I stayed with Miss M. and Mr. R., and listened to them unfolding their schemes. From what dropped in the conversation, I gathered a strange, almost romantic, picture of the Radical chiefs—of the great struggle between the old Unitarian section of them against Mr. R., as imaginative and conservative of many things; Mill, the greatest of all, deeply imbued with old Benthamite connections, and gradually beginning to understand the strong personal devotion and friendship of Mr. R. as a Highlander, which he is, morally, as well as physically. All that I see gives me a painful impression of how little we, in our circle, know of all the hard realities and roots of bitterness which lie at the bottom of society; but it gives me also a most encouraging view of the future—that these are the men at the very head of the movement, who, zealous and destructive though they are in the reformation of earth, will never allow it to go on to the reformation of heaven. There are fearful rumours afloat of a grand split in the Association. . . .

'One hardly knows what to make of Miss M.: a woman so entirely in a man's position, and yet not without

the quiet of a woman. It is like a thaumatrope. Carlyle, I perceive, has great influence behind the scenes, unconsciously. Mr. R.'s opinions are much more like his than anyone's you ever saw.'

In his Saturday's letter (August 25) he sends, among other details, an account, recorded with that 'love for a fracas' to which he would sometimes plead guilty, of a serious misunderstanding between the leaders of natural science. The letter ends with probably the last reminiscence of his ever taking part in a ball.

'One of the partners to whom I was engaged to dance at the ball was a daughter of ——, a well-known Scotchman. "A very fine town," said I. "Not half so fine as Edinburgh—if you like this, you would be delighted with Edinburgh." "Very fine rooms." "Oh, nothing like the rooms at Edinburgh; *they* are vastly superior." "Very large." "Oh, those at Edinburgh are so much better lighted." As the rooms are really very fine, I said no more, but she seemed quite put out by the mere notion of the comparison, and as a climax wound up with, "The floor is so gritty, I never saw anything like it."'

Before leaving Newcastle, he paid a visit on the Sunday to Ravensworth. He tells a characteristic story of his difficulties at luncheon.

'Having with infinite labour and dexterity dragged two ladies through the crowd in to lunch, and being asked to help them to some venison—nothing else would satisfy them—I saw there was nothing for it but to cut the Gordian knot, so I seized the knife and fixed it at random in the back of the haunch. The effect was all that could have been desired. I was immediately stopped by a piercing shriek from an old lady further down, three or four gentlemen rushed to the rescue, and I delivered the haunch unmutilated into their hands.'

His account of his Sunday ends with a description of the Bishop of Durham's sermon on schools, and an anecdote suggested by the subject:

'Lest I forget, here is a story about schools: A lady, examining a Sunday-school about Dives and Lazarus, asked whether it was not very bad of Dives not to give the crumbs to Lazarus. Of course they all said "Yes"; but one little girl demurred: "Perhaps, ma'am, he kept chickens." A very pretty story, I think.'

Some of the impressions made on him by his visit are sufficiently illustrated by these extracts from his letters. For the first time he encountered the undefined, yet growing, power of 'the press'—using the term in its widest sense—as embodied in his new acquaintance, Mr. Robertson. He speaks of 'the aristocracy at the top, the philosophers a little deeper in the workings of things, and in the dark background the Radical reviewer, unknown and unregarded, but enthroned in the very heart of society.' There can be no doubt, also, that his social and friendly intercourse with Unitarians of the type of Miss Martineau and Mr. Robertson, without affecting his views as to the fundamental issues of the Trinitarian controversy, intensified the difficulty which he had already felt in regarding such persons as doomed 'without doubt to perish everlastingly.' The natural result of such intercourse was to bring forcibly before him the question of the subscription required at Ordination to formularies which included the damnatory clauses of the Athanasian Creed. In this sense the few days spent at Newcastle may have affected his whole life.

The interval which elapsed between his departure from Newcastle and his return to Oxford was marked by a visit to Rugby. Before going himself to Rugby, he describes to Vaughan a visit which had been paid to the school by Ward, who desired to discuss with Arnold and Bonamy Price the reasons that were leading him to join the ranks of the Oxford Movement. The letter affords the strongest evidence of the freedom with which he already judged any want of toleration towards dogmatic differences. He of

whom he writes was, of all men living, the man he most profoundly revered, and the words give, therefore, so striking an illustration of his own independent attitude that they cannot be omitted. It will be borne in mind that he was still in frequent correspondence with Ward, from whom the account is doubtless derived.

'Ward's visit to Rugby is overpast. Arnold was kind, though not cordial, and used the most savage phrases about Newmanism that he could invent. . . . Otherwise he talked very ably, though not in a manner sufficient to stem the tide or counteract the effects of such language. It really is a sad thing that he should be under such a delusion about the means of destroying, or converting from, heresies. But the evil spirit is evidently upon him for a season, and everyone who will be bold enough to act the part of David is likely to be run through with a javelin.'

His account of his own visit to Rugby, where he was 'delighted with Arnold and with Whately, who was there,' shows that, though Newmanism might be 'laid on the shelf,' it still occupied his thoughts. He enters at some length into the opposite views of 'Christian mysteries' held by Newman and Arnold. He gives as one form of the contrast the following instance:

'Newman, &c., assert that the *main point*, and one which is to be dwelt upon and most earnestly embraced, is that God is Three and yet One. Arnold, &c., that the *main point* is that God sent His Son to deliver us, His Spirit to sanctify us, that accidentally this involves much that is unintelligible and mysterious as to the relations of the Persons. The Apostles' Creed is Arnold's view of Christianity, the Athanasian, Newman's.'

He ends with a sentence singularly characteristic of the theological attitude which he himself maintained to the latest moments of his life:

'The fault (of Newman's view) seems to me to consist, not in requiring us to believe that such secrets and mysteries

exist, but in requiring us to make them (not their practical side) the food of our religious belief and feelings, a fault which will, if carried out fully, turn theology into metaphysics, and religion into mysticism.'

The time had now come for his return to Oxford, and his first plunge into what was to him the chilling air of University College. The feeling of his new solitude which hung over him as a new boy at Rugby, the sense of desolation that depressed him as a freshman at Balliol, were revived. In after-life every change of home or sphere of work was acutely felt, and there is nothing surprising in the agony—no other word will express his misery—which the removal from Balliol cost him. The first consolation came to him in the College chapel, where he heard, on the Festival of St. Simon and St. Jude, 'the thanksgiving for "Alfred the Great, first Founder of this House."' But the solace was short-lived. The change seemed in every way for the worse. The 'utter impossibility even of procuring toast for breakfast,' and the depressing silence of the Fellows' Common Room, weighed upon his spirits. 'Worse than all, it is declared *semper, ubique, et ab omnibus*, that retreat is now impossible.'

Though 'the universal university,' as he says in another letter, 'is against a move,' he seriously contemplated resigning the Fellowship which he had won in July, and offering himself as a candidate at Balliol, where no less than four vacancies were to be filled up on November 29th, 1838. It was not merely that he felt himself isolated and useless, but his mental discomfort was aggravated by the condition of taking Orders before admission from the probationary stage to the *status* of an actual Fellow, which was attached to his present Fellowship. He had from boyhood looked forward to taking Orders. It was not till he realised that his election involved his doing this at a fixed

date (the probationary period usually extended over twelve months), and at the end of an interval that seemed to him unduly short, that he began to be haunted by the feeling that he was being 'hurried into Orders,' and to shrink, with all the backward movement of a sensitive conscience, from allowing such a step to be at all mixed up with considerations of pecuniary or social advantage. So strongly did he feel on this subject, that one at least of the truest and most sober-minded of his friends, A. C. Tait, the future Archbishop, who had, 'on the whole, advised him to make the most of his new situation,' gave it as his personal and deliberate opinion that he would be justified in taking the step indicated above. Happily for the College, which, in due time, won his warm affection, the course was not adopted. An arrangement was effected with the Master and Fellows of University, by which he was allowed to defer his Ordination till the close of 1839. The relief to his feelings was great. His reprieve was followed by the elections at Balliol, where two of his intimate friends, Lake and Jowett, were elected to two of the four vacancies. He knew that his lot was now irrevocable. Yet, speaking of November 29th, he says:

'So much for the passing away of St. Andrew's Eve, which was to me five years ago a night of such joy, which might have been so now, which, considering Lake's election, ought to be so still.'

The wound was deep, and it was only gradually that time reconciled him to regard his new home as anything but 'the cockboat,' in which he had taken refuge from a storm that he had not cared to face.

Thus the year 1838 ended somewhat sadly. The disillusionising, and often disappointing, process of life's experience was steadily doing its work on the sensitive young spirit. The dream of passing from undergraduate life by an easy

transition to a position of happy usefulness as a resident Fellow of Balliol, there by degrees to find opportunities, with the aid and sympathy of congenial friends, of working out those reforms in the University which were already taking shape and consistency in his active brain, had been rudely dissipated. The most intimate, and the most valued, of the new associates whom he had found at Balliol no longer shared his views on the most important of all subjects. The College, which, five years ago, had opened its doors to the brilliant schoolboy, and had enabled him to feel that the distinction which it conferred on himself as the first-fruits of Arnold's teaching gave him the power to repay something of his debt to his beloved master, had now deliberately warned him from its precincts, for no other reason than that of his sympathy with the teacher to whose fostering genius he attributed all his academical success. Already here, too, he had felt the first warnings of lessons, which were to impress upon him in due time the conviction, that he must learn to stand alone, and work out for himself his own position in the Church and the world. Even the Arnold to whom he looked up with such lifelong veneration had already forced him to realise the fact that there were differences in character and divergences in view which, in some respects, parted the tutor from the pupil. It was already becoming clear that Arnold could not, without ceasing to be Arnold, share the wide sympathies, the detachment from party, the impartial attitude, the eager thirst for toleration and comprehension, that marked his youthful friend; that Stanley, without ceasing to be Stanley, could not acquire the directness, the force, the intense concentration, the passionate convictions of his master. Even as regards the sacred profession to which he had looked forward from boyhood, difficulties already indicated had begun to shape themselves

in his path, and the question of reconciling the voice of his conscience with an assent to anathemas that seemed to him to contradict the very essence of Christian teaching was beginning to assume formidable dimensions. The year therefore, in which he reached a position that, in one sense, closed the period of his earlier youth, was not unclouded. But the clouds were, after all, such as may overshadow for a while the brightest day. The College, in which for a time he felt himself an almost lonely stranger, became the scene of happy years of fruitful work, endeared to him by the growth within its walls of unlooked-for friendships, and of devoted affection. The Church, whose ministry he entered from within its walls, learned, in spite of stormy controversies and intestine strife, to recognise the loss which it would have incurred if a question which has tried so many of its faithful servants had shut the gates against one of such rare gifts as are recalled to thousands by the name of Arthur Stanley.

The year 1839 brought with it a return to congenial tasks. In the early months he threw himself into the work of writing for three prize essays with all the enthusiasm of his Rugby days. He only succeeded in obtaining the Chancellor's Latin Essay, and failed both in the English Essay and the Ellerton Theological Essay. But the literary occupation was useful to him in many ways. The interest of his work aided in healing the wound of the 'transportation' from Balliol, and reconciled him to his new surroundings. It also kept at bay, for the time at least, the question of subscription to the damnatory clauses of the Athanasian Creed. Altogether his tone of mind had grown more cheerful. He speaks of himself as falling into 'a convulsion of laughter' over an account of a sermon 'which rang, I have no doubt, from one end of Univ. Coll. —being but a mass of lath and plaster—to the other.' He

had already begun his attempts to amuse and entertain undergraduates. His first guest was a young friend of C. J. Vaughan's, whom he invited to a solitary breakfast.

'I made myself,' he says, 'most fascinating; told the most jocose stories, interspersed with the most unobtrusive morality; all of which he appeared to swallow with great delight; which is more than I can say of the physical part of the breakfast, that being a failure, owing to my not being conversant with these matters in Univ. Coll., and their being, like all else, much inferior to their corresponding parts in Balliol. I consider myself rewarded by the knowledge of a singular fact, which I gained from him, viz. that, from one end of the term to the other, he never heard the name of Newman in Ch. Ch.: of his existence, however, he had a dreamy notion.'

So pleased was the young guest with his host that he invited him to breakfast on *Sunday*.

'This,' adds Stanley, 'I declined, being engaged to my rotatory breakfast with Lake and Ward. Whether he selects Sunday as being in itself indifferent, or from excess of work on other days, or as following the Newmanists in having no parties in Lent except on Sundays, I leave you to decide.'

On his return to Oxford, at the close of the Easter Vacation, he found himself without definite work, and once more confronted by the problem of subscription. His difficulties weighed heavily upon him. He was for a time attracted by a plan of exchanging his Fellowship, by the consent of the College, for a lay Fellowship then held by Faber, which would have left him free to choose his own time for taking Orders, and relieved him from all possibility of feeling that he had allowed motives of interest to influence his decision. But the idea was soon deliberately abandoned, and, with its abandonment, he regained his cheerfulness. Though still living on terms of close intimacy with Ward and others of his Balliol friends, there are signs

that he was learning to appreciate his new associates. He speaks of the kindness of Twiss, and of 'a fortnightly walk and a daily interchange of dinner-table jokes with "a shy and silent, but very gentlemanlike, and, I believe, very clever Fellow,"' the future Professor W. F. Donkin. It is obvious, too, that he was mixing to some extent in the general society of Oxford. He mentions incidentally to his sister that he had been placed at dinner by the side of Dr. Lepsius, in order to 'talk French and German to him. I chose,' he adds, 'the latter.'

His letters home are full of interest in Carlyle's lectures, of which his sister Catherine was sending him full reports.

'In spite,' he says, 'of the obscurity of Carlyle and the blanks in your report, I assure you it was extremely useful to me, as well as interesting. I could quite hear him repeating various parts, especially when he observed that neither king nor soldiers now would act like Clovis and the Franks. Besides, it arrived just as I was going to give a lecture to my pupil on the reign of Charlemagne, and accordingly I *proche* to him all the parts which I thought he would understand.'

But his interest in the lectures was interrupted by the news of the death of his 'cousin Bella,' the wife of the hero of his boyhood, Sir Edward Parry. A story relating to her death is told by Arthur Stanley to Vaughan:

'E. J. Stanley, her brother, was so much affected by the news of her danger on Monday morning that, on the news of her death arriving in the evening, they did not tell him, meaning to keep it from him till he returned from the House of Commons, where they knew he must be. When Lord John Russell rose to reply to Peel, E. J. S. observed that his eyes were constantly fixed on him, and everybody observed how confused he (Lord J. R.) seemed, and how ill he spoke. As soon as the House was up, Lord J. R. asked E. J. S. (they live near each other) to come back with him in his carriage. As soon as the door was shut

he said, "I never spoke so ill in my life. Have you heard the news?" E. J. S. thought he meant some political news. "Have you heard the sad news of your sister's death?" And, having so said, he burst into an uncontrollable agony of grief. Someone had told him of it just before he rose to speak, and the circumstances of her death recalled his own wife's death so strikingly before him that he was overpowered.'

A few days later he announces to his sister the fate of his two essays:

'If anything could be more singular and unexpected than what has just taken place—viz. that I have lost the English Essay—it is what has taken place at the same time —viz. that I have gained the Latin Essay. I know you will all exclaim—particularly Catherine—"How stupid: I don't care a bit for his getting the Latin Essay."'

The subject of the Latin Essay was peculiarly appropriate to the studies and thoughts of the ardent University reformer—*Quænam sint Academiæ erga Rempublicam officia* —or 'The National Responsibilities and Duties of the University.' He was soon busy preparing for its recitation at the approaching Commemoration. Arnold,' he tells his sister, 'is coming up, being unable to resist the triple temptation of the honours to be conferred on Wordsworth, Bunsen, and—me!' *The* event of the Commemoration was the reception of Wordsworth, who was welcomed with a burst of 'enthusiastic cheering' which 'threw all else into the shade.' Nothing, says Stanley, could fall 'so flat as the recitation of my essay, which was read when everyone was quite exhausted by a most immensely long business of degrees, &c., amidst hardly any other sound than that of departing footsteps.' His account of his own difficulty of finding the *Rostrum*—and, when that was discovered, of delivering his harangue, enveloped in a B.A. hood and a cloud of swan's down—is chiefly noticeable from his being

accompanied in his search by Hugh Pearson—the first mention of one who was to be for forty years the closest of his friends.

No sooner had the Long Vacation commenced than he was hard at work writing for the Chancellor's English Essay for 1840 on the subject, '*Do States, like Individuals, inevitably tend, after a certain period of maturity, to decay?*' He writes from Hurstmonceux to C. J. Vaughan: 'I am now in the birth-throes of my essay, but it comes with pangs superinducing headaches.' Later on in July he was still staying with Julius Hare, having 'prolonged my visit that I might have some conversation with J. C. H. about damnatory formulæ and subscriptions, questions which I have not had the courage to propound to him; but as he has the gift of a tough conscience, I do not expect much consolation.'

It was while staying at Hurstmonceux that he received 'an ardent invitation from Tait of Balliol' to join him at Bonn. The plan of a foreign tour was at first 'snubbed by the Episcopate.' But eventually the invitation was accepted. 'I am off,' he writes on August 16th, 'to Bonn till Sept. 16. I have not undertaken it without most agonising throes of indecision, but the demon, having rent me sorely, is for the present cast out.' From the moment that he embarked on the Ostend steamer till the day of his return his letters flow homewards in full and unceasing volume.

On board the Ostend boat he met two Oxford friends, Faber of University, and Church of Oriel, the future Dean of St. Paul's. With them he travelled by canal, 'in a sort of oblong chaise drawn by two horses,' as far as Bruges. He was delighted with the venerable city, the home of princely merchants and of the Order of the Golden Fleece, where yet lingers

The Spirit of Antiquity enshrined
In sumptuous buildings.

Every detail of the scene is noted : the *Palais de Justice*, with its wealth of historical associations ; the belfry and its carillon ; the Procession of the Host, with the Bishop of Bruges himself under a gilded canopy ; the moonlight walk along the ramparts ; the Hospital of St. Jean, with 'its black-dressed sisters moving about from bed to bed,' and 'its beautiful ark of relics painted round about with compartments of Ursula and the 11,000 Virgins ; the last representing their death, with the tremendous anachronism of the Cathedral at Cologne, crane and all, in the background.' By *char à banc* (*i.e.* a second-class carriage) he went on, still with his two companions, to Ghent, which he found 'not so striking as Bruges—an unequal town, streets of convenience, not of majesty'—but which he enjoyed with the same insatiable avidity for seeing every sight, and with the same picturesque faculty of restoring past history to life.

'The landlady of the Hôtel de Flandres, where we were, was most delightful, speaking English, almost embracing her guests at every turn, and taking the most affectionate farewell of me, and giving me a bundle of rusks, for which, she said, I must pay when I came back next year. Faber and Church thought it would be necessary to warn you of the approaching union !'

From Ghent Stanley went on alone by Liège, Aix, and Cologne, to Bonn. Tait, who was living at Professor Böcking's, on the Coblentz road, had secured him a ground-floor room in the same house—a new building, 'consisting of two Siamese towers united by a fat body of rooms in the interval,' commanding a splendid view of the Seven Hills, and the great sweep of the Rhine.

'On the third-floor is Tait ; the rooms looking out on the Rhine and opening out on the leads, which, of course,

command the whole view to perfection. Mr. Böcking is gone to Ostend—what a place to go to!—but the two little boys remain behind, Adolph and Max, dear little boys, but as shy as fawns. The chief waiting-maid is Totty, probably spelt Dothe, and a contraction of Dorothea, doubtless the love of Hermann. At one we dined at the *table d'hôte* at the Trierscher Hof, as the Professor excludes us from that meal, seeming to think that Englishmen would cause a famine in his house.'

A full record of the three weeks at Bonn (from August 20th to September 10th) is preserved in the closely-written sheets which were despatched at intervals of three or four days to his home at Norwich. It was a period of unresting, but by no means purposeless, activity. From the early 'brief but pleasant bath at 7 A.M. in the swimming-school across the Rhine,' to the last waking moment, every hour was devoted to gathering fresh stores of information and experience. One main object was steadily pursued by the two friends. Both set themselves to the task of gaining such an insight into the working of a great German university as would give definite shape to the reforms which they hoped to advocate and promote at Oxford. The elder was no visionary framer of Utopian schemes, but a man whose solid practical sagacity was eventually proved in many wider fields than that of a Balliol tutorship. He had no such gift of prescience as to foresee that, twelve years later, he would be officially charged, in conjunction with his younger friend, with the duty of reviewing the whole system of Oxford education. But his sound judgment had shown him the value of the coadjutor whom he had invited to join him in his task. He felt that he could obtain no better lieutenant than the friend whose warm devotion to the true interests of Oxford, capacity for the recognition of all that was best elsewhere, ready pen and marvellous power of expression, he fully appreciated, and whose latest

academical distinction had been won by an essay on the national responsibilities of a university.

Of the hours spent in the elaboration of projects of reform no hint is given in Stanley's letters to Norwich. On the ulterior object of the visit to Bonn a discreet silence is observed. But of all besides, things and persons, the pictures are full, clear, and lifelike. Well provided with introductions as both the Oxonians were, they enjoyed ample opportunities of friendly intercourse with the leading representatives of the University. Few distant excursions were made ; the living objects of interest were too many. The occupations of the first day include a call upon a professor and a walk with a German student. Each succeeding day is similarly occupied. Lectures are attended, sermons reported, social life observed, professors catechised, students cross-examined, educational systems studied, schools inspected, and the results embodied in lively dramatic letters. A period passed in such ceaseless mental and bodily activity left little room for misgivings as to the future, and the close companionship of Tait could not but exercise a calming and wholesome influence. Traces occur from time to time of discussions with his friend, or with German professors, on the vexed question of subscription to Protestant formularies. But so absorbed was Stanley in the novelty and interest of his surroundings, that the tone of high spirits is maintained throughout, and there is a most marked and unusual absence from his letters of any references to domestic or public events in England.

Among the professors whose homes he visited at Bonn, Nitzsch, Arndt, Bettman-Hollweg, Bleek, and Sack impressed him most favourably. Nitzsch was

'sitting in his study, in a dirty old brown great-coat, with a humble pastor. After a slight glance at English politics in connection with Lord Stanley, he opened at once on the

new party in Oxford, and poured forth a really magnificent harangue upon it; speaking with great respect of Pusey, who had once been his friend and disciple—confident that he would die in his earlier faith—"*stark evangelisch, ganz protestantisch*," and then launching out against their doctrine of the priesthood, and of tradition.'

Of Arndt, then an old man of seventy, he speaks as

'forbidden by the Government to lecture, many years ago, on account of his enthusiasm in endeavouring to revive a national spirit in Germany by songs, &c. He spoke first in French, and then in German—with all the fire and vigour of a young man of twenty—full of ardour about the prospects of Germany and Protestantism for the future, although despairing for the present; also about the English love of liberty, and the French love of equality, &c. He spoke of the Stanleys being Kings of Man. *Vous avez donc un royaume dans votre famille.*'

Of the students themselves, and their life, he is a minute observer. One of his walking-companions he describes as 'certainly as pleasing, handsome, and gentlemanlike, with the exception of moustachios, as you would wish to see.' Their duels, of which there had been 300 that term, strike him as 'more childish than anything else.' Fighting in one form or another appeared, to the German mind, so inevitable a condition of University life that he himself was not to be exempted from the common lot. 'I had my hair cut; the barber said he supposed I had it cut so short to prevent my antagonist catching me by it *when I fought*.' With the general results of the University system upon the students themselves he is unfavourably impressed. 'They seem to have all the vices of schoolboys, with all the liberty of men, and no one, I should think, could doubt that it was a bad system.'

Rambles among the woods and vineyards on the slopes of the Seven Hills, or supper-parties at the houses of the professors, diversified the more serious studies in which

he was engaged. Other entertainments were not always neglected.

'On Thursday night, as a duty rather than a pleasure, both of us being alike unmusical, we went to a concert, partly to say that we had heard the greatest—(is it so? everyone here says so) pianoforte-player in the world, Thalberg, perform—I especially for the sake of astonishing the visitors on the 18th (the Norwich Festival), partly to see the town of Bonn assembled. It was in the large room attached to the Casino. As for the playing, the pianoforte certainly emitted far louder and more various sounds than I ever heard from one before, and the violin abandoned its own nature as entirely as the Haarlem organ; so that I should not have recognised it. But still, it was painful to feel one's heart so entirely cold and unmoved amidst the fiery burst of enthusiasm—clapping, stamping, and shouting—that followed every piece from the whole audience. As for the company, it was sufficiently comprehensive, from the Rector Magnificus of the University, down to the Town Barber.'

According to the arrangement made before leaving England, Stanley rejoined the family circle at Norwich on September 18th. A fortnight later he writes to Vaughan upon a subject which for the next three months was to be continually in his thoughts—his approaching Ordination, and the subscription which it involved to the damnatory clauses of the Athanasian Creed.

'I enjoyed my Bonn visit much, and wish I had gone before. I had enormous arguments with Tait, as well as with all the Professors, about subscription. Tait takes the line that you bind yourself to the living authorities, and that, if they do not put on the clauses the offensive interpretations, you need not. I hope to complete my Essay' (the Chancellor's English Essay) 'before returning to Oxford on October 15 or 16.'

This latter hope was fulfilled. 'I wrote,' he tells his sister, 'the last sentence of my Essay on the coach top.' Though his letters from Oxford during the October term

touch on many topics, one subject only distracted his attention from his own Ordination. A pamphlet with the title, '*Hints on the Formation of a Plan for the Safe and Effectual Revival of the Professorial System at Oxford*,' was published in November 1839. The author's name did not appear. For two or three weeks conjecture was rife; but at last it was understood that the 'Resident Member of Convocation' who signed the pamphlet was A. C. Tait, of Balliol. The part which Stanley had taken in the preparation of the manifesto—to which, as has been said, no reference was made in the Bonn letters—is described to Vaughan in a letter of November 18th:

'My only share in Tait's pamphlet is, that the plan was devised by him in walks at Bonn, and that he wrote it with me sitting in the room, hearing, criticising, and perhaps correcting, each sentence; of course in *some* passages my element preponderates.'

The leading idea put forward by the two future members of the University Commission of 1852 was to encourage students, after completing the three years' academical course, and being released from the pressure of the Examination in Arts, to reside in Oxford for a fourth year in order to attend professorial lectures. Those who in 1893 read the pages of the pamphlet will perhaps both smile and sigh, as they see how much that the reformers of 1839 desired has been fulfilled, how much that they deprecated has come to pass, how some fears have proved groundless, some hopes vain, some ideals unattainable. But the carefully considered plan which Tait and his friend suggested for the educational reform of Oxford need scarcely be discussed here.[3]

His Essay finished, and the pamphlet published, Stanley was left face to face with his own perplexities. Though

[3] See Appendix (1), at the end of this chapter (pp. 230–2).

he did not allow his personal difficulties to absorb his whole attention, and though there is in his letters no abstention from lighter topics, the difficulty of the Athanasian Creed pressed more and more heavily on his mind. His own position, both for the present and for the future, depended upon the issue of the most trying of personal conflicts. Throughout the struggle, his attitude towards the question of ordination is laid bare in his letters, both to his home and to his earliest and most intimate friend.

Stanley did not shrink from embracing the most sacred of all professions on the ground of any doubts respecting the central doctrines of the Christian creed. The whole question of subscription, *i.e.* of calling upon any candidate for Orders to pledge himself for life to the maintenance of the vast variety of propositions covered by the formularies of the English Church, was one which, then and always, caused him much discomfort. But on this point his anxiety proceeded from the inherent nature of any obligatory pledge, and might have been shared by any of those who differed most widely from him in opinions. His real difficulty lay elsewhere. His painful shrinking from the subscription exacted at ordination was due to the language used in the 8th Article as to the so-called Creed of Athanasius. Even on this point it was not the theological statements of the Creed that caused his hesitation, but the damnatory clauses by which they were accompanied—the sentence 'without doubt shall perish everlastingly' pronounced on all who did not accept its minutest definitions of the nature and relations of the Three Persons in the Divine Trinity. Even in his most confidential letters there is not the slightest trace of any other cause of real doubt or of prolonged hesitation. But the difficulty presented to him by these damnatory clauses can hardly be exaggerated. It darkened with a shadow

of exceeding gloom the most momentous period of his life. Its effect was never obliterated by time or by experience. It exercised a marked influence on his views and actions from the day of his ordination down to the last hour of conscious life. Even those who have never felt the same difficulties can scarcely refuse their sympathies to the misgivings of one in whose eyes truth was precious and worldly interests insignificant, and who dreaded lest he should be called on to sacrifice that which he prized most highly for that which he valued least of all.

It was only after prolonged hesitation that he decided on giving in his name to the Bishop of Oxford (Dr. Bagot) as a candidate for ordination at Christmas. Immediately after he had made this decisive step, he wrote to his mother —not as usual to his sister—a full account of the reasons which had finally determined him to take the course from which he had long held back. The letter is dated November 13th, 1839.

'All my friends had strongly advised my determining at once to do so. They urged that I had considered the question as fully as I could hope ever to consider it; that to indulge my personal scruples was only to encourage my general indecision, already too great; that every unnecessary delay encouraged the indulgence of my present scruples, and would give birth to future ones; that my difficulties are such as are involved in the very nature of subscription, and are not greater than such as stood at the threshold of every active profession. Arnold, when I was at Rugby, strongly advised it on these grounds; Vaughan has always done the same; all the most honest and most truth-seeking men among my Oxford friends also; all representing it as a case of conscience, quite as much if I gave way to unnecessary scruples, as if I stifled necessary ones . . . All these arguments determined me to-day, after a full consideration also of all that you say in your letter, to present myself before the Archdeacon and ask leave to put down my name for Christmas, which I have done with the firm determination, first (also with the advice of all my

friends) to state in the fullest manner my opinions on every subject which calls for them, and to go out of my way to bring in my opinion of the damnatory clauses; and secondly, never to let go any opportunity of reducing the form of subscription into conformity with its practice.'

It was not till the second day of the examination (December 17th) that he found the opportunity to challenge attention to his special difficulty. 'The deed,' he writes to his sister,

'is done. But as yet nothing definite has transpired. The question to which I appended it was "*What are the tenets of the Church on the sufficiency of Scripture?*" I quoted Articles 6, 20, 21, and Article 8, and said, "In mentioning this Article the difficulty arises whether it refers to the *doctrines* only of the Athanasian Creed, or also to the *censures*," and so on. I went with it to the Archdeacon; waited till he said he should have great pleasure in presenting me to the Bishop, and then said, "Might I ask you as a great favour to look at the answer to question 9?[4] The subject is one which has caused me a good deal of annoyance." He said, "I will certainly pay attention to it," and so we parted. . . . What will further take place, of course, cannot be known; but I have said my say.'

The final interview with Archdeacon Clarke is fully described in the following letter, written on the 20th of December to his sister:

'My dear Mary,—I am just returned from the Archdeacon. He sent for me this morning, and I went with a palpitating heart. I record the conversation as a standing memorial of the verdict of the authorities in the Diocese of Oxford on the censures of the Athanasian Creed.

'*Archdeacon.* Pray sit down, Mr. Stanley; do you leave Oxford immediately after the ordination?

'*A. P. S.* Yes, sir.

'*Archdeacon.* I thought you might wish to see me on the point to which you adverted in your answers. *You need be under no apprehension about it; when several bishops have*

[4] The answer itself will be found in Appendix (2) at the end of this chapter.

expressed their opinion, there can be no doubt that you may be at ease on the point. You seem to have paid a good deal of attention to it.

'*A. P. S.* Yes, it gave me a great deal of anxiety and trouble, and I thought the fairest way was to state it at once fully in my answers.

'*Archdeacon.* Oh! I am very glad that these points should be entered into. My own view on the three clauses is pretty much the same as yours. I don't think they ought to be considered as part of the Creed, but merely as anathemas which were then always affixed to any statement of doctrine. Was that interpretation which you affixed at the end, your own, or did you find it elsewhere?

'*A. P. S.* I had seen similar interpretations elsewhere.

'*Archdeacon.* Perhaps I should say that it is rather a *forced* interpretation.

'*A. P. S.* Yes, it is; but as it was necessary to put some interpretation, I thought that it met the difficulty better than any other.

'*Archdeacon.* I should think that it was never intended by the framers of the Creed, or by those who have used it in the Church, that the clauses should apply to any other parts of the Creed than the first general statement of a Trinity in Unity, and of the Incarnation.

'*A. P. S.* That might have been perhaps tenable, but I thought the more obvious interpretation would apply them equally to every part, and in the controversy with the Greek Church they were certainly applied to those who denied the Procession of the Holy Ghost from the Son, which is a portion of the explanatory clauses.

'*Archdeacon.* Yes, that is true. The American Church has omitted it altogether.

'*A. P. S.* Yes, it has. (*A pause.*)

'*Archdeacon.* You would not object to use the Creed in reading the Church Service?

'*A. P. S. Not if I can be understood as using the clauses with some such interpretation as that which I expressed in my answer.*

'*Archdeacon.* Yes, there is no need to be under any further anxiety or apprehension about it; and I hope, if you have any other points on which you wish at any time to have any conversation with me, you will not scruple to do so.

'A few ordinary remarks on my future plans, and on Mr. Gibson, whom he had known in former times, and I rose to take leave, saying, "I am very much obliged to you for your kindness; it has been a great relief to me." He bowed acknowledgments, and so I withdrew.

'Nothing could be kinder; and it seems to me that the question about the clauses is now settled, settled certainly for me. I should think also for the whole Diocese of Oxford. You must not expect to see me in very good spirits; for the unpleasantness of the whole business has pressed heavily upon me all this week. However, I promise you that I will make the most vigorous efforts to look only to the brighter side, if I am really ordained at last, which even yet I can hardly bring myself to think will come to pass.

'Ever yours,
'A. P. STANLEY.

'You will of course keep this.'

The parallel account of the interview given to Vaughan ends with the words—

'and so we parted, and so the clauses are interpreted for me and the Diocese of Oxford. And to-morrow I sign and seal, and on Sunday am ordained, and on Monday travel to town, and on Tuesday appear at Norwich, where I stay till Feb. 8. Think of me on Sunday, and tell your brother of this issue, which I hope you will both think satisfactory.'

The first letter written after his ordination was written to his sister. It was penned from the roof of F. D. Maurice, who had, for the last four years, held the post of Chaplain to Guy's Hospital.

'Having a quarter of an hour to spare, I just sit down to tell you that all is over well and safely. The Bishop's Charge was on Saturday, well delivered, and, as far as it went, good, but an imperfect statement of the question, especially as regarded the collegiate clergy. The ordination lasted from 10 till 2; the great number of the candidates of both orders (thirty I think of each) made it very imposing, and nothing could be better arranged. It all floats before me like a dream. There was very little in the service with which

I could not heartily sympathise; and the sermon was happily such as hardly jarred with my own feelings on the subject even once. One of the most pleasing recollections I have throughout was hearing the voice of the Archdeacon breaking in from time to time in the service—the same voice which had in the conversation of Friday sanctioned my protest against the clauses. I feel as if I was gradually awaking into a new life; the old one really seems, and I hope I shall feel it to be, lying far behind, and separated from me by an impassable barrier. If anything could have added to the solemnity of the thing, or taken the sting out of the troubles of making the irrevocable step, it would have been the beautiful letter which I enclose to you from Arnold.[5] The last sentence alludes to a conversation we had the last time I was at Rugby. I write from Guy's Hospital: shall be down by the Telegraph (coach) to-morrow.'

Appendix to Chapter VII

(1)

Hints on the Formation of a Plan for the Safe and Effectual Revival of the Professorial System at Oxford. By a Resident Member of Convocation. Parker, Oxford. 1839.

A short notice of some points in a pamphlet which attracted no small attention at the time may be of interest, as illustrative of the views of University reformers at a distance of half a century from the present time.

The main proposals were (1) that a full year shall intervene between the present Examination in Arts for the B.A. degree and the act of proceeding to that degree; (2) that at the end of his fourth year of study, every candidate for a degree should be obliged to show his acquaintance with some special and additional branch of knowledge by the production of a written exercise or thesis, and by passing an examination connected therewith to the satisfaction of the Professors to whose department the subject of his written essay belonged.

One or two short quotations will show how widely the views

[5] The letter from Dr. Arnold will be found in his *Life*, No. CXC., 'To an old Pupil,' dated Fox How, Dec. 20, 1839.

of reform entertained by those who were certainly not suspected of erring on the side of Conservatism, differed from those of the Liberal party at Oxford or elsewhere of a generation later.

(*a*) 'It appears scarcely desirable that young men should come to reside at Oxford earlier than they do at present. . . . The object of what is here suggested is much rather to give encouragement to all to continue their University life a year later, than to lead any to begin it a year earlier.'—P. 4, *note*.

(*b*) 'Of course in the nineteenth century few persons require to be taught that a liberal education necessarily means a religious one.'

'Even in the fourth year it would seem to be the duty of the college authorities to secure as far as they could that all undergraduates should still continue to pursue some theological studies.'—P. 5.

(*c*) Great stress is laid on the importance of maintaining and developing the Tutorial, as distinct from the Professorial, system, 'of relieving, that is, College Tutors from their present vain attempt to fulfil the Professorial office in conjunction with their own, and to enable them to devote much more time to the moral superintendence of their pupils, and the development of their minds by strictly Tutorial lectures, conducted, that is, by the aid of question and answer, and thus causing the mind of the student to contribute as much as his teacher to his own instruction.'—Pp. 8, 10.

(*d*) At the same time an earnest protest is entered against allowing any of these special subjects, such as physical science, law, history, theology, to be exclusively studied, until the general examination in *literæ humaniores* and *mathematics* had been undergone—still more against granting honours in such subjects at examinations 'held contemporaneously with the present examination in Arts. The permitting this, in the case of Physical Science, would make it assume the position of a groundwork in liberal education, for which it is totally unfitted, and it would open the doors for a similar intrusion of *tripos* upon *tripos* in every conceivable department of human knowledge. Such a scheme, fully carried out, must end in the ruin of English education.'—Pp. 18, 19.

(*e*) Importance is attached to promoting 'what is already sufficiently discouraged in England, that love of learning for its own sake which is the chief means of imparting life and energy to the

German universities.' And a strong protest is raised against the 'hazardous institution of fresh academical honours' for these fourth-year studies, as 'certain to increase among undergraduates an excitement already too great both for health and for the calm pursuit of academic studies.'—Pp. 16, 29.

The divergence is wide between many portions of the proposed scheme and the measures which have been adopted in successive stages of half a century of academical legislation. But the pamphlet is still well worth the notice of all interested in University education. Nor is it difficult to identify certain passages, including quotations from Dr. Arnold and F. D. Maurice, as unmistakably contributed by the younger of the two framers of the scheme for the revival in Oxford of the Professorial system, which was the fruit of their joint visit to Bonn.

(2)

The copy of the original answer, which Stanley sent home to his sister in November 1839, is missing from the carefully-treasured letters. Its absence is accounted for by the fact that it is printed in an appendix to a pamphlet drawn up by the Rev. John Hull, and published in 1840. The pamphlet is entitled, 'Observations on a Petition for the Revision of the Liturgy of the United Church of England and Ireland, with a Report of the Discussion it caused in the House of Lords on May 26th, 1840, as published in the *Mirror of Parliament*.'

Stanley's answer is thus introduced. The author of the pamphlet asks :

'Is there any living prelate, priest, or deacon, who maintains, or has maintained, the literal meaning of the damnatory clauses of the Athanasian Creed? Is there any prelate who would now refuse to ordain a candidate, in other respects unexceptionable, who could not believe that each member of the Greek Church must perish everlastingly? One of our present bishops has, within a year, ordained a candidate who had given in to the examining chaplain a protest against the literal meaning of the Athanasian Creed : this protest is printed in the Appendix No. 3.'

The so-called 'protest' runs as follows :

'To ascertain the *original* meaning of the censures of the Athanasian Creed is impossible, from the doubt which hangs over the authorship of the Creed.

'Their *obvious* meaning, and that which was affixed to them at the time of the *general* reception of the Creed into the Church, and of its reception into the Reformed Church of England, seems to be, that *every* individual who denies *any* of the statements therein contained will perish everlastingly. (This appears from the practice and principles of the Middle Ages, which applied them to the denial of the Double Procession in the Greek Church, and from the English Articles of 1563, and other reformed Confessions, 1532 and 1536.) Such, however, judging from the practice and writings of all subsequent Anglican divines, is not the opinion required from members and ministers of the Anglican Church. Not to mention the detailed modifications by which many great divines, with Waterland, have forborne "to lay stress on every little nicety of explanation," it is well known that the Bishops of 1689 prepared a rubric confining their meaning to such as obstinately deny the substance of the Christian faith; that Bishop Taylor declared that they were "extrinsic and incidental to the Creed," and that "he dare not" hold them (vii. 494); that Bishop Burnet says (on Article 8), that "all the most eminent men of the English Church, as far back as the memory of all that he knew could go up, confined them to such as stifled their own convictions"; that Bishop Tomline "thought them presumptuous and unnecessary" ("Elements" 202); that Archbishop Secker "thought it a pity they had not been originally omitted" (vi. 227); that Archbishop Tillotson wished earnestly for their removal; and that Dr. Burton, though declaring that, rather than give up one jot or tittle of the doctrines of the Creed, he would part with the hand which subscribed them, yet "thought the censures essentially different and unconnected with the Creed, and that Christian charity and humility would wish that they were not retained and read publicly; and that the Church of England excludes none from salvation who rejects any of her confessions" (Sermon on Mark xvi. 16). Hence it seems clear that the strict and obvious interpretation is not the one required. Perhaps the interpretation which would best accord with the original words, and with these several Anglican authorities, would be to understand them as affirming that, though every error concerning the nature of God or man *may* be in itself harmless, yet, if *fully carried out into all its logical and moral consequences*, it will end in the subversion of the Christian faith in him who holds it.'

CHAPTER VIII

1840–41

TOUR IN ITALY AND GREECE

FEW men have left behind them a record of their thoughts, interests, and feelings, from earliest childhood so complete as that which is preserved in the copious correspondence of Arthur Stanley. In a series of letters that are remarkable, alike for their maturity of intellectual and moral tone, as well as for their entire freedom from any touch of cant or priggishness, he tells everything, because everything is supposed to interest. Mere wealth of material would not in itself justify the detail with which the first twenty-four years of his life are treated. But this early period has also supplied clues to the formation of his character, suggested conditions that governed the development of his mental gifts and habits of thought, and indicated influences that moulded his most characteristic and permanent opinions.

To his father, as has been said, he owed his toughness of fibre ; to his mother, his liveliness of mind and delicacy of perception ; to his sister's sympathy, the rapidity and freedom of his mental and moral expansion. Domestic circumstances formed his quiet, frugal habits. The scenery and surroundings of Alderley fostered his taste for the romantic. Suffering from his eyes, and the victim of frequent headache, his delicate health forced him at an early age into intellectual pursuits, and encouraged him to live

in a world of his own, apart from the ordinary pleasures of boyhood.

His social position, his Celtic ancestry, and the historical element of his imagination, combined to give a high-pitched key to his character, to stimulate his eagerness to know the best that was to be known in men and things, to attract him to all that was distinguished, superior, and superlative in its kind, to extend in every direction that conception of the duty to love the highest which the blessing of a training in a home where no low view of life was ever uttered had first implanted. His social position admitted him as of right to the best society, as well as gave him access to the best sources of information. His Celtic ancestry inclined him to make 'all his geese swans,' and to magnify the scenes in which he was himself moving; to admire, with what sometimes seemed exaggerated fervour, those who possessed gifts with which he was not himself endowed; to see in every good trait that he found in others the potentiality of the fullest development of that good. In similar directions tended the historical element in his mind and imagination. One illustration must suffice. Though feeling tenderly for any grief, and keenly alive to every pathetic situation, the effect upon him was greatly increased by the scale of the action, the position of the actors, the conspicuousness of the occurrence. '*Sunt lacrimæ rerum, et mentem mortalia tangunt*' was one of his favourite lines; but he rather resembled Virgil than Wordsworth in his conception of its meaning. Wordsworth, dwelling on the moral relations established, or on the moral sentiments evoked, found pathos in his Michaels and his Betty Foys. To Stanley, as probably to the Roman poet, *mortalia* meant primarily situations which attract the attention of a large number of persons. This feeling showed itself in divers ways: in his refusal to allow the

character of Jeanie Deans to be of the highest order of conception, because it was cast in a humble sphere ; in the stress which he laid, in his sermon on Arnold's death, on the conspicuousness of the occurrence ; in the solace that he derived, when his mother died, from the fact that, owing to his absence with the Prince of Wales, the event was striking and impressive ; in the consolation which the public funeral and the presence of distinguished mourners afforded him in the midst of his grief at the death of his wife.

Such are some of the points in the formation of his character which are illustrated in his early letters. The same source throws a flood of light on the development of his literary gifts and peculiar habits of thought.

From his childhood he was the spring of literary activity in his home. The poet-laureate of the family, he celebrated every event in verse, and, if a pet died, an elegy was found the next morning pinned to the pillow of the bereaved owner. He was also the artist and the playwright. He not only composed plays, but drew, painted, and cut out figures which, pasted on cardboard, made the actors. Every scene of which he read he made his own, and every character a living being. The child of ten, who was found marching down the passage at Alderley in a coat that trailed behind him, holding a blotting-pad in front of him, and saying, 'I am Mahomet reading the Koran,' became the Schehezerade of his private school, and delighted his companions with tales from romantic poetry or Irish legend, from the Arabian Nights or the Waverley Novels. In such amusements and pursuits he was acquiring, or exercising, his literary gifts—the facility of expression, the imagination, the dramatic force, the picturesqueness, the faculty of narration, the power of realising for himself and others both scenes and actors, which distinguish

his brilliant prose. Nor are these the only qualities of his writing, though his descriptive and narrative powers have often obscured the underlying strata of sound judgment, careful investigation, and general principles, which bind all together. Even in these early years nothing that he undertakes is done in a desultory manner. The painstaking industry with which, in preparing for his prize compositions, he ransacks all available stores of information, the careful examination of the two sides to social or theological questions, the independence of a judgment which does not hesitate to criticise even Arnold, are strongly, because incidentally, illustrated in these early letters.

And in other respects the peculiar gifts and special habits of his mind were already taking shape. As he grew from childhood to manhood, his physical senses became blunted, his taste, his smell, his sensitiveness to pain, his ear for music, his eye for landscape in itself. But these physical defects were compensated by the growth of corresponding mental qualities. His ear grew keen to catch indications of that which was not yet in sight, and his eye quick to detect similarities or differences beneath superficial distinctions and resemblances. He felt and saw more than others. His fineness and subtlety of mental perception were manifested in many kindred ways. They gave the colour to that style, which was often criticised as high-pitched, but which gave the impression of exaggeration by the wealth of historical analogies naturally suggested by contemporary incidents, situations, or characters. It was an echo, or corruption, of this same keenness of perception that led him to delight in applying to his friends historical, Scriptural, or classical names. At work in a higher range of thought, the same mental gift urged him to the pursuit of types, to the perpetual blending of the ideal with the

actual, to the discovery in every scene or idea of an image to illustrate some eternal spiritual truth. It supplied the basis of the fundamental conception of his religious theories—the presence of God, of Christ, of the highest interests, everywhere and in everything. The exercise of the gift might sometimes, to a different class of mind, appear profane, as when he works out a parallel between the death of Arnold and the Crucifixion. But to him it always afforded help, because it gave him solid ground on which to stand, united the concrete and the abstract, and clothed with flesh and blood ideas which often tend to become vague and visionary.

It was also in this early period that Stanley fell under the strongest moral and intellectual influence of his life. Within a few months after his arrival at Rugby the greatness of Arnold's character dawned upon him, permeating his mind, remodelling his ideas, inspiring him with manly interests, earnest feelings, and large thoughts, which grew with his growth. Nor did this influence of his head-master lose its hold when Stanley passed from Rugby to Oxford. Though the atmosphere of his college and of his university, and of the wider world beyond their walls, was stimulating to a degree rarely before experienced, Arnold remained the lodestar of his early life. He entered upon his undergraduate career ambitious of distinction, as much for the credit of his head-master as for his own, full of his teaching, yet eager to learn for himself about Newman, and about the social, political, or theological questions which filled the air. It was a time when young men were driven to take sides, forced to form decisions on important issues which, at less critical moments, may be more safely postponed for maturer judgment. In the concrete application of general principles Stanley found many details, both personal and practical, in which he differed from his oracle.

But the ideal influence which the head-master had obtained over him permeated and controlled his character with all its former strength. Without using Arnold's ideas as a charm to conjure with, he made them his own in his own way, and so vitalised and personalised them. He became the Elisha to the other's Elijah. When the strong, rugged, stern man, the embodiment of truth and power, was removed, the same spirit worked through Stanley to the same ends, but by different means—by gentle persuasiveness, by personal charm, by the numberless tentacles with which he united men to himself, and through the great variety of points in which he brought himself into contact with others, excited their interest, and won their affection.

If it was at Rugby that he received the most powerful impression of his life, it was at Oxford that he first developed his remarkable capacity for making friends. At home he had been accustomed to be the centre of interest, to find everything done for him, to have his wishes always consulted. Not only did this dependence on the domestic circle impair his power of impressing himself on other society, but it also encouraged a curious vein of selfishness and inconsiderateness, which seemed at variance with every other side of his character. It also fostered a quaint, pathetic helplessness in practical matters, that proved at once attractive and endearing. At Oxford, however, the barriers of reserve, which had at Rugby narrowly limited the circle of his intimates, began to dissolve. It was now that he grappled to himself by bonds of steel the men who, like Tait or Ward, Pearson or Jowett, became the friends of his life. He even seemed to pass into the opposite extreme from uncompanionable aloofness, and to incur the charge of fickleness by his interest in making new acquaintances, and his enjoyment in striking new strata of society.

His warm sympathy was freely offered, and what he gave to others he asked, and commanded, for himself. The interest which he took in everything he also inspired. A fulness of active life throbbed through all his thoughts and feelings. His instinctive sympathetic tact taught him always to avoid, as in telling a story, anything that could be disagreeable to any one of his hearers. He became, in the best sense of the word, an influence, a source from which flowed something that attracted, elevated, and purified, if it did not necessarily convince. His chivalrous partisanship, his admiration for the display of gifts in which he was himself deficient, his reverence for those who were oracles in their several departments of learning, were irresistibly attractive from the simplicity and humility that they revealed in himself. His habit of dwelling on the good side in a man or his opinions, his perception of common points in the midst of discord, and his disposition to see the best in all persons, to find merit in all systems, or discover truth in all propositions, made it almost a mania with him to bring into harmony men of divergent tenets and characters. At the same time, his susceptible temperament was combined with such transparent sincerity, that to quarrel with him was impossible. Thus he became, not only an influence among his associates, but a centre round which gathered men of the most opposite views, who found no other point of contact with one another except their friendship with Stanley.

Sympathy was the bond by which he united to himself so many friends. He had also the *défauts de sa qualité*. Closely allied to his sympathy, and, perhaps, another phase of it, was his irresolution. The rapidity and keenness with which he saw the *pros* and *cons* of any course of action made the task of making up his mind both disagreeable and difficult. While engaged in the effort of

decision he was miserable. All his life he was painfully aware of the defect. In 1831, when he was only fifteen years of age, he wrote reflections upon his irresolution. Once he speaks of having pursued Ward's advice, to persevere in first intentions, however foolish they might subsequently appear. But he never succeeded in slaying 'the hydra.' Towards the end of his career Pearson, half-playfully, alluded to the time 'when your life is written.' A shade passed over his face; he turned away, and said, as he paced the room, 'No; my life never will be written. My fatal irresolution will prevent that.' But at least the evils of the weakness were confined to himself and to those nearest to him or most dependent on him. For practical work affecting others he threw it off. Once committed to a course of action, the course assumed the shape of duty, and henceforth no one could be more resolute, even to obstinacy.

The same mental conditions, to which he owed his power of sympathy and his irresolution, hampered him as a thinker, and gave an unscientific turn to his mind. In his imaginative, apprehensive intellect, the fluctuation of motives kept the solution perpetually in abeyance, and it may be doubted whether the qualities of a poet, which he possessed to an eminent degree, are compatible with the gifts indispensable to leaders in sustained speculative thought. And yet, again, the same mental conditions saved him from the intolerance either of orthodoxy or of agnosticism. His tolerance was not the pseudo-tolerance of those who pardon others for believing less or more than themselves. It proceeded from genuine fellow-feeling. Thus, to the same source from which flowed some of his most characteristic gifts and defects may be traced some of his most characteristic opinions. The form which his hesitation to take Orders assumed was determined by his appre-

ciation of the motives that actuated men who differed from himself, and his strong perception of the diversity of ways in which God might be served and honoured. The Athanasian Creed, to which he was invited to subscribe, was diametrically opposed to his own spirit of toleration and breadth of theological thought.

Some persons are tolerant from indifference, by nature, disposition, and habit of mind. Stanley was tolerant on principle. His toleration was rather positive than negative. He did not strive to reduce to a minimum the amount of dogma to be believed, but to include the maximum number of believers. He made himself 'all things to all men,' not to gain something from others, but to convince all that they had something in common. He 'received' all, not in the spirit of worldly compromise, but in the fulness of their holy fellowship in Christ. This was the shape in which had already come to him the command to love one another. This was already to him the sum and substance of all the Beatitudes, the vision of the white snowy chain which accompanied him throughout life, at times unseen, but ever near.

Already he gloried in that breadth of view which at the close of his career he desired to be commemorated in the text selected for his tomb. But his idea of breadth was, not that it matters nothing what a man thinks, says, or does; rather it was, that Christ's religion was designed to meet the infinitely varying needs of man, to embrace the East and the West, to afford full scope for the play of human faculties. Already also there was conspicuous in him that mental caution which suggested to many minds a false impression of the nature and extent of his own personal creed. He wholly passed over a variety of points which were open to doubt or dispute; if he alluded to them at all, he handled them with the utmost reserve. But neither his silence nor his reticence afforded any valid test

of his own belief. On subjects that any number of men regarded as open, he spoke cautiously, in order that he might be able to speak the more positively upon points which were incapable of doubt or dispute.

To return to the narrative of his life. Stanley spent the first six weeks after his Ordination at Norwich. Writing on January 12th, 1840, to C. J. Vaughan, he says:

'Since I came here I have performed every service belonging to the Diaconate except that of marrying. I have read prayers, administered the Communion, preached, and buried. The preaching is supposed to have been better than could have been expected. It seemed very unnatural and strange—a sort of being oneself and not oneself.'

His first sermon was preached, it may be added, at Bergh Apton, a village near Norwich, of which the late Bishop of the diocese was then rector. The sermon itself, which was on the words, 'He loveth our nation, and hath built us a synagogue' (Luke vii. 5), has disappeared, but a record of its effect upon the audience has been preserved. After the service, two old women of the parish were overheard discussing the sermon and the preacher. The first old woman observed to her friend, 'Well, I do feel empty-like!' 'And so do I,' returned the other; 'that young man didn't give us much to feed on.'

To the first six weeks of his Diaconate also belongs a curious testimony to the systematic perseverance with which, even at a crisis of much mental anxiety, he carried on his theological studies. It is an undated letter of more than five closely-written quarto pages, directed to the 'Rev. A. C. Tait, at Sir G. Sitwell's, Renishaw, near Chesterfield.' The letter is almost entirely devoted to an essay on the meaning of 'Justification by Faith,' on which he and his friend had obviously held some previous discussion. The

substance of his statement is drawn, as he tells Tait, from Olshausen on the Romans, 'which will reconcile you to much of it. Preserve the document, that I may correct it hereafter; forgive heresies; forgive also impertinences. Read Carlyle's "Chartism," and be kind to me when I return!'

For months after his Ordination his mind was almost exclusively absorbed in the question of clerical subscription to the Church's formularies. His own difficulties on the subject had been removed by Archdeacon Clarke; but he was still desirous of relieving others from the sense of the burden, and the desire was strengthened by his intimacy with Canon Wodehouse, his father's trusted friend and chaplain, who had for years expressed his unwillingness to accept the damnatory clauses of the Athanasian Creed. On this question of subscription, which, twelve months later, and under another form, derived such importance from the publication of 'Tract 90,' his interests were concentrated. The subject occupies a substantial part of a letter written to C. J. Vaughan in January 1840; it crops up in a letter sent to his aunt, Mrs. Augustus Hare, in the following February; he discusses it at Hodnet; he talks it over at Rugby with Cotton, afterwards Bishop of Calcutta; twenty-four hours had not elapsed after his return to Oxford before he had elicited from Ward 'the Newmanite feeling about subscription.' Before this engrossing question all the topics on which he had from childhood written home so freely—the details of his daily life, his reading, his friends, events of public importance—recede into the remote background. There is scarcely even a reference to the prize compositions on which he was engaged, and in both of which, after two previous failures, he proved successful—the Chancellor's English Essay, and the Ellerton Theological Essay.

Canon Wodehouse was, at this very moment, actively

engaged in the preparation of a petition to the House of Lords, calling the attention both of the Bishops and the Legislature to the grave discrepancy between the terms to which all the clergy of the English Church were bound to subscribe at Ordination, and the practice and feeling of the vast majority of Churchmen. The petition finally took the shape of a prayer 'that the letter of the Prayer Book and the subscription to the Articles and Liturgy might be rendered consistent with the practice of the clergy and the acknowledged meaning of the Church.' To the form of this petition Stanley strongly objected. He desired to leave the letter of the Articles and of the Prayer Book untouched. He wished for no modification of the Liturgy or of the formularies of the Church. He feared lest any legislation might 'make the subscription more stringent than the present form actually is.' He hoped that the discussion of the subject might elicit from the Bishops some official declaration that they did not regard subscription as binding the conscience of the clergy to a literal agreement with every line or letter of the services or the formularies. If such an authoritative statement were withheld, and any change were considered necessary, he wished that the alteration should take the form of some modification in the terms of subscription. This was, in his view, the only practicable, and the only desirable, object.

Events showed that Stanley was right in his opinion. The cause in which he was so deeply interested was wrecked by the wide terms of the petition. No subject, however, lay nearer to his heart than that of relieving the clergy from binding themselves, at the most solemn moment of their lives, to a literal adherence to 'all and every proposition in so large a range of statements as those comprised in formularies which were fully intended by those who originally framed them to be accepted by persons of very divergent senti-

ments and opinions.' He left, therefore, no stone unturned, from the time he left Norwich till the final debate in the House of Lords on May 26th, 1840, to awaken interest in the subject throughout the country, and especially at Oxford. But the majority of those whom he addressed were apathetic ; the few, who, like Newman and his friends, felt the importance of the question, were afraid that, if one stone of the original edifice were touched, the whole building would fall to pieces. His own dislike to the terms of the petition was confirmed by his knowledge of the feelings of the advanced section of the Oxford Movement, for whose satisfaction 'Tract 90' was ultimately written. He therefore strained every nerve to prevail upon Canon Wodehouse, and those who acted with him, to concentrate their efforts on the relaxation of the terms of subscription, or on procuring some authoritative statement from the Bishops, and to leave untouched the letter of the Articles and of the Prayer Book. It was only in the House of Lords itself, and with a reluctance which was followed immediately afterwards by keen regret, that he added his name to those of the 'sixty members of the Church of England' on whose behalf the petition was finally presented to the Upper House by Archbishop Whately at the end of May. 'Were it possible,' he says, 'that any alterations in the Liturgy were to be effected in consequence of it, I should never forgive myself.' He only added his name to it in the hope, as he tells Canon Wodehouse, that 'it might tend to open discussion and call attention to the whole subject,' and that it might draw from the bench of Bishops some explanation of the meaning which they attached to subscription.

The course of the debate, which followed on Archbishop Whately's introduction of the petition, illustrated the practical wisdom of Stanley's warnings and the impolicy of uniting Liturgical revision with the demand for relaxation of sub-

scription. More than one of the speakers insisted on the incompetence of Parliament to deal with changes in the Liturgy. The Bishop of Norwich alone kept the two points entirely distinct. While he admitted the 'insuperable difficulties' which stood in the way of any alteration of the services, he insisted on the heavy burden that was imposed by the existing terms of subscription on tender and scrupulous consciences. He was answered by the Bishop of London, whose 'speech admirably delivered and with withering ferocity, struck a visible panic through the House, so that on his subsiding it instantly adjourned.' The tone and manner of the reply struck a chill into the heart of Stanley, who was present in the House during what he describes as an 'awful' debate. He had hoped that the petition would elicit some authoritative interpretation of the terms of subscription; he found instead, that Bishop Blomfield regarded it as a thing which it was pollution even to touch. 'For myself,' said that prelate, 'I should believe that *I was eating the bread of the Church unworthily* by subscribing to any Article which I did not implicitly believe!' The only immediate result of the petition seemed to be an uncompromising and almost contumelious rejection of its prayer. But Stanley clung to his point. 'I am only anxious,' he writes to his sister,

'to return to the course which I should have preferred from the beginning; and therefore beg for the future to have nothing to do with legislative bodies for the Church, or alterations of Liturgy. About subscription I still feel as before; but the mischief hitherto has so evidently been the confusion of two distinct things, that I hope they will now be kept apart, and that the line chiefly pursued will not be alteration of formularies, but of subscription. Anything else but this would, in my judgment, ruin the cause completely.'

To this point he adhered with his usual tenacity, and on these lines he never ceased to agitate. In the ultimate

change he played an important part. More than twenty years later the subject was again discussed in Parliament. Lord Ebury in 1862, and again in 1863, introduced a Bill into the House of Lords for the modification of the form of clerical subscription. On the 19th of May, 1863, the Bill came up for second reading. Its rejection was moved by Archbishop Longley, and unsuccessfully opposed by Bishop Tait. In the pamphlet war which followed the defeat of the proposed measure, Stanley's brilliant 'Letter to the Bishop of London' gave most effective support to the advocates of relaxation in the terms of clerical declarations. Though the Bill was lost, a Royal Commission was appointed to consider the subject, and the twenty-seven members unanimously reported in favour of the reduction of subscription to a less stringent form. Legislative effect was given to their recommendations in 1865 by an Act of Parliament (28 & 29 Vict. c. 122), and by the requisite alterations which Convocation formulated in the canons.

The debate of May 1840 produced two publications which deserve notice, because in both Stanley had a share. The Bishop of Norwich thought it right to publish the speech which he had delivered in the House of Lords, and which had subjected him to keen censure, not only from the Bishop of London, but in the public press. He added, in an appendix, a *catena* of quotations from divines of the English Church from Cranmer downwards supporting his positions, that the Articles were *intentionally* framed to admit persons who differed widely on important points, and that subscription was not, and could not be, understood to enforce agreement with every proposition and expression in their full, obvious, and literal meaning.[1] The

[1] The reply which the Bishop of London prepared and printed was never published, doubtless from a feeling that the controversy between two Bishops should not be carried further (*Memoir of Bishop Blomfield*, ii. 18).

quotations were largely furnished by his son, whose hand is plainly visible in almost every page. The other publication was a pamphlet prepared by the Rev. John Hull, and entitled 'Observations on a Petition for the Revision of the Liturgy of the United Church of England and Ireland, with a Report of the Discussion it caused in the House of Lords on May 26, 1840, as published in the Mirror of Parliament.' The appendix to the pamphlet contains two anonymous papers by Arthur Stanley. The first is the printed copy of the actual answer on the damnatory clauses of the Athanasian Creed which he handed in at his examination for Holy Orders.[2] The second is a letter of seven pages, under the title of 'A Petitioner's Letter on Subscription,' in which he expressly excludes from his argument the revision of the formularies, and urges the necessity for some relaxation in the stringent terms of subscription then in force.

Thus ends the story of Stanley's first active participation in any joint action in the sphere of Church politics, his first attempt to relieve the English clergy from a burden which he and others felt to be needlessly heavy. His mind had been so absorbed in the struggle that, since his Ordination, all personal topics are conspicuously absent from his correspondence. The efforts that he had made told severely upon a physical strength which was already overtaxed. His letters during the first six months of 1840 show that some period of rest was sorely needed. His brain and sensitive temperament were overwrought; the continuous strain impaired both his health and spirits; his elasticity of mind seemed deadened, his keen sense of humour dulled; and he speaks frequently of paroxysms of headache. No more potent remedy for his condition of mind and body could be devised than the Continental

[2] See Appendix to Chapter vii. (2), p. 232.

tour which, when once the question of subscription was for the time settled, engaged all his attention. For a moment, indeed, he turns aside from his preparations to announce that he had gained both the English Essay and the Ellerton Theological Prize, or to draw up for the Bishop and his family, who had been invited to Commemoration, a curious little sheet, filled with hints on the best subjects of conversation with the Master and Fellows of University College. Though the boyish delight with which he had communicated similar successes to his family had disappeared, he could not but feel gratified at such a conclusion to his University career. With the exception of the Latin Verse Prize, he had gained every distinction which in those days was open to one who was neither a mathematician nor a Hebraist.

Such topics as prizes or Commemoration scarcely interrupt the inquiries which, as his plans assumed definite shape, flowed homewards respecting preparations for his tour. He proposed to leave England on the 10th of July for a visit to the Bunsens at Berne, and a tour in Switzerland, which was to last till the end of August. At Geneva he was to be joined by E. M. Goulburn, the future Head Master of Rugby and Dean of Norwich. 'My present design,' he says,

'is to leave Geneva about August 28; go straight by Milan, &c., to Venice and Trieste, and to take Florence, Pisa, Genoa, Nice, and France on my way back in the spring; Greece and Rome occupying the interval. But how long I stay in Greece, or how I return to Italy, depends on what I hear there. I am recommended to go from Corfu to Patras, thence to Delphi, and overland to Athens; thence to Malta, and thence to Naples, so as to come into Rome by the Campagna. But the accounts of Greek travelling rather alarm me.'

The foreign tour of 1840 proved an important crisis in

ARTHUR STANLEY'S ROOM IN THE PALACE, NORWICH.

(From a drawing by a member of his family.)

Stanley's life. In the first place, it forced him to think and act for himself, and thus helped to dissipate that constitutional shyness which did injustice to his abilities, both at home and abroad. Partially, at least, it made him known to his family and friends as what he really was. His sister's account of his mode of life at Norwich shows in what heavy folds the mantle of shyness hung about him, even in the domestic circle, and how valuable was any event which compelled him, for the time, to lay it aside.

Much of the Palace at Norwich has been demolished, rebuilt, or otherwise changed since 1840. But the upstairs passage, at the end of which was the room that he always occupied, still remains. There, day by day, year after year, he used to stand at his desk by the fireplace (as years later in his library at Westminster), with his books and papers before him, wrapped in those days in a blue dressing-gown, from ten to one every morning; often with his younger sister at her studies, or assisting him, in the same room. At one he came down to luncheon, which he generally ate standing with his back to the fire. In the afternoon his walk was almost always in the same direction—across the ferry and over Mousehold. In these walks the same sister was his most frequent companion. Often she would undertake to read the history of some person, or reign, or century. This would be made the subject of examination and discussion, as with quick, short steps he walked over the heathery moorland, looking down upon the forest of spires and on the old castle that lay bathed in the sunset glow beneath them. Then came another hour of study in his remote corner; then the dinner at 6.30, and the long evening spent in the family-circle. No weather would keep him in the house from two till four; on rainy days he might be seen pacing industriously round and

round the Cathedral Cloisters, as afterwards he took his exercise in those of Queen's or Magdalen, at Oxford.

It was at Norwich that he became attached to Canon Wodehouse, and to his colleague, Canon Sedgwick, of both of whom he always spoke with the warmest affection. It was at Norwich also that he laid the foundation of a friendship with Joseph John Gurney, 'the Quaker-Pope,' as he used to style him, at whose house at Earlham he met Elizabeth Fry and other leading members of a society whose activity in good work won from him lifelong homage. Yet it is impossible to resist the evidence that the brilliant story-teller, the delightful companion, the gifted conversationalist, developed all his social talents in other circles than that of his own family. At home he seldom talked much or with expansion. In his father's work he took small interest, except when the Bishop consulted him on theological points. Even his mother had then little in common with him. None of his family thought him likely to be distinguished in practical or public life, but looked upon him in the light of the poetic dreamer, the scholar, or the bookworm. If visitors were suddenly announced, he would hide in the deep bay of the drawing-room windows. Those whom he could not escape found him, as a rule, silent, reserved, and shy; while for some years it seemed to candidates for Ordination impossible that the boyish figure moving silently among them was that of the Bishop's son and chaplain, and their own examiner.

Nor was the foreign tour only memorable because it helped, so to speak, to break his shell. It strengthened and confirmed his love of foreign travel; it revealed to himself and to his friends his descriptive powers; it determined the character of the enjoyment which he henceforward derived from travelling; it brought into relief

many of the peculiarities which distinguished him as a traveller or a sightseer.

For pictures in themselves, or for architecture for its own sake, he had no taste. He could not lie on a hillside and drink in enjoyment. He could not lounge through a city, and simply observe and photograph objectively. External Nature seldom seized hold upon him, except as the symbol of some idea, the background of history, or the framework of human interest. It was not that he had no eye for beauty. Lines in his poetry and phrases in his prose show that he had a painter's perception and a poet's pen; but he was intent on other things. As Napoleon would not visit Jerusalem because it did not enter into his field of operations (a favourite story of the late Dean's), so Stanley was too absorbed in what to him was the soul of natural beauty to care for its body. Scenery, apart from its associations, and viewed in its own light, possessed little attraction for him. 'I do not,' he says, 'describe scenery for its own sake in my letters.' The Alps strike him as 'unformed, unmeaning lumps'; confronted by the Matterhorn, he wishes that it were connected with history, with legend, or with worship. On the Lake of Lucerne he cared only for the spots identified with the story of Tell. Among the Carpathians, or in Saxon Switzerland, he could scarcely be induced to raise his eyes from his book to see the most beautiful views that were visible from the window of the carriage. He was unmoved by the splendour of a Northern sunset on the Baltic, or by the beauty of the wooded islands with which that sea is studded. The ash-trees near Odin's Grove, the possible descendants of the Ygdrasil of Scandinavian mythology, charmed him more than all the lakes and woods of Dalecarlia. Places rarely interested him in themselves, unless they were distinguished above all other spots by some superlative characteristic,

even if that special feature were only dirt. But no man ever experienced so eager a delight in seeing spots which were connected with famous people, striking events, important legends, or scenes in the works of great masters of poetry or fiction. Where man had set his mark upon a place, there his interest was keen and his memory unerring. He at once detected any departure from faithful representation of such a spot. That tree, he would say, could not have been seen, or that rock was more to the right. The page of History, ancient, modern, or sacred, was to him 'rich with the spoils of Time,' and he brought its treasures with him wherever he journeyed. He enjoyed striking scenes with a healthy, natural appetite, without reflecting what new elements they contributed to his culture. His delight was never marred by the conflicting claims of a double consciousness, or by the effort to hold the balance evenly between the actual and the ideal. No doubt disturbed his pleasure, whether he was not enjoying the actual vision too much, or whether he was not neglecting the details before him for the reproduction of the scene by the exercise of his imagination. His perceptive faculties were wrought up into intensely energetic action, and his mind and nature were enriched to the highest possible degree by what he saw.

To every historic spot he came with full and exact knowledge of the points of view from which to look, and the special features to be noted. He would make straight for those points, hardly looking round him as he went, put up his glasses, fix an eager gaze on the view for a few intense moments, then shut them up and walk away. In that brief interval the whole had been taken in, not only with the eye, but with the historical imagination. And it was very rarely that he cared to visit the same spot a second time. 'When once,' he said,

'I have seen a remarkable sight I do not care to see it again, unless it is one with which fond or happy associations are connected. . . . The second sight of Prague quite revolted me, and though I saw Marathon on a rainy day, yet I refused three or four opportunities of seeing it again. On the first sight of scenes of this sort a whole new world opens before me; floods of thought come in which are indelible, and there is nothing new in a second visit.'

His journeys constituted a perpetual triumph of mind over matter, for his desire to see conquered every difficulty of sickness, discomfort, or weather. The mind dragged about the body, allowing it neither rest nor food till everything was finished. Even then he would barely allow himself time to eat, in his eagerness to write down in his note-books all that he had seen. In the practical arrangements of a journey he was absolutely dependent on others. Mainly for this reason he disliked travelling alone The debt that he owed to his friendly couriers was richly repaid. He was a delightful fellow-traveller. Nothing wearied him. No fatigue exhausted the almost childish gaiety of his spirits. He endured every discomfort with equanimity, except that of dining early or of walking after dinner. He possessed the happy art of extracting amusement from the smallest incident of a journey, even from a *contretemps* or an accident to himself. He cared for everything. He knew, or got to know, everything. He had introductions to, or made acquaintance with, the persons best worth knowing in foreign countries. And, when not engaged in studying the books which were to reveal to him the secrets of the new land, he overflowed with a ceaseless stream of anecdote. Above all, he communicated his own enthusiasm to those about him: peopling every spot with living forms, seizing with keen directness of vision the special characteristic which gave its peculiar local colouring to every occurrence, marking the exact points where Nature and history

blended, tracing the topographical features which directed the course of events, he made his fulness of information as fresh and vivid to others as it was to himself.

Professor Johnson and Tait travelled with him by Ostend, Bruges, and Cologne, to Bonn. Every incident of the journey that can interest or amuse the home-circle is noted. No sight escapes him ; he visits alike the tomb of Charles the Bold at Bruges, or 'the bones of Charlemagne, and other more ordinary things, such as the fingers of St. Boniface' at Aix. The comments suggested by his youthful appearance are recorded with especial glee. At Bruges,

'Johnson, coming down early in the morning, breakfasted with an Englishman who had seen us the night before, and being asked where we were going, said that they two stopped short, but that the youngest of the party was going on to Italy and Greece ; on which the man said, "I quite disapprove of that ; *boys* should not go to those parts till they get older, and acquire a fund of historical knowledge."'

So again at Bingen 'I reminded our friend, the landlord, of my having been there before, but he had no remembrance of it, as he professed to have seen me a foot shorter than my present height.'

At Bonn, Tait and he were received 'with an enthusiasm which baffles all description, from the Professor to the kitchenmaid.'

'All the waiters at the Trierischer Hof, Ferdinand, Wilhelm, &c., rushed out to receive us with exclamations of delight. We then sallied forth ; visited all our friends : *Böcking*, who kissed us each tenderly on each cheek, and when we went to see our old rooms, still beautiful as ever, and every window teeming with associations of the joint pamphlet, we covertly wrote our names behind a shutter ; *Arndt*, who is full of excitement, tho' now above seventy, at the prospects of Prussia, and is to give me a letter for Bunsen, which he does not think it safe to trust to the post—full of hope of keeping down "the Muscovites, those enemies to

Europe and mankind" ; *Bleek* and his wife, who asked with great interest after Prince Albert, whom they had known at Bonn, and of whom they spoke most highly ; *Brandis*, tutor of the King of Greece, just returned from Athens, who says that October is the very best month for it in the whole year ; *Sack*, who wished most hearty wishes of good in Greece, and in Rome "as much as possible." '

From Bonn Stanley went on alone by Mayence, Mannheim, Freiburg, and Basle, to Berne. His troubles at once began. He embarked at Bonn on board the Rhine steamer.

'Tait and Johnson went with me as far as the Drachenfels ; they presented me with a bottle of brandy, which I let fall on the pavement as I was going to pack it up, and broke to pieces—the only thing that has yet been lost or destroyed.'

At Mayence he left his luggage standing on the bridge, while he himself proceeded on his way to Mannheim. 'I have, however,' he says,

'every hope of recovering it to-night before I leave Mannheim, and shall not disquiet myself about it. Fortunately I have all the necessaries of life with me, and my pockets are filled with books.'

On board the boat he speaks of the pleasure which he derived from the society of 'Mr. James (whose first wife was a Wilberforce) and his family, consisting of a second wife, a little girl named Barbara, and a baby.' He won the heart of Barbara, who, he tells Pearson, 'occupies a place in my affections, but is very small as yet,' and who 'waited upon me most benevolently, waking me when it was time to dine,' &c., and who, on their subsequent meeting among the Alps, confided to him that 'to-day is Baby's birthday.' During his voyage he employed himself in learning Italian. He 'read three chapters of the "Promessi Sposi" with great

difficulty,' but he found Dante, lent him by Mr. James, 'far easier, and read through five cantos with great satisfaction.' With a few hours to spare at Mannheim, he 'conceived the brilliant idea of going to Heidelberg, partly for a glance at the castle, but chiefly to see Rothe, the great German writer on Church and State, under pretext of asking him if he had anything to send to Bunsen.' Arrived at Freiburg, he found that the Grand Duchess Stephanie, who had made such an impression on his mother and himself at Baden, was residing a few miles off, at her Schloss at Umkirch. 'In a few minutes I made up my mind. I might never see her again, and it was possible now.' He hired a carriage and set off to the Schloss.

'On the steps of the chief building appeared Stephanie herself, with her Court round about her. It seemed like a dream. There she was, bowing first to one, and then to another, as graceful as ever, only rather more aged in face, except when animated. She immediately descended, and the meeting was as cordial as it could be without a shake of hands. "Vous êtes devenu *clergyman*? Je me souviens que Mme. votre mère me l'a dit. Et comment se porte-elle? Est-ce qu'elle ne dessine plus?" Soon a message came through Mme. Walsch that I was to stay there that night. This was impossible from diligence engagements. But I consented till nine. The Grand Duchess asked a good deal about Norwich—"une ville de décadence. Ah! que cela me semble toujours triste!" begged that you, mamma, would come and see her at Umkirch; made me give her your direction. In a debate about the years of youth passing quickly, "dans la jeunesse c'est les années qui sont longues, et les moments qui sont courts; dans la vieillesse les moments sont longs, les années sont courtes."'

From Freiburg he proceeded by diligence to Basle, 'a beautiful town, with the Rhine running through it with a freshness and bright, free current, as if it were carrying spring and life into all the countries of Europe.' Thence he made his way by 'Bienne, Rousseau's lake,' to Berne,

where he found F. D. Maurice and his wife staying at the hotel. The next day (July 22nd) he was transferred to Bunsen's house, where he remained as a guest for a week, sending home detailed reports of his host's daily life and conversation.

Bunsen 'flowed,' as Stanley says, 'like a fountain.' His conversation covered a vast range of subjects—scenes of Swiss national life, the condition of Italy and of Rome, the conscience clause in English national education, the prospects of Prussia under her new ruler, and 'religious and learned matters all over the world.' All is reproduced in Stanley's letters to his family. In the evening Bunsen

'generally reads some German book to the strangers and his family. He talked last night a good deal about Church and State, and English national education. Of the latter, he said that he thought the great flaw in the original Whig plan was the mixture of sects in teaching, which had been tried and failed in Germany; and the great flaw on the other side, their obstinacy in not allowing any relaxation about the Catechism. His own plan, he said, would have been to leave those sects which could not advance any money for themselves to voluntary contributions, as their not being able to do so would be a sign of their not being of sufficient importance to make necessary a deviation from a general rule; to pay and to send inspectors to those schools which did advance money; and to suffer the children to go out when the Catechism was taught, and to go to their own chapels, if they brought a certificate of their having so gone to the schoolmaster or clergyman.'

Guests of every nationality were welcomed at Bunsen's table. On one occasion a French clergyman told anecdotes of Talleyrand.

'He (the French clergyman) was sitting by him when dining with the King of the French, who sat a few yards from them. A sentence of Mignet's was discussed, in which he said that Napoleon's great art was "qu'après avoir monté le trône, il faisait oublier qu'il y avait monté."

"Oui," said Talleyrand, "c'est bien vrai, c'était une grande hallucination, nous avions tout oublié." And then, suddenly changing his countenance and sinking his voice, in a manner which I suppose those who knew him can appreciate, and which the narrator imitated admirably, "Voilà une chose bien difficile; d'avoir monté" (and turning his thumb backwards towards Louis Philippe), "d'avoir monté, et de faire oublier qu'on y a monté"; and then immediately began eating his dinner again, as if he was wholly intent upon it, and had said nothing.

'Also his judgment on Thiers and Guizot. On being asked his opinion of Guizot, with a good deal of prefatory evasion, which I cannot give, "Guizot—oui, c'est un homme des principes, des idées générales, mais celles-ci ne valent rien dans la pratique. Guizot a l'inflexibilité que donnent les principes, Thiers la flexibilité que donne l'esprit." Also, Madame de Stäel having asked him, "Mais dites-moi, lequel a plus d'esprit, le Général Buonaparte ou moi" (Buonaparte being then General), he crossed his knife and fork on the plate, then looked up, and said: "Madame, le Général a plus d'esprit, mais vous avez plus de courage."'

As his final departure drew near

'my conversations with Bunsen grew more frequent and more interesting, and they were also facilitated, as mine always are, by the presence of a third person (Tait). One in particular, on Church and State, in which he unfolded his plans for the renovation of Prussia in the shed of his coach-house, where we were detained by a sudden thunderstorm.

'"Conceive," said Tait, when he went away, "walking in Whitehall Gardens with Sir R. Peel, on the eve of Lord Melbourne's resignation, and hearing him discuss all his plans for the next session." The interest which it gives to the present prospects of Prussia is, of course, immense; it was impossible not to feel "Visions of glory spare my aching sight!" They plainly think their move not improbable, though he himself greatly deprecates it, saying that he should be entirely baffled by the tremendous difficulties of altering the present system; and though he says that there is great opposition to his appointment, "because they say, first, I am a schoolmaster, and secondly, a Pietist."

His great notion is plainly a filling-up of the deficiencies of Germany from England, and a conversion of all its floating elements of good into national institutions.'

Bunsen showed him his

'extinguisher. It was a hollow figure of a Jesuit with his arms folded, and Bunsen's delight is to put him on the candlestick, and imagine him to say, as the smoke rises round him, "Thank Heaven, I have extinguished a light." He read us one night Petrarch's famous sonnets against Rome, and described how, on the last night before he (B.) left his house on the Capitol, he took out his two eldest boys on the balcony, and, like Hannibal, made them look towards St. Peter's, and swear eternal enmity, and learn by heart these two sonnets.'

Only once does he interrupt his accounts of Bunsen and his friends to give his impressions of the scenery. The clouds had lifted and the mountains were visible.

'They were quite different to what I had expected. Being against a bright morning sky, and with deep shadows resting upon them, there was nothing of dazzling whiteness; and the apparent nearness of them took off from the impression of height. But then there was a startling life-like look about them, like huge unearthly monsters brooding over the black range immediately below them. Their names are singularly appropriate: the Wetterhorn (Storm Peak), large and vast; then by himself, darting straight up into the sky, as if with his hair on end, the Schreck-horn (Terror Peak); then a gigantic cluster of the Mönch (Monk) and Jungfrau (Virgin), but not conveying any notion of virgin purity or beauty, but of a "grim white woman" shrouded in her own shadows; and, behind them, peeping out, the Finster-aar-horn (Dark Peak of the Aar), the highest and most mysterious-looking of all. They are gone again now; but they seemed so little a part of this earth that their absence seems quite natural. They "come like shadows, and so depart."'

After a week at Berne he started on an expedition with F. D. Maurice to the Bernese Oberland. Even in the

heart of the mountains the scenery moved him to little enthusiasm. Once, indeed, on the Wengern Alp, he sees 'a majestic vision' of the Jungfrau.

'Peak after peak emerged from the dense mass of mist, which still hung in wreaths about the summit, and in a heavy girdle round the lower parts, which became blacker and blacker as the sun went down, whilst the heights above shone out stronger and stronger with the last rays of the sun, like the peak at Eaux Bonnes, except that it was a long, continuous range of broken peaks of snow. This is the most beautiful sight I have seen here. It gave me more the notion of a vision than anything I have ever seen; it was like a golden city hanging midway between heaven and earth, part after part revealing itself, and standing out in such brilliant contrast against the dull fog and the blackness of darkness below; then suddenly the veil was drawn over it, and it vanished.'

And on another occasion he caught a glimpse from the Faulhorn of the whole line of the mountains from the Wetterhorn to the Jungfrau, appearing in mid-air.

'It was a most striking sight, though perfectly different from that on the Wengern Alp. They were perfectly colourless and dull, but there was a silent, ghastly, apparition-like appearance about them, like the council of devils in "Paradise Regained." They gazed upon us for a few minutes, and then retired into the misty sky.'

But his prevailing impression of Alpine scenery is that it is 'unmeaning,' and that its 'beauty is as fictitious as the Rhine, and depends more upon clouds and sunset than on the mountains themselves.' 'Do you ask my opinion of Switzerland?' he writes to Pearson;—

'Your illustrious fellow-traveller, as I hope' (Donkin) 'being once asked his opinion on certain celebrated propositions of theology, is said to have replied, that in one sense they were so perfectly false, and in another so perfectly true, that no difficulty need arise about them. This formula I have since been in the habit of applying to all

moral propositions, and found it to be universally true, and not least in the investigation of the assertion that the Swiss mountains are beautiful. With a certain amount of clouds, a sunset, a cheerful companion, a contented stomach, I think it perfectly true ; but with too many clouds, or none at all, with a glaring noonday sun, alone, or tearing up a hill after dinner, I think it perfectly false. The only places which have come up to my ideal of what they ought to be are Lucerne and Geneva ; and of them, the last is the only place I should like to live at, and there is no place, except Lucerne, which I ever wish to see again.'

But if Swiss mountains afforded him small satisfaction, he was delighted with his companion. 'Maurice,' he says,

'is a most enthusiastic traveller. I suppose it was from our being tired that we had not so much conversation as I had expected ; still, we had a good deal, and the last day, evidently with a most painful effort, M. opened on subscription and the Athanasian Creed. We did not enter into the personalities of the case, but confined ourselves to abstract argument. He talked upon it most admirably, with great candour, and all but satisfactorily. He was, of course, strongly opposed to any alteration, either of subscription or of Liturgy. My opinion of him is even higher than it was ; I have been more struck by his fairness than heretofore.'

E. M. Goulburn, who was to be his companion in Italy and Greece, had now arrived at Geneva. But his rapid journey from Paris in three days had thrown him into a fever, which delayed the departure. The interval was spent by Stanley in

'inquiring about the means of proceeding to Italy. For two days I had all the vetturinos of Geneva at my feet ; but at last, after infinite consultations with Sir T. Boileau and others, came to the hazardous resolution, which it would take too long to justify, of buying a carriage for 15*l*. . . . On Thursday, September 3, we started in the celebrated britschka, our two selves in the hind seat, our two bags on the fore seat, and our two trunks side by

side in front, so that we commanded a complete view of all our effects, except the loose cloaks, books, &c., which were luxuriously bestowed among the cushions and pockets.'

The travellers proceeded over the Simplon to Milan, and spent five weeks among the lakes and towns of Northern Italy. They intended to embark at Ancona for Corfu, and, as they approached the sea-coast, Stanley looked forward with ever-increasing delight to the prospect of seeing Venice. The reality did not disappoint his anticipations. With every mile of the journey from Padua his excitement grew in intensity.

'The green vine-clad plain rapidly vanished into a country whose thin, bent trees and bleak aspect gave signs of the approaching sea, and whose appearance, with canals and villas, reminded me most completely of Holland. But in the villas themselves there was something far beyond all Dutch interest—the lions of St. Mark at almost every other gate, and, above all, a sort of melancholy gloom, with weeping willows, and statues all stamped with a most peculiarly melancholy look and attitude, with arms crossed and heads hanging down, well in accordance with the approach to the fallen Republic. At last, just as the shades of evening fell in, we came in sight of the sea, and the city rising out of it like clouds. The "britschka" was left at Fusina, and we embarked in a gondola. It was quite dark by the time we reached the town, and though I was sorry at the time that we did not enter it by daylight, yet I think we lost nothing. There was something so striking in advancing silently in the hearse-like gondola, through the dark sea, to the lights that glimmered upon it in the distance.

'I never before was so much impressed with the futility of pictures. People had said, "Venice is just the place of which you can gather a good idea from pictures." Now, certainly it is true that I should have known myself instantly to be at Venice from the likeness of the Rialto, the Piazza, and Bridge of Sighs to the pictures of them, but at the same time, I cannot better describe my feeling

about the whole place, and especially these very places, than by saying how different in spirit and reality they are from anything I had ever seen or conceived of Venice. No picture can give you the way in which the Piazza of St. Mark stands quite alone of its kind in Venice ; the rest of the town is striking from its palaces coming down to the water's edge, from the black gondolas, and from any place where you meet with a confluence of canals, and from the islands. But still, I think the general strangeness and beauty have been exaggerated. A city on the sea or on a river may always, more or less, be like it.

'But the Piazza is quite unrivalled. I shall never forget the first view, when we issued into it from a dark lane on a glorious day of Italian sunshine. It seemed as if, at one glance, the whole of Venetian history was unrolled before us. It was not beauty, nor magnificence alone, nor grotesqueness. We have been vainly searching after words to describe the peculiar effect. It is a sort of sublime quaintness—the work of a mighty child, with all the strange and lively fancies, and yet with none of the weakness or innocence of a child. The clock-tower with its two gigantic figures, the sea opposite with the ventures of Antonio, and the two granite columns from Tyre, surmounted by the winged lion, his wings and tail standing out in the clear blue sky, and by St. Theodore, the earliest patron-saint, with his right-handed shield and left-handed sword, standing on the amphibious crocodile ; the long array of the ancient library, procuratory, and Ducal Palace, carved as if with a fantastic network, fretted with innumerable pinnacles, and shining through innumerable windows ; the three red flagstaffs of the three subject kingdoms of Candia, Cyprus, and Morea ; the red porphyry stone on which a banished man stood for two days in the presence of the people ; the two marble columns from St. Jean d'Acre ; the supposed statues of Harmodius and Aristogeiton ; the pigeons, which are to Venice what the bears are to Berne, feeding by hundreds on the chequered pavement ; the tall tower of the Campanile, and, above all, the gorgeous Church of St. Mark, with its six domes, its bright painted front, its four horses of Lysippus, its porphyry columns and brazen gates and winged lions—every one of these objects tends to make up the whole. One feels that every one of them would be missed ; that one does miss the three flags

at the top of the flagstaff, and that the only part of the scene which is like any ordinary town is the arcade, built by the French, at the end of the Piazza, instead of the ancient Church of St. Germinian. Every one of them has a story of its own, and tells of the strange, great, fantastic fortunes of the proud young State.

'The inside of St. Mark's quite prolongs the wonderful dream: no beauty, nor attempt at it, but its whole pavement rough with mosaics, every arch and wall painted, or gilded, or carved with the most grotesque and lively imagery, rich with the columns and altars and baptisteries of Tyre, Constantinople, and Jerusalem. The Ducal Palace is not so striking, but it is even more interesting. From the moment we set foot on the Giant's Staircase, where the Doges were elected and Faliero was beheaded, every step was full of history. The Golden Staircase, the halls of the Great Council, of the Ten, of the Balloting, of the Audience, of the Senate, and then the subterranean prisons, put the whole thing before one's eyes at once. In fact, one of the most striking things about it was the complete preservation of everything—the seats of the senators, the pulpit for speaking, the historical pictures, the portraits of the Doges, going on to the very last and then stopping abruptly, leaving thirteen vacant places yet to be filled up. It was like the story of the Sleeping Beauty. Here alone, of all the Italian towns I have seen, one felt that, if it was not for the terrible wickedness of the old aristocracy, one might expect to see those seats and places again filled with descendants of their ancient occupants. I fortunately remembered just enough of the Venetian history to follow the thread of these most (and to me only) interesting pictures, but they will give tenfold life to it if ever I read it again.

'Certainly, if Switzerland teaches one the evils of democracy, Venice is not less useful in teaching the evils of an aristocracy. Even in the very gorgeousness of the Piazza there is a look of resolute, hardened pride, that seems to call for the vengeance that has visited it.

'The view of the whole town from the Campanile (to which you ascend, with a strangeness exactly in character with the whole place, by an inclined plane) is very striking. You there see the Grand Canal marked by the line of white palaces; the manner in which the Church of St. Mark, with its six domes is in fact only the chapel of the Ducal

Palace ; the Julian Alps, and the beautiful range of the blue hills of Arqua. The churches and palaces take a long time to see, but have not left enough impression to recall, except that of St. John and St. Paul—the Westminster Abbey of the Doges and Generals. The only picture, not historical, of which I carry away a distinct image is that of " The Glory of Paradise," by Tintoretto ; there is something fine in the vast multitude from the east and from the west, from the north and from the south.'

From Venice the travellers drove to Ancona, where they parted with a pang from the 'yellow britschka,' in order to embark on board the Austrian steamer for Corfu. Arriving at Corfu, Stanley met his brother Charles, who was to accompany them to Greece. He was detained on the island a fortnight (October 7th–21st), in what he describes to Pearson 'as worse than Ulyssean or Ptychian bondage.' But his enforced stay was not without compensation. In Corcyra he found 'the first Grecian place' he had ever seen, and 'the scene of one of the most famous parts of Thucydides, which we read on the spot, and which was not the less interesting from the difficulty in identifying all the places.' The scenery also impressed him with the strangeness of 'a wholly new country.'

'One looks over a bason of hills beautifully shaped, covered with a sea of olives (I hardly like using the word, because olives to me conveyed hitherto so totally different a notion), which seemed to overspread the island as if with a veil of grey haze, broken by the tall, spiral cypresses. They form park-like glades, not unlike English parks, if you can conceive them seen in a mysterious, magical mist. There is something singularly appropriate in the *aged* look they give to the country, carrying one back to the gardens of Alcinous, or Ulysses ; even though it may only be an imaginary Phæacia which was spoken of.'

On board the steamer from Corfu to Patras Stanley donned the 'new garment' which he had had made at Corfu for his Greek travels. It consisted of

'a Scotch plaid shawl given me by Tait, turned into a coat merely by the addition of sleeves, which the tailor made more ridiculous by having them made of a different colour. All eyes were gradually turned upon this, and I could not enter or go out of the cabin without exciting shouts of laughter. Goulburn and I endeavoured to while away the time by sharpening our modern Greek upon the anvil of a Transylvanian boy. From modern we passed to ancient Greek, and from that to Latin, and in Latin the boy fairly put us to shame, not only from the fluency which his use of his own pronunciation gave him, but from the really idiomatic and almost classical way in which he expressed himself; and he was so proud of his victory that he laughed to scorn the very notion of our being teachers in the "University of Oxford." "*You* teachers, when you can't talk it yourselves! In some obscure school, I suppose? Well, at any rate, you can only teach little boys!"—and at last ended by saying, with a look of the most supreme contempt, "Discamus melius et tunc loquamur."'

The feelings with which Arthur Stanley approached the coast of Greece, and caught his first glimpse of the mouth of the Acheron, the outline of the Bay of Actium, Sappho's leap, and Ithaca, were those of unmixed delight. 'It seems,' he cried, 'too good to be true that I shall really see Athens.' He was about to land upon the shores of a country whose scenery was permeated by early and solemn associations, and in which all was distance, and nothing foreground; in which the actual scenery exactly corresponded with its ideal character; in which the beauty and romance of Nature were absolutely heaving with the life of ancient creeds and ideas, that at every turn found an explanation in their natural surroundings. And mingled with scenes which revealed to him the spirit of Greek heathenism, poetry, and patriotism, arose a wealth of modern associations.

'Not only did almost every mile recall an ancient hero or poet, but it called up with me the more substantial form

of a modern friend from England. The visions of the library at Rugby, and of the lecture-room at Balliol, were constantly blending themselves with the visions of battles, and temples, and oracles.'

For him, now and always, Greece possessed an interest and a charm which were only equalled by those of Palestine. With that single exception, no other country so strongly appealed to his imagination, or so richly satisfied those special tastes that found in foreign travel their chief pleasure.

His voluminous letters show the enthusiastic sympathy which the varied charms of Greece elicited on every side. He revelled in the consciousness that the physical features of the country are unaltered, and even found some compensation for the destruction of glorious buildings in the fact that the restoration of sacred spots to their primeval desolation often suggested the original connection between their outward aspect and their local worship, or that, as at Athens, the natural configuration was thereby revealed in something like its pristine bareness. Though rivers had diminished in volume and woods dwindled in extent, though Ilissus flowed in fuller stream when it was still shaded by plane-trees, though at Thermopylæ it was hard to recognise the oak-forest the trampling of whose leaves by the Persian host first aroused the Greeks, yet the same general outline of the landscape was seen by Pericles and Plato. He delighted to trace the connection between its topographical character and the character and fortunes of its inhabitants. Nowhere else was the outward habitation more strikingly adapted to the inward soul of a nation, or the association more intimate between its history and its geography. Nowhere else was the fact of an order and plan of moral government in the destiny of States more completely and strikingly exemplified. Greece is empha-

tically made for the men, and not the men for Greece. No other country combines to the same extent the variety, the romance, the beauty, the compactness, and the proportion of Nature.

And Stanley is keen to note how appropriate were the surroundings to the destiny—how fitting it was that a people who have fixed the standard of art for all subsequent ages should be placed in a country where the greatest number of images that could most conduce to this result were suggested, and where the largest possible share of natural influences was imbibed. Or, again, he follows out the peculiar influence exercised over the character of the Greek States by the local features of their respective abodes, and observes the *indigenousness* which repels every foreign, and receives every native, impression, and which shapes and colours ideas and institutions from the surrounding atmosphere and home-grown resources. And, from this point of view, the exquisite outline of its 'old poetic mountains,' which form the real life and genius of the landscape, derived a meaning which he failed to find in the Alps. He saw in them the obstacles to internal communication which developed within the narrowest limits the widest variety of character, the bounds which fixed the genius of each State, the barriers, first physical, and then moral, behind which were formed peculiarities of tastes and customs.

And, steeped as he was in the history and literature of Greece, he followed with imaginative insight the traces which time had left of the chief glories of her earliest ages, or gathered up in his mind the minutest objects of interest that are preserved, like the ruts of the wheels worn by the Pan-Athenaic procession in the Acropolis, or the pillars of the Doric temple embedded in its walls, as a standing testimony to the Persian invasion, or to the haste with

which Themistocles repaired its defences. It may be imagined with what dramatic force he realised Mycenæ, the central scene of Greek tragedy; how, with Perseus, he would draw back from the home of the murdered parent to the very extremity of the plain of Argos; or, standing in the ancient gateway, and among the vestiges of the primeval citadel, behold the plots of the Orestean trilogies unfold themselves; or, looking upon the black, frowning hill that rose above the ruins, dark, sterile, precipitous, hear the curse of the Pelopidæ fall upon the spot. It may be imagined, again, with what solemn emotions he would visit the central scene of Greek religion, traverse the silent plain of Crissa, scale the rocky barrier that closes its northern end, and gaze upon the naked amphitheatre of the rocks of Delphi, where every natural feature suggests Earth speaking in oracles from her remotest heart; or with what awe he would stand at the grave of an extinct religion, and, in the silence and desolation of the spot, realise the words of Milton :—

> The oracles are dumb—
> No voice or hideous hum
> Rings through the arched roof, with words deceiving.
> Apollo from his shrine
> Can now no more divine,
> With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving.

And, in two other respects, the eminently poetical, rather than prodigally beautiful, scenery of Greece possessed for his tastes peculiar fascinations. Stanley felt, not only how poetical had been the mind of the Greek nation, but how deeply it was impregnated with the general spirit of the scenery; how, with the exception of Homer, whose epithets are accurate and happy concentrations of description, the Greek poets regarded the landscape through the medium of the imagination; how they were indifferent to its details,

and ready to sacrifice particular facts to the idea they wished to represent. Nor was this all. He delighted to trace its mythology in the action and reaction which existed between the scenery and the imagination of Greece. He felt that natural objects determined the national belief: that to traverse the nymph-like, muse-like uplands of Greece, or to see its grotesque white rocks, Pan-like and Faun-like, peeping through the green pines and dark firs, was to hold the key to the rise and growth of Paganism; that its thousand coverts, from which Diana and her nymphs might still start, clean-limbed, light-sandalled, short-kilted, with red-deer leaping all around them, were the natural haunts for such divinities, their human passions, loves, and sport, and that to visit the country was to suggest the face which

> Solitude might wear
> To the unenlightened swains of Pagan Greece.

On the 22nd of October Stanley reached the Gulf of Patras. 'Just as we were on the point of disembarkation Goulburn fell into the hold and severely bruised his leg.' The accident proved serious enough to alter many of the plans which the travellers had formed, and ultimately caused the return of Goulburn. But, for the moment, it did not prevent their starting the next day by boat for Delphi. The accounts of this expedition, of Athens, of the battlefield of Marathon, and of the Olympian Vale, are the only extracts that space permits to be made from the number of interesting letters in which the tour in Greece is described.

The letter which contains the description of Delphi was finished in a boat off Salamis.

'I will give you at once my impressions of the journey to Delphi, while it is still fresh before me, as the most

interesting place I ever saw, and which I can hardly believe that I have seen. From the moment that we turned from the somewhat monotonous scenery of the Gulf of Corinth up that shallow gulf, where the Cretan ship, 3,000 years ago, sailed in, led by the Dolphin, to establish the worship of Apollo, the character of the scene entirely changed, and we passed among low hills of encrusted rock, tufted with spots of brushwood, but otherwise stamped as with a preternatural sterility; little islands rising from time to time in the blue bay; till we reached the end of it at Scala. There, under the shade of a rock, stood two solitary houses; along the shore lay at least forty gigantic oil-jars, well fitted for the Forty Thieves; up the road went a troop of donkeys, with goatskins of wine on each side, and on the very top of the beach two camels, one kneeling, one standing. A few minutes' ride brought us through a rocky cleft into a wide plain, fenced in on three sides by mountains, and on the south by the sea; on the north by Parnassus, enveloped in cloud. Two rivers, marked by two dark clouds of olives, poured in from the two corners, and the road was fringed with shrubs of what is still called "Daphne." At the end of the plain was a red, rocky barrier, halfway up which is Crissa; and at the top, sepulchral caves hewn in the rock, with niches and sarcophagi, all perfect.

'This was, as you may imagine, a most striking entrance to Delphi. A turn round the corner of the hill, by a road still retaining the ancient pavement, worn by the feet of pilgrims and marked with the rut of wheels, brought us suddenly in sight of the two venerable crags, the celebrated twin peaks of Parnassus, towering over the valley, like those which one sees in pictures of Spanish convents; and close below them, as if shooting downward from their roots like a glacier, the sloping terraces which once were covered with the temples of Delphi, and in the middle of which are the mud cottages of the present village. These terraces, which as clearly mark out the site of the old town as if it were still there, descend almost to the bottom of the valley, along which flows, through a covering of olives, the silver stream of the Pleistus. The two crags are divided by a tremendous cleft, down which falls the Castalian Spring. These are the two great features; the most remarkable, on a nearer view, is the Spring. Of the ancient *buildings* not a vestige remains standing, though

you cannot go a step without seeing fragments of wall or columns embedded in the earth or lodged in the modern houses. It is as if the whole city had been carried bodily away, only leaving such parts as clung to their native rocks when the rest was torn off. But the Castalian Spring is startlingly the same as ever: a cleft like the waterfall in the Clock-house woods on a gigantic scale, the waterfall dry at the top, but at the bottom two perpetual springs, one of which flows into a basin, certainly, I believe, the Pythias' bath, and thence, under an aged plane-tree on the site of a plane-tree to which Latona first brought the child Apollo, through a glen of laurels (bay-trees) to the Pleistus.

'My first impression on seeing this view was that it was inadequate to the greatness of its associations, but every hour's stay removed it, and there is something, not beautiful, nor grand, but striking and impressive beyond any place I ever saw. One felt that it was just the place to have arrested men by its natural features at first; that, when all these vacant terraces were filled with splendid temples, it must have been the most magnificent scene in the world, and that now it exactly corresponds to the famous lines of Milton about the silencing of the oracles. Read Thirlwall's account of the repulse of the Persians at Delphi; this, as far as I can remember, gave me the best notion of it. The only thing one regrets is the total uncertainty about the site of the Temple of Apollo and the Oracular Chasm; no certain trace of either remains.'

'Never did Athenians,' says Stanley,

'approach with greater pleasure the Piræus from Salamis than we when a fresh breeze rose, half an hour after my letter was finished, which drove us straight into the harbour about 4 P.M. The delight of getting to Athens was in itself sufficient, but it was considerably sharpened by our famine and by the increasing pain of Goulburn's leg.

'The next day we began our rounds, and in the course of it saw *everything* in the town except the Acropolis, and we might have seen that, but reserved it for Saturday. It is needless to enter into details. The first day was like a strange dream, every single step being so perfectly familiar, both from pictures and associations—more familiar, I

suppose, to me than any other single place in the world except the neighbourhood of Alderley. Scene after scene passed by as in a magic-lantern, and it was not till I went to bed, and lay awake for two hours in a fever of excitement, that I could believe I had seen the realities.

'The next day I surveyed things more at leisure, and then the greatness of the place did flash upon me in all its power. What shall I say? First, the pictures in Wordsworth's Athens are most accurate, and give a most perfect notion of each particular spot, but not of the whole, or of the effect of the atmosphere. It is even more beautiful than Corfu: the long, ivy-leaf shape of the blue mountain-range, the silver sea of Salamis, the hills of Pentelicus and Hymettus glowing like hot furnaces in the setting sun, the columns of the Parthenon and the Olympeium, with their delicate red interwoven with the deep blue sky, giving the appearance of gorgeous painting.

'The most beautiful thing, after all, is the Propylæa, as you look through the colonnade of white pillars on the plain and sea below; though far less perfect than either the Parthenon or the Temple of Theseus, it gives you a far greater impression of what must have been the surpassing beauty of the whole when complete. Perhaps the most striking thing of all is the entire authenticity of all the most interesting places. You see at once that they were there, and could be nowhere else; and this often results from their extreme antiquity, because, being cut out of the rock itself, the vestiges remain after every building has disappeared, and one sees Athens as it was in the very earliest times. To give one instance out of many, the Areopagus is a long mass of rock crawling up the hill of the Acropolis like a huge crocodile. On the extreme eastern edge was the encampment of the Persians when they destroyed Athens. Under the dark shade of the northern side is a tremendous cleft in the rock, opening into a dark cavern, testifying almost as clearly as the Corycian Cave does to the dedication to Pan, how it was the cave of the Furies who presided over the Areopagus, and the chasm through which Œdipus, according to the famous description of Sophocles, descended into his mysterious grave. And on the southern side are the seats of the Court, still hewn in the rock, and the very steps up which St. Paul must have been brought to make in that Court his famous speech.'

No picture had given him 'any true notion of the everlasting beauty' of the whole view of the town, 'the dramatic-like assemblage of all the objects of interest round the golden gem of the Acropolis, the distinct colours of the surrounding mountains, and the transparent brightness of the evening sky.'

Again and again he recurs, with increasing enthusiasm, to the atmospheric effects for which Athens has ever been famous. In his attempts to paint them he exhausts his most glowing colours. At one time he describes the Acropolis as 'blazing like a topaz embraced in the violet folds of Hymettus.' At another he speaks of 'the queen-like head of the Acropolis,' which 'stands out in the midst of its painted sky, with Lycabettus glowing like a furnace in front of it, Hymettus deepening into the most living purple, and the long line of the Corinthian and Argolic mountains, with the belt of silver sea, bending round it as if in adoration.' 'Nothing,' he says in another letter,

'but Greek poetry gives one the slightest hint of the reality, that is, the beauty, of the atmosphere. Take each of the expressions separately, and dwell upon it to the uttermost, and you will then have something like a vision of an Athenian evening sky, glowing as if with liquid fire through every part, exercising supreme control over the sea, the plain, the mountains, which shift their colours as if at its bidding, and seeming to centre its full force in that "eye of Greece," the Acropolis of Athens, which always glitters in the midst of its surrounding hills.'

The expedition to Marathon (the *Marathonion halsos* of Æschylus), whose 'solemn aspect ranks it among the sanctuaries of Greece,' was made under depressing circumstances. But, 'like the two days' voyage in a wretched open boat, full of cockroaches,' from Salamis to Ægina, or like the subsequent pilgrimage to Olympia, it serves to illustrate Stanley's capacity of enduring fatigue, and his disregard of any discomfort where some cherished object was to be attained.

'A solitary fine day in December tempted us to trust the next day, and we (*i.e.* Mr. Daniell and a Mr. Lyttelton) sent on horses halfway the night before, and ourselves started at 8 A.M. The day was drizzly, but we were now in for it; the drizzle soon thickened into rain, and by the time we reached our relay we were enveloped in torrents, which lasted nearly till our arrival at the village of Marathon. Here we lunched, having ridden twenty-two miles in four hours, and fortunately, just for the time that we were on the plain the clouds broke away and the rain ceased. Of course, no field of battle can possess more than a certain degree of interest, but, of all I have ever yet seen, none is comparable to Marathon; there is a sort of sacred character about it, as you look upon its yellow plain, perfectly embosomed in mountains, and the blue wall of sea, backed by the hills of Eubœa closing in the view to the east, whilst the solitary tumulus of the 299 Athenians just gives that life and reality which redeem it from a mere empty scene. As we ascended the hills again the clouds rolled over it, and it vanished. I almost hope I shall not see it again; it remains before me like a bright vision seen through a veil of clouds.'

The last spot of interest which he saw in Greece was Olympia. His friends had returned home, and he was now (January 1841) dependent on his own resources. His account is written 'off Etna' on the 28th of January, 1841.

'How fallen from the pomp of Mr. Daniell's apparatus!—no canteen, no knives, no eating or drinking utensil whatever, but a teapot and a bag of bread. No books but Murray's Handbook and Pausanias, no bed but a cushion and Zante quilt, borrowed from the Patras Hotel. But it was really worth while making the expedition to see how, with a little management, one may dispense with everything but eating and sleeping, and both of these I found without difficulty.

'First, as to the general journey, it was quite essential, in order to have a complete notion of Greece, being so wholly different to everything I had yet seen. Vast plains, bounded on one side by the sea, and beautiful mountains on the other—snow mountains—of milk-white snow, rising abruptly from banks of emerald-green grass and myrtles, and seen at times, through the withered foliage of oak-

forests, spreading out into park-like glades. The only inconvenience was having to pass really very formidable torrents, which the least additional water would have made impassable, while the plains in many places were really like one continued dunghill of mud, a most lively illustration of the truth of the common interpretation of Hercules and the stables of Augæas, King of Elis. From time to time beautiful villages appeared, embosomed in mulberry-trees and cypresses.

'The third day we reached Olympia. It was fitting that this place, where the national and religious feelings of Greece lingered after Rome and Christianity had extinguished them everywhere else, should be the last that I saw in Greece. It reminded me of a remark of Maurice's, made to me in Switzerland, that English history would be the best representation of European States in general, precisely because its position prevented it from having anything directly in common with any of them. So Olympia, where the Greek race met to celebrate their common bond of union, is wholly unlike anything else I had seen in Greece: there was nothing to remind them of their own especial countries, everything to fix their minds on what was peaceful and beautiful in itself. The Olympian Vale, still called the "Olympian games," is the last of three plains through which flows the Alpheus, a magnificent river —the only *river*, strictly speaking, that I have seen in Greece—and the last plain, into which it issues from the Arcadian mountains, is formed by an assemblage of fantastic hills of green grass, clothed with pines and wild olives. The plain itself of soft green turf, interspersed with shrubs of *Agnus castus* and towering plane-trees, now withered and grey, but which in summer and autumn must be beautiful. The remains are few, but enough to enable one again to re-people the solitary Vale with the vast assemblage of temples, which it takes two books of Pausanias to describe. . . .'

When this letter was written Stanley was already on his way to Malta. There he was detained five tedious days in quarantine.

'The history of one day will describe all. I rise at 8,

breakfast sometimes in company, sometimes before the others appear, return to my room to write letters or sermon, and the others hang over the sole fire of the establishment in the sitting-room. I continue at work till my feet become so cold from the stone floor that I can sit no more. I rush down to a stone parapet between the prison and the sea, about ten feet broad and thirty long, diversified only by two leafless fig-trees; there I rush hastily to and fro, under the eye of the Guardianos, whom to touch involves twenty days more. But thence I am soon driven by the intolerable glare of the Maltese sun, reflected from white walls to blue sea, and betake myself to the same furious movement in a narrow gallery abovestairs, till my feet have attained some degree of warmth and my stomach some appetite for dinner, which appears on an extensive scale at 4.30 P.M., and reunites the party for the rest of the evening—one or two of them generally sickening for want of exercise, but afraid to send into the town for medicine, lest they should be suspected of the plague. Then ensues a desultory conversation, some not without interest, especially as the Zantiote is something of a wit; but most of it turning on the dinner, and a good deal of it such as I am obliged to reprove, at least by absolute silence and unnatural gravity, and which at last drives me early to bed. The others, after prolonging their potations sometimes rather too long, retire also in time, and the night passes away, only broken by the footsteps of gigantic rats stalking over the stone floors. . . .

'Nothing could exceed my delight on the morning of our deliverance. I absolutely shouted and danced for joy up the streets of Valetta, and have been expatiating all day in the town. Doubtless, if I had to stay a month, or even perhaps a week, the town, and even the island of Malta, with its tremendous glare and everlasting walls, would seem only an enlarged Lazaretto; but at present it seems as if I had the world before me where to choose, and I am not at all sorry to have three days to see a place endeared to me by the labour of one Latin, and half an English, poem, and striking in itself from the magnificence of its streets and ramparts; it is really not a city, but a fortress of palaces.'

He occupied his enforced leisure in writing long accounts

of his Greek tour to Dr. Arnold, to Lake, and to other friends. The miseries of the quarantine seemed to be the rude awakening from a glorious dream. Yet

'to have seen the fatal vineyards of Corcyra, to have drunk of the fountains of Castalia and Pirene, to have been drenched in the stream of Lethe at Lebadea, to have bathed in the Bay of Salamis, to have seen the frogs leaping from the Limnæ into Callirrhoe at Athens, and have been kept awake at night by the βρεκεκεξ in the plains of Elis, to have followed the track of a wolf into Argolis, to have trembled at the approach of an Athenian wasp, and watched the descent of the clouds from Parnes, to have seen the *daphne* waving on the plains of Crissa, the olives in the garden of the Academy, the wild olives at Olympia, to have bathed your feet in the waters of the Ilissus, and to have shivered in the shade of the northern wall of the Acropolis,'

was an experience, the delight of which no rude awakening to painful realities could dissipate. After five days the quarantine ended, and he left Malta for Naples, where he arrived early in February. He expected to find that Hugh Pearson, '*qu'on appelle ordinairement* "burly Hugh,"' and 'who would in good-humour and kindness have been the ideal of a fellow-traveller,' would be unable to join him. 'Heavy with the prospect of a solitary lionising of Naples, that being, in my opinion, the kind of travelling which most especially needs a companion,' he drove to the Museum. He had made a rapid progress through two rooms,

'when a sudden stop was put to all further placid investigations by—what do you think?—the most unexpected sight of one of the Farrers, being one of the very party whom I was so anxious to have met at Rome, and whom I was hurrying on to meet before they left it, as I supposed, after the Carnival. The next moment appeared Pearson himself. Imagine the delight of the meeting! Even under the shadow of the Farnese Hercules I shouted for joy, till the antiquaries started from their researches, and the

"custodes" of the museum trembled with astonishment. They had just arrived, so that everything was unseen by them, and to be seen together.

'That afternoon I went, according to engagement, to Herculaneum (which, being entirely choked up with lava, is not worth seeing) and to dine with the Adeanes, and the next day moved to the same inn with my friends, and started for Pompeii. What would have been a painful duty now became a most delightful enjoyment. The Museum, I think, with its innumerable curiosities of kitchen utensils, &c., although very interesting for a minute antiquarian, rather lowers one's notions of Pompeii, and gives a sort of Pickwickian character to one's expectations. But this is quite dispelled by seeing the place itself. Nothing that has been said can exaggerate the exceeding strangeness of walking through the streets of an ancient Roman city without a vestige of modern times. . . .'

At Naples the two Farrers, fired by his descriptions, embarked for Greece, leaving Stanley to pursue his homeward journey, with Pearson, through Sicily and Italy.

His letters are filled with comparisons, express or implied, between the differences and resemblances which he detected in the general spirit of Greece and Italy.

'The mere enjoyment of travelling was greater in Italy, but the enjoyment of travelling for the sake of *seeing* I never experienced till I came to Greece. Never since I took my degree, hardly since I got the Balliol scholarship, have I had such a thrill of exquisite delight as the first morning I woke at Delphi.'

His stay in Greece had made him more anxious to see Rome. He had met here and there the footsteps of Hadrian, and the feeling of antiquity, which still formed part of the national feeling of Greece, linked it to Rome, for it was rather the antiquity of the Byzantine Empire than of the Greek Republic. He contrasts the profound ignorance of the Greek peasantry with the liveliness and energy with which the Italian postboys pointed out famous sites. As

Athens could have been nowhere but at Athens, or the home of the Oracle nowhere but at Delphi, so at Rome he was impressed by the seeming anticipations of future greatness in the peculiarities of its situation. But in Italy he finds no parallel to the indigenous instinct of the Greek. The Romans courted rather than repelled foreign impressions; they imported art, manners, worship, from every quarter; they incorporated in their Empire province after province, with all its peculiarities and usages. He is struck by the contrast which is afforded, for instance, by the influence of Egypt. In Greece, he found no indisputable trace except the remnant of a pyramid on the plain of Argos; in Italy, the most remarkable feature of Pompeii is the Temple of Isis, and the city of the Cæsars and the Popes is enriched with the obelisks of Amenophis and Sesostris.

In the relics of antiquity, which time has preserved in the respective countries, he gave Greece the palm. In Greece, the remains are those which the traveller most desires to see; they belong to the period of the acme of her fame; they are the chief glories of her most glorious age. But in Italy there existed, when Stanley wrote, few memorials which were connected with the events of the Roman monarchy or republic, and the more complete specimens of Roman architecture belong to the relatively uninteresting period of the Empire. In Greek scenery he found a life and character which he missed in Italy. It breathed the atmosphere of a country grown old in years and glory. Even the outward dress of the hoary thyme and the grey olive seemed the natural vesture of a great and ancient country. The dramatic propriety with which, in Greece, each feature tells upon the landscape impressed Stanley more strongly than the riotous prodigality of life in Italian scenery. In Italy he could feel no consciousness, as he had felt in Greece, that he was beholding the exact

scene which had met the eyes of Pericles or Plato. The nature of the soil and the genius of the people were opposed to such a continuity. At Athens, for instance, the rocky character of the soil fixed the most interesting points with a certainty to which at Rome, in 1841, the obscurities that hung over the position of the Forum offered a striking contrast. In Greece, the sentiment of Aristotle, '*πάντα ὡς κάλλιστα πέφυκεν*,' found an echo in every heart; to the Roman it was meaningless. What Nature dictated, the Greek obeyed; where she forbade, the Roman persisted. To conquer natural obstacles was to the Greek impiety, to the Roman a praiseworthy triumph.

Here, again, in selecting extracts from the letters the difficulty is what to omit. The description of Amalfi, of Palermo, and of the impressions created by Rome, will, perhaps, best indicate the general character of the correspondence.

'The difficulty of getting to Amalfi certainly enhanced our interest in it, and its situation is in its way as peculiar as that of Venice. It lies in a recess of the hills, so as to be really all but inaccessible by land; and, if I were asked what other place it is most like, I should say (taking away the sea view) Delphi. There is just the same kind of amphitheatrical slope under precipitous ways, the terraces of the now leafless vineyards reminding me exactly of the terraces of the ancient city, and the clefts made by the mountain streams not at all unlike the cleft of the Castalian Spring—the whole being on a more varied and extended scale, less solemn, and more split up into fragments of beauty, but still very much an *Italianised* Delphi. And the town itself, small and poor as it now is, reminded us both of Venice, with its fishermen moving to and fro on the piazza, with that wild, musical chime of voices so peculiar to the cries of Venice; the stately flight of steps up to the door of the Cathedral; the Cathedral itself, with porphyry pillars and front and arabesque ornaments, and Greek pictures and gilded ceiling; and the pride with which the guide spoke of the times of the Republic and of its reign of 2,000 years. This is the great lion of the tour.'

Still lingering in Naples and its neighbourhood, he conceived the idea of visiting Sicily, and especially Palermo. The expedition completed, as it were, his study of the Greek mind. It illustrated the Greek's imperfect knowledge of all beyond his immediate home, his notions of foreign countries, and of his relations with them. It afforded an instance of the erection of his fabric of geographical mythology on imperfect glimpses of a distant country, just as the familiar features of his home, or facts in the early period of his national existence, formed the basis of his local and historical mythology. Thus, Stanley's visit made the Odyssey to him what the same tour had made it to Goethe, 'a living word.' He heard in the thunder of Etna the voice of Polyphemus, and saw in the lava the rocks that the gigantic shepherd hurled at Ulysses, or his rival Acis. But, apart from this aspect of the visit, he would, he writes, have felt himself

'well repaid by having seen Palermo alone. It is a Saracenic city, strangely blended with Greece and Italy. The fountains, the streets, the balconies, the actual remains of Saracenic palaces, are exactly like my notions of the Alhambra, and will quite save me the trouble of going to Spain. . . . The churches are Greek churches carried to the highest pitch of glory of which Greek churches are capable—of which the churches in Greece are wholly devoid from their extreme meanness. . . . The scenery is exactly what Sicilian scenery should be—a Greek plain surrounded by Italian hills. And the flood of light which the Cathedral pours upon the dark and complicated Sicilian history is in itself worth the trouble of coming: strange customs, inscriptions, and tombs, which one can never forget. The Sicilian language also seems to me very interesting, if one had time to investigate it—so very different from Italian, and so strangely mixed with Greek. . . .'

On the 15th of March, 1841, he writes home, speaking of his 'increasing distaste to Italian churches, to pictures

and to seeing things twice over,' and announcing that the next morning he was to set out for Rome. Two days later he begins a letter with 'The Ides of March are happily past, and we are safe in Rome.' He goes on to give his first impressions of 'the Eternal City.'

'The sun rose at the stage before Albano, and I then went outside, and sat by the conductor—I need not say in how great expectation. The hills were wild, crowned with small towns; and the ancient tombs, which had more or less lined the road from Capua, began to multiply. At last, on descending the hill from Albano, the conductor called out "Roma." Far down in the plain, rising out of the desolate Campagna, which lay spread like the sea below us, rose the Eternal City, with St. Peter's dome towering above the rest. From that moment the approach became the most interesting three hours of my travels. Even Greece itself for the time waxed faint in my recollection; though, indeed, it is impossible to compare the two things. There is something in the prolonged excitement of traversing that desert plain, in the sight of a great city in the distance, without any of the usual preludes in the neighbourhood; in the only buildings being the long succession of gigantic tombs lining the green causeway of the Appian road; and, as you approach nearer, the ruins of immense aqueducts, advancing as if in melancholy cavalcades towards the city, which they never reach—which makes it more impressive than I had ever anticipated. In Greece you see the ruins of States; but this is certainly the ruin of an Empire. And then, all round the plain are the clusters of those famous hills, Soracte, Tivoli, Tusculum, and Albano.

'Up to the very gate of St. John nothing can be finer, but I must confess the *bathos* is most tremendous. The first object you meet on entering is the Church of St. John Lateran, the church where Constantine was baptized, and where St. John was thrown into the boiling cauldron; whose Canons are the kings of Europe; which is the scene of the consecration of the Popes, and which is called Mother and Mistress of the churches of Christendom. If you imagine what such a church ought to be, and then imagine what would be most entirely unlike it, you may

have some notion of my disappointment at the outside of St. John Lateran [I give you my first impression]—as modern-looking, insignificant a building as ever I saw, not in size, perhaps, although even that is not impressive, but in its whole appearance. Had I not known, I should have passed it by without a moment's notice.

'Then another dreadful *bathos* is the modern town. The Corso is a handsome street, but all so wholly devoid of character; it might be, I was going to say, Norwich, but that is too old-looking. . . . Deeply interesting as the Forum and Capitol are, and much as you feel the wonder of everything, even of the outline of the hills themselves surviving through such eventful centuries, Athens has the advantage, first, in the certainty of its remains, and secondly, in the consciousness that, as far as general features go, you are looking at the very same view which was looked upon by Pericles and Demosthenes; whereas at Rome much is uncertain, and everything is altered. . . .'

At first his whole interest had been absorbed in heathen Rome. 'There is something in feeling the hill of the Capitol rise under one's feet which is quite unrivalled.' But gradually other interests broke upon him.

'The first thing which awakened me from an interest in Pagan, to an interest in Christian, Rome, were the Catacombs; the first which awakened me from an interest in Imperial, to an interest in Papal, Rome, was the Pope. My first sight of the Pope was at S. Maria, on the Feast of the Annunciation, when he goes there in state to give dowries to poor girls. There was nothing much in the prelude to his appearance, except the strangeness of seeing the whole church lined with the Papal guards, with their caps and plumes, and their lines only broken by the priests and monks running about to make preparations. At last, through this file, the procession began: cardinals, &c., &c., and, last of all, high in the air I saw the waving of enormous fans of white peacock feathers, which announced the coming of the great sight. Under these fans, raised on a chair on the shoulders of men, high above the heads of the people, wearing the triple crown, motionless as a corpse, except when his two fingers moved in blessing, his whole figure visible

from head to foot, sate the Pope. The moment he appeared the whole congregation, guards, and people, fell on their knees, calling out, "Benedice, Santo Padre." It was a most impressive, almost an awful, sight to see the old man so very near, in such a tremendous position—the prostration of the people making his own exaltation more striking. I could see every feature quite distinctly—not unlike Uncle Stanley, but very corpse-like. On he moved, like a statue, under the waving of the peacock fans, and I saw no more of him. The rest of the sight was pretty and gorgeous, but nothing more—the procession of the girls in white with silver crowns, the regal magnificence of the driving off of the gilt and scarlet coaches of the Pope and Cardinals; but the sight was the Pope himself—the seeing one man made so very much of, seeing him so near and so perfectly, seeing the representative of such a famous system, and the strange, half-Oriental aspect of the whole thing, haunted me all the rest of the day.'

He had reached Rome at Easter, and he gives his 'conclusions as to the Holy Week.' They are:

'(1) That I *should* like to be here again for it, when I might choose the ceremonies I liked, and go to them quietly; (2) That I should advise anyone to make up his mind, before he sets foot in Rome, to go to the Benediction on Easter Day, without thinking or saying anything about it; (3) In answer to the question put by everyone, "Do the ceremonies tend to convert you?" I say, "To Romanism or Catholicism, certainly not"; but as certainly, I think, if I were already inclined to Roman Catholicism, they would tend to make me a *Papist*; once granting that the general thing is desirable, they most forcibly impress one with the great convenience of having *one man* and *one city* and *one Church*, which shall be able to play with the utmost possible solemnity the chief part of this great religious service. All that is purely *Papal* in it seems to me as grand as possible; and hence, (4) That all the sights in St. Peter's, and those only, are worth seeing; (5) That the Pope's manner is particularly devout and good; (6) That the behaviour of the Roman Catholics in general is at least as irreverent as that of the Protestants, though I think that that has been rather exaggerated.'

On the 19th of April he bade farewell to Rome, 'a place which I enjoyed with the least admixture of pain, and with by far the greatest profit, of any place I have yet seen.' Besides sight-seeing, he had found time to read with an Italian master ten cantos of Dante, and 'conceived for him so great an admiration that I have bought all his works, and mean, whenever I have time, to study them deeply.' He left Rome for Florence in a carriage, in which he ultimately journeyed to Paris. It was

'larger than the britschka, containing Pearson, myself, and Rogers, a Fellow of Oriel, a very excellent and able man, being, in fact, Newman's greatest friend. For the first time, my confidence in the advantages of travelling in company was shaken. Had I chosen anyone on leaving England, I don't know whether I should not have jumped at Rogers, as the greatest fortune I could have had. But now came in that great difficulty, which I had hardly yet encountered—the difference of tastes, so far more important in Italy than elsewhere. The great point was the fancy for pictures, which Pearson also has, though at Rome we managed very well, because he had seen them all before. But whilst it made me quite determined never to travel in Italy with anyone who does go after pictures, it gave me great confidence in the wisdom of my own position, not to go after pictures myself. It is quite clear, from actually comparing on the spot my sensations with theirs, that it is a chasm, which nothing short of a patience that I should not think it worth while to acquire could ever enable me to overcome. The difference breaks out in the very first questions we respectively ask. *They*: "Who is the painter?" *I*: "What is the subject?"'

By Florence, Pisa, and Genoa, he drove slowly northwards. He had intended to enter France from Nice, and proceed by Avignon and Nismes. But the strict interpretation of the Custom House regulations repelled him at the frontier, and he ultimately reached Lyons from Turin by the Mont Cenis Pass. It was not till the 17th of May that he reached Paris.

'Once for all, it is something to have traversed the whole length of those everlasting sealike plains of France, a ludicrous contrast to the endless richness and variety of Italy, but still more agreeable to me than much that I have seen, and reminding me pleasantly of Toulouse. It was a relief to see something of real historical interest again in Fontainebleau, and I look forward with great pleasure to my stay here. One great event took place, on the 10th or 11th of May; the immense length of our journeys unfortunately prevents us from ascertaining the exact date. I ate for the first time in my life, since my celebrated failure, an egg, a hard-boiled egg, and liked it very much. I next advanced to a poached egg, which I also overcame, and there now only remains the victory over an ordinary boiled egg, which I have not yet achieved.'

On the evening of the 26th of May, 1841, he reached his father's house in Lower Brook Street, after an absence from England of ten months.

CHAPTER IX

1841–44

TRACT NO. 90—DR. ARNOLD'S DEATH—THE 'LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE'

STANLEY arrived in England at a crisis of great political and religious excitement.

On the very evening on which he reached his father's house Sir Robert Peel gave notice in the House of Commons of a Resolution declaring 'want of confidence' in Lord Melbourne's Government. The debate ended in favour of the Resolution by a majority of one. A Dissolution was announced, and on June 22nd Parliament was prorogued by the Queen in person. Stanley was present at the ceremony, which,

> 'I confess, reawakened in some measure my interest in English sights. The blowing of the trumpets at the Royal approach, the firing of the guns, the gorgeous sight of the Peers in their scarlet robes, the majestic form and face of the Bishop of St. David's[1] towering above them all, the black cloud of the Commons behind, the Norman forms, the silver tones of the Queen's voice, run hard upon St. Peter's, and the reality of the scene goes far to compensate for the magnificence of the Papal fable.'

By the end of July the new Parliament was elected. The session opened on the 19th of August with a vote of 'want of confidence,' which took the form of an amend-

[1] Connop Thirlwall, appointed in 1840.

ment to the Address, and was carried by large majorities. On the 30th the resignation of Ministers was announced, and on the 3rd of September Sir Robert Peel accepted office.

Still more momentous was the religious crisis. The late Cardinal Newman attached some 'Chronological Notes' to a packet of letters which usher in the notable incidents of the Oxford Movement from 1836 to 1841. Newman closes with the words:

'The affair of No. 90 was a far greater crisis than March 1836, and opened an entirely different scene.'

The appearance of this famous Tract produced a storm which the author had never anticipated. Though dated 'Oxford, The Feast of the Conversion of St. Paul, 1841,' it was not published till Saturday, the 27th of February. It was written, as Newman has stated in his Apologia, to allay

'the restlessness, actual and prospective, of those who neither liked the *via media*, nor my strong judgment against Rome. I had been enjoined, I think by my Bishop, to keep these men straight, and I wished to do so. But their tangible difficulty was subscription to the Articles, and thus the question of the Articles came before me.'

The object of the Tract was to show

'how *patient* the Articles are of a Catholic interpretation on certain points, where they have been usually taken to pronounce an unqualified condemnation of Catholic doctrines and opinions, or to maintain Protestant ones.'[2]

Ward had from the first prophesied that the pamphlet would be hotly received; and so it proved. Men who had long regarded the Articles as a bulwark of Protestantism, and as a barrier against the Romeward tendencies of the

[2] See letter from R. W. Church to F. Rogers (*Letters and Correspondence of J. H. Newman*, vol. i. p. 329).

Movement, found their entrenchments turned. On the morning of the 27th of February, Ward burst excitedly into Tait's rooms. 'Here,' he cried, 'is something worth reading,' and threw No. 90 on the table. Tait described to Stanley how he 'sate, half-asleep,' over the pamphlet, 'rather disturbed from time to time by sentences about 'working in chains,' and 'stammering lips,' till, on turning over the pages, he was suddenly awakened by lighting on the commentary on the Twenty-second Article.[3] He immediately rushed to Ward's rooms to know whether he had rightly understood it; and from that moment the sensation began. He showed No. 90 to one person after another; the excitement increased, but still unknown to Newman; and, on the second Sunday after the Tract had appeared, Ward, who had predicted that it would rouse a tumult, was dining with Newman, and Newman said, 'You see, Ward, you are a false prophet.' When Ward returned that night to Balliol, he found that the Protest of the Four Tutors was already prepared. It appeared the next day; by the end of the week came down, like a clap of thunder, the Protest of the Heads, and instantly the silence was broken by its being reverberated through every paper in the country.

The Protest of the Four Tutors[4] (Churton of Brasenose, Wilson of St. John's, Griffiths of Wadham, Tait of Balliol) appeared in the 'Times' ten days after the publication of the Tract. A few days later the Hebdomadal Board took up the subject. Without waiting for the letter in which they knew Newman was preparing to vindicate the object and statements of No. 90, they censured the Tract, as suggesting modes of interpretation which evaded the sense of the Thirty-nine Articles. Soon after the censure of the Board was promulgated Newman's vindication appeared:

[3] On Purgatory.

[4] See *Life of Archbishop Tait*, i. 81–2.

'The Tract is grounded on the belief that the Articles *need* not be so closed as the received method of teaching closes them, and *ought* not to be, for the sake of many persons. If we so close them, we run the risk of subjecting persons, whom we should least like to lose or distress, to the temptation of joining the Church of Rome, or to the necessity of withdrawing from the Church as established, or to the misery of subscribing with doubt and hesitation.' [5]

At this crisis the Bishop of Oxford (Dr. Bagot) intervened, and while entirely repudiating the charge of evasion brought by the Heads of Houses, expressed a wish that the Tracts should be discontinued. Newman at once acceded to the Bishop's request; no more Tracts were issued, and Newman published (31st of March) 'A Letter to the Lord Bishop of Oxford on the Occasion of No. 90,' in which he made a 'joyful and unreserved submission' to the authority of his Diocesan.[6] But the controversy was by no means ended. It spread from Oxford to every diocese of the kingdom; fresh combatants daily entered the lists; pamphlet after pamphlet was issued in rapid succession; the attack and defence of the controverted Tract became more and more vehement. Prominent among the defenders of No. 90 was Ward, who restated in the most uncompromising terms, and pushed home to their logical extremes, the cautious arguments of Newman.

Intelligence of the excitement caused by Tract 90, and of the Protest of the Tutors, reached Stanley at Rome. He at once wrote a letter to Tait, asking for fuller information.

'O, my dear Belvedere,[7] what have you been doing? Rome is only in a less state of excitement than Oxford. The Pope has just issued a Bull defending the Decrees of Trent, on the ground that they are not contradictory to the

[5] *Letter to Dr. Jelf*, pp. 28–9.

[6] The letter is printed in the *Via Media*, vol. ii. p. 416.

[7] A familiar name by which Tait was known among his Oxford friends.

Thirty-nine Articles; and the Cardinals have just sate in conclave on him, and determined that he is against the usages of the Vatican. But to speak seriously: What has happened? First comes a letter from London to Pearson, intimating that a Tract on such a subject has appeared, and that you are in a state of frenzy. Next, an intelligence from papers that a Protest of five Tutors, Belvedere being one, has appeared in the 'Times.' Next, the great manifesto from the Heads themselves, accompanied by a private letter from Twiss to me, announcing that a "convulsive moment" will "not improbably take place, only equal to a moral Niagara ceasing to flow." Pearson and I are in a state of ferment beyond bounds. Seriously, my dear Greis,[8] do not draw these Articles too tight, or they will strangle more parties than one. I assure you, when I read the monition of the Heads I felt the halter at my own throat. Of course, I speak on the hypothesis that J. H. N. has maintained the *patience*, not the *ambition*, of the Articles. If he maintains the latter, then certainly it does become time to throw away the scabbard; but if the former—ah! my dear Greis, consider the great train of consequences which a resistance to such a theory involves. One consolation dawns upon me, and that is, that this convulsion will, directly or indirectly, lead to the subversion of the Heads and establishment of the Professors on their ruins; in what way I have not now time to explain, but I see it clearly in the distance. But my chief object in writing to you was not to give bad advice on imperfect data, but to implore a letter by return of post to Poste Restante, Genoa. . . . A letter from Ward, or from some defendant of No. 90, would also be in the highest degree acceptable.'[9]

Tait, in reply, explains the circumstances under which he and his tutorial colleagues had protested against 'Tract 90.' 'I rejoiced,' he says,

'that you were not in Oxford, lest you should have died of excitement; but I could not help thinking that, if your nerves had allowed you to think, you would have approved

[8] A familiar name by which Tait was known among his Oxford friends.

[9] The remainder of this letter, and Tait's reply, are printed in the *Life of Archbishop Tait*, vol. i. pp. 92–97.

of my act. The result of the whole matter up to the present moment may be shortly summed up. First—as the most interesting to you—the Bishop of London's theory of a literal adherence to every iota of the formularies is blown to the winds of heaven. Secondly, the consciences of Ward and one or two others are much satisfied by having had an opportunity of utterly throwing away the false colours of Church-of-Englandism which Pusey mounted last year in his letter to the Bishop of Oxford. Thirdly, —— has safely disengaged himself from the sinking vessel. Fourthly, Newmanism has been proclaimed from one end of the kingdom to the other, by the mouth of its own prophet, to be twin-sister of Popery.'

To this reply, which is printed *in extenso* in the 'Life of Archbishop Tait' (vol. i. pp. 97–8), Stanley refers in his correspondence with his sister. He speaks of Tait's

'excellent account of the Oxford affairs, mentioning, what I had hoped would be the case, and what I believe would have happened nowhere else but at Oxford—that, during the whole of the controversy, he had continued on the most perfect good terms with the most extreme of the opposite party.'

Stanley answered Tait's letter from Genoa on the 2nd of May, 1841:

'My dear Greis,—Although I have but little time to write, and shall be in England so soon after my letter, I cannot help thanking you for your account of Oxford and yourself, which I found here yesterday. I hope there was nothing in my foolish letter from Rome at all tending to annoy you, as, of course, not knowing facts, neither having read No. 90 nor the Tutors' Protest, I had no business to say anything. From what you say I cannot be surprised at anyone using any measures against the Tract who thinks it unadvisable, *per se*, that Roman Catholics should be members of the Church of England; still less at anyone being angry at the tone which you describe as pervading No. 90; though, perhaps, as I myself see no reason against Roman Catholics being Anglicans, except the impractica-

bility of it, I should not have objected to any mode of rendering it practicable which was not on other grounds objectionable. I shall be very glad to see Ward's pamphlet, of which your letter gives the first intimation. What, however, gave me most pleasure was your announcement of the good-will preserved through all this storm. I had hoped it would be so, and I believe it would have happened nowhere in this intolerant world except at Oxford.'

Within three days from Stanley's arrival in England he writes to Pearson (May 27th):—

'I have read No. 90 and almost all its consequences. The result clearly is, that Roman Catholics may become members of the Church and universities of England, which I for one cannot deplore.'

On the last day of May he writes from Rugby a second letter to Pearson:

'I have read Ward's second pamphlet with much satisfaction, although doubtless the 21st Article [10] has had a coach-and-twenty-four driven through it.'

In this letter he also tells his friend that his 'passion for England, and in particular for Oxford,' is reawakened, and that he perfectly longs to be there. He reached Oxford on the 6th of June, to find the University convulsed with the controversy and its consequences. He was himself surprised to find how much he was struck with the beauty of the city, even after all the beautiful places which he had seen; and 'how vast and dear' was his Oxford acquaintance. The first evening of his return to University College seemed like 'being let loose in an endless gallery of friends.' 'I arrived here,' he writes to Pearson the next morning,

'at 6 P.M. last night, proceeded instantly, even before entering my own rooms, to the Common-room, and at one glance

[10] 'Of the Authority of General Councils.'

surveyed the Master, Twiss, Donkin, and others. A note from Ward in the course of about ten minutes called me away. I rushed into my room, and threw myself into his arms. Fast and furious conversation advanced, till it was interrupted by the door flying open and a long procession entering—consisting of Tait, Lake, Woolcombe, Waldegrave, Goulburn,—which, after I had pressed

> with salutations meet
> And reverent love to kiss their honour'd feet,

passed away, leaving me again alone with Ward, with whom I had a long walk and tea—then a long dialogue with Tait, —lastly, with our dear Donkin—and so to bed.'

Having a traveller's love of recounting his adventures, or, as he himself describes it, 'a childish delight in talking over my tour with those who will listen,' he would have been perfectly happy in Oxford, if he could have shut his eyes to the troubles which threatened the University and the Church. But Ward had already resigned his two lectureships at Balliol on account of his defence of No. 90; a war of reprisals seemed imminent; and Stanley, for the first time, almost despairs of Oxford.

Every hour convinces me how great a calamity Ward's misfortune is; not so much in itself, or as affecting him, but, in its remote and probable consequences, striking far and deep at the foundations of the welfare of the University. There is no blame attaching to anyone, except such as attaches to an error of judgment. Tait was the great mover against Ward, and they are still on perfectly good terms with each other. The Master shed tears in the final interview, and is very much disturbed about it; it is said that he is overheard grumbling to himself, "I wish Mrs. Jenkyns would take care of the flowers instead of the cabbages," . . . and then in the next breath, "I wish Mr. Ward would not write such pamphlets." He and everyone says that no one could have behaved better than Ward about it, as he might have given them a good deal of trouble by resisting them in details; instead of which, he gave in at once with a good

grace, which quite won the Master's heart. He loses 250*l.* a year by it. I dread the result, because I think it is the proclamation of war to the knife, which will advance from turning out of tutorships to keeping out of fellowships; and then will come the terrible evils of each particular party, or college, setting up a test, at its own discretion, besides the University test, and it will become of such practical importance, that young men will be driven to hasty decisions about Newmanism before they have time properly to make up their minds. For the first time I begin to despair of Oxford.'

It is only when he had escaped to London from the sultry atmosphere of embittered controversy which overhung the University that he recovered his elasticity. A description of a breakfast-party with the poet Rogers, where he met, among other guests, Wordsworth, 'Philip van Artevelde,' Spedding, and 'three mutes,' is written with the gaiety of spirit which his foreign tour had restored.

'The great feature of the breakfast was the lively and protracted dialogue of the two poets. Whenever I had seen Wordsworth before, he was stiff or prosy; but on this occasion he not only gave birth to several wise remarks on words and metre, but it was beautiful to see the playful way in which he and his brother-poet sported together, and bantered each other on their respective habits. It was exactly the *town* and *country mouse*: the town-mouse a sleek, well-fed, sly, *white* mouse, and the country-mouse with its rough, weather-worn face and grey hairs; the town-mouse displaying its delicate little rolls and pyramids of glistening strawberries, the country-mouse exulting in its hollow tree, its crust of bread and liberty, and rallying its brother on his late hours and frequent dinners. There was a great complaint of the country-mouse about the dangers he ran by going in cabs; . . . and there was a most amusing account of their going together to Hampton Court, and how the country-mouse had fixed on the only day, and the town-mouse on the only hour, when it could not be seen, and how they were beset by fashionable acquaintances of the town-mouse, and how the country-mouse would have stayed to look at some beautiful trees in the park had not the town-

mouse been engaged, of course, to a dinner in London. . . . And then, by a few rapid leaps, one of which was the definition of a poor man by Taylor as "a person whose conversation is tiresome," they entered on the subject of beggars, and Wordsworth gave a Wordsworthian account of how he and Talfourd had been standing under a projection in Regent Street for shelter from the rain, and Talfourd gave a shilling to a poor boy, and how the boy said nothing, but his face was lighted up with the most glorious radiance, and he ran with it to his mother, who stood at a little distance and bowed her thanks to them with the most inimitable gracefulness; and then Artevelde, the statesman overpowering the poet, exclaimed, "You have ruined that boy for life. He will now, at every shower of rain, run to the same place and look out for shillings."'

In scenes like these, and in congenial studies, Stanley was for the moment able to forget 'Newmanism' and the animosities by which it was assailed at Oxford. His letters to Pearson during the Long Vacation are filled with observations on Dante. The study of the Inferno with his Italian master at Rome had fired him to devote to Dante and the Divina Commedia the first spare moments at his disposal. He has skimmed through the Vita Nuova, which

'seems remarkable as showing his turn for elaborate allegory, mystical arithmetic, and also that inimitable simplicity of self-dialogue, half talking to himself and half to others, which so distinguishes the Inferno.'

The effect of the Purgatorio upon him is 'perfectly startling.' 'In the general structure, which is, indeed, of surpassing beauty, it far exceeds the Inferno.' The only drawback to its sublimity and pathos is 'a perpetual recurrence to a fantastic geography and astronomy, which bothers without instructing you.'

Again and again he recurs to the Divina Commedia.

'I am amazed that there should be such doubt as to

whether the D. C. is an allegory, or as to what the allegory is. This only shows how miserably unworthy of him his countrymen have been, and torments me by thrusting upon me the only drawback, viz., that he was an Italian. That it is a great poem, independently of the allegory, I do not deny; the reality, the vividness, the personality of the story—equal to Defoe and Shakspeare—are enough to prove this, and in his Hero Lectures this is admirably brought out by Carlyle. But to deny, as C. seems to do, that there is any more than this, is only equalled by the folly of those who say that there is only one allegory in it. It throws more light on the principle of the Old Testament prophets than any book I have ever seen; there is the grand poetical vision of the unseen world, peopled with the faces and names which were most familiar to him, teeming with warnings worthy of Ezekiel and sorrow worthy of Jeremiah over the vices of his age, but every scene and every person embodying the great principles of the struggles of man, individual and social, not the less universally true though clothed in the forms of the fourteenth century.'

Later on in the year he writes to Pearson:

'I have now finished D. C. altogether, having re-read the Inferno, the first eight cantos with what unutterable pangs, or rather pleasures, of regret! The dear rooms in the Via Condottieri (forgive me for my sullenness on the Capitol), the delightful tones of the Dillo's [11] voice, the radiant face of Joanna, the murmur of Hugo Anadyomenos from within. I still retain my preference of the Purgatorio; every canto suggests innumerable topics of conversation. When your present reading is finished, and if you have any leisure, I have no scruple in recommending the Purgatorio to you. It is the most religious work I have ever read.'

Pearson, who was at this time preparing for Holy Orders, proposed after Ordination to take a country curacy at Withyham, near Tunbridge Wells. On some points of difference between himself and his future rector (the Hon.

[11] His nickname for his Italian master at Rome.

Reginald West) he had evidently consulted Stanley, who replies as follows:

'I suppose you will not perfectly agree; but as he is head, and not you, and as I really believe Newmanism is the great religious movement of this, as Evangelicalism was of the last, generation, to be sympathised with by everyone to the extremest point that his and its peculiarities do not forbid; and as I still retain a strong belief in the feasibility of preaching and doing much independently of any belief, or disbelief, on this side Popery and Socinianism, I don't think this is important.'

On the 21st of September, 1841, he writes a long letter to Pearson on the subject of his Ordination, from which the following passages are extracts. When the letter was written, the life of his younger sister seemed to have been snatched back from the other side of the grave.

'She and we thought that she was dying from hour to hour. But last night she rallied from the lowest stage of exhaustion, and I believe that we may now thank God for her recovery. It is the first time that I ever was in a house with serious illness, the first domestic sorrow we have ever had in our family. I write *now*, partly because I cannot help feeling that any words I may say about your Ordination may be better said whilst I am fresh from the thoughts of last week than they would be a week hence. I told you on Mont Cenis that I had ceased to give advice, and perhaps it would be better if I did; but some things do suggest themselves which those many happy hours seem to demand to be spoken. I only desire that you will not think it necessary to allude to anything again, but to bury it in that vast gulf of oblivion into which we have cast so much.

'First (whether you do it or not, of course, I cannot tell, and, perhaps, there being daily service, it may be wholly unnecessary at West's), I believe that every clergyman would find it better to say *every* day by himself, when not able to do it in church or chapel, the daily prayers. The Psalms and Lessons it may often be impossible to read; but I have always found it possible (except when abso-

lutely ill), and perhaps might still oftener have done so, to say the prayers. I would not urge it, except to people who are troubled by such matters, as a compliance with the Rubric, or with any law; but I cannot help thinking that it is a safeguard against too little thought or prayer, that they are obviously the best, all circumstances considered, that can be used by Englishmen of a peaceable turn, and that it gives one an interest in them, as used in church, which nothing else can give. When I say a clergyman ought to do this, do not understand me for a moment as saying that a layman need not.

'Secondly, I believe that the besetting sin of the clerical profession—that to which its peculiar temptations most lead—is indifference to strict truth. I know that there is a desire of truth which leads only to scepticism; but there is also a habit of using words without meaning, or with only a half-belief, or for the sake of a convenient argument and of filling up an awkward gap, or with a love of things established—and all these motives abound in our profession—which leads in part, I am convinced, to that deep-rooted indifference to sermons, and that vast separation between faith and outward belief, and that distrust of all that the clergy say, and that intolerable arrogance which so many of them feel towards lay people which, with many like evils, afflict the Church.

'Thirdly, no—— I will not repeat it; but I will remind you of the celebrated talk about friends on Mont Cenis. I still think there is some truth in what I then said. I leave you to find out how much.

'Fourthly, I still hold to my opinion, that there are certain positions which may be taken up wholly independent of the debatable points of Newmanism and Evangelicalism, and that, if these can be maintained, there may be a great saving both of strife and perplexity. Much has been said about love, but not too much. I seem to see whole wastes of ecclesiastical and political evil which it has never touched. Faith founded the Church; Hope has sustained it. I cannot help thinking that it is reserved for Love to reform it.

'Fifthly—though about this you must consult your own feelings—I cannot but believe that one may be saved from a great deal of humbug by remembering that, however much the Ordination pledges us to a particular profession, it im-

poses upon us no *additional* obligation to holiness. "It is a great privilege to be a minister of the Church, but it is a far greater privilege to be a member of it; he who most magnifies the solemnity of Baptism will most rightly value the far inferior solemnity of Ordination." So it was said to me on the eve of my Ordination, and so I believe it to be.'

After giving a list of books which he recommends, he concludes with this characteristic warning:

'Do not think, because there are many things which I do not say, that I do not think them. But I know that it is for others, and not for me, to speak upon them. I trust that the insight of a fellow-traveller, greater even than the proverbial insight of a *valet de chambre*, is enough to prevent you from making me (if there were, otherwise, danger) in such matters an authority.'

Holding the opinions which he here expresses on religious questions, it may be imagined how repugnant to him was the condition of Oxford at the moment. The University was, to use his own phrase, a waste of ecclesiastical evil, which love seemed unable to touch. To create within its walls, both for himself and others, some counteracting interest to that of theological strife was his ardent desire. It was chiefly in this hope that he was anxious to secure a position which would command for his voice a hearing. In many respects the Chair of Modern History would have supplied the desired position. But Lord Melbourne's Ministry, from which alone he could expect preferment, was already tottering to its fall, and seemed unlikely to survive the actual incumbent of the Chair. Suddenly Professor Nares died, while Lord Melbourne was still in office. So little had such a possibility entered into Stanley's calculations, that, in the event of the vacancy occurring, he had promised to support another candidate. At first he was annoyed at 'finding one of my most favourite

castles thus vanish into air.' But his next feeling was one of relief, and he wrote,

'not merely in sham resignation, but in real exultation at the deliverance from a burden of labour and responsibility greater than I could have borne.'

His negative pleasure at his own deliverance was changed into positive ecstasy

'at the astonishing close of the Naresian drama. Unexpected, and wholly unsolicited by anyone, came the offer of the Chair to Arnold, who has accepted it, retaining for the present Rugby. On all grounds, except fear of overwork for him and of slight tumults at Oxford, I rejoice extremely.'

Arnold's appointment was the one bright spot which the outlook at Oxford afforded him. The University, where he was for the next ten years to reside almost continuously, was divided into hostile camps, to neither of which he was wholly able to attach himself. Not yet appointed a Lecturer in his College, he found no refuge from party strife in tutorial work. His attempt to create fresh interests by founding a philosophical and classical journal proved unsuccessful. And although he had resumed his theological studies by 'finishing Tertullian, beginning where I left off when my tranquil reading was suddenly broken off by my Ordination,' he was evidently ill at ease. 'All here,' he says, 'is confusion.'

When men on all sides threw themselves into the struggle, and became vehement partisans, his own attitude was as difficult to maintain as it was apt to be misunderstood. And, unfortunately, opportunities perpetually arose for the display of party feeling. Two such occasions occurred in the autumn of 1841—the Jerusalem Bishopric,[12]

[12] The King of Prussia and the Crown of England were to nominate alternately to the newly-founded Bishopric of Jerusalem, where there was already

and the election to the Professorship of Poetry.[13] 'The objection to the Bishopric of Jerusalem,' he writes to his sister in October,

'is that it comes very inopportunely, as an attempt to unite the Church of England with the Protestants of Germany, just at the time when Newman, &c., are making such efforts to unite with Rome. Obviously, on these grounds they are quite right to object. It may be desirable to effect an union with Germany, *or* with Rome; but at present, unfortunately, every attempt to unite with one draws off more irreconcilably from the other, and, as they have set their hearts on union with the latter, as best and most important, they are naturally much annoyed at the prospect of union with the former. Things here are in a very strange position, hanging on a thread. I should not be surprised either at an almost immediate revolution or at a protracted struggle.'

So uncongenial was the atmosphere that, for a time at least, Stanley contemplated removing from Oxford. He asked the advice of his sister, who urged him to remain where he was. To this he replied:

'Your letter was very consolatory to me; in fact, it was just such a confirmation of my own view of the case as I wished to have, and the want of which made me vent my complaints. I knew that there had been from time to time a family objection to Oxford, from the notion of the prejudicial influence of the place, which, till this term, was, I think, groundless; and therefore, when I came to think myself that there was some ground in it, I wished to give

located a Bishop of the Greek Church. The Rev. Michael Solomon Alexander was subsequently consecrated first Bishop by the Archbishop of Canterbury and other prelates of the English Church. For the effect on Newman of this union with the Lutheran communion of Prussia, see *Apologia*, p. 146.

[13] The contest between the Rev. J. Garbett, an ex-Fellow of Brasenose, and the Rev. Isaac Williams, Fellow of Trinity, for the Professorial Chair vacated by the expiration of the term of office of the Rev. J. Keble. An actual contest was avoided by the committees of the two candidates agreeing to abide by the promises made, the number of which was found to be 921 for Garbett and 623 for Williams.

the chance of its being considered, that, whatever might be the result, I might not be thought to have acted unadvisedly. I quite agree with you that it is hopeless to escape, and Oxford certainly seems the appointed place for me. The attraction which had offered itself to me was Durham, where I might go if I chose. Several circumstances had brought the state of things more vividly before me. This business of the 'Philological Museum'[14] brought home to me the miserably unsatisfactory character of the so-called Liberals here, and the impossibility of acting with the Newmanites, in whose moral feelings I should so much more sympathise. And there was also a most unhappy repetition of my case at Balliol over again in the case of poor Clough, except that it was more distressing, as he was more deserving and more in want of the Fellowship, and is less likely to get another; and we are therefore to lose from Oxford altogether one who was likely to have been the ablest of all the rising generation.'[15]

In the midst of such depressing surroundings, Stanley had hailed the appointment of Arnold to the Professorship of Modern History with more than his usual enthusiasm. He saw in the commencement of Arnold's direct connection with the University more than a tardy tribute of respect after years of obloquy and misapprehension, and more than a revival of Rugby days and a renewal of old relations of teacher and pupil. He looked forward to his lectures as the advent of a fresh invigorating breeze across a parched and sultry plain, as the counterpoise to what he considered the evil tendencies of the Oxford Movement, as the infusion of new life into the decaying professorial system. He trusted that Arnold would break down the conventional barriers which divided religious from secular learning, that he would dissipate the exclusive adoration of the Fathers and Schoolmen among the dead, or Bishops and Pastors among the living, and that he would communicate to others

[14] The journal which he was unsuccessful in founding.

[15] A. H. Clough was subsequently elected to a Fellowship at Oriel.

the power and the charm which the great writers of antiquity, the poets and philosophers of modern times, the sailors and soldiers and statesmen of the world of action, possessed as auxiliaries in the cause of religion. His anticipations were not, indeed, unmixed with forebodings for the possible results of an event which filled his thoughts waking and sleeping. In October he had dreamed, as he tells Pearson, 'of Arnold making a dreadful failure in his inaugural lecture.' His fears proved groundless; the new Professor's triumph surpassed even his pupil's hopes.

On December 2nd, 1841, Arnold entered on his professorial duties by delivering his inaugural lecture. On the evening of the same day Stanley wrote home to 'give an account of one of the most glorious days I ever enjoyed here.'

'The proper place to deliver lectures is a small room in the Clarendon—a fit measure of the professorial lectures as usually attended; but fortunately, having anticipated a larger audience than could be contained there, we had applied for the Theatre. No one who has not witnessed the very thin attendance upon the usual lectures of professors can fully appreciate my delight at seeing the crowds of men standing till the theatre-doors were open. There was a regular rush—you know the inside of the theatre; the whole of the area and the lower gallery were completely filled—such an audience as no professor ever lectured to before, larger even than to hear the famous inaugural lecture by Hampden. . . .

'In the Vice-Chancellor came at last in state, and behind him Arnold in his full doctorial robes, and took his place amidst a burst of applause. It was most striking, and to all who had been at Rugby most affecting, to see him at last standing there in his proper place, receiving the homage of the assembled University, and hear him addressing them in that clear, manly voice which one has known and loved so well. It lasted for an hour, was listened to with the deepest attention, and closed, as it had begun, with universal applause. It was on history, and modern history generally, necessarily touching only cursorily on many points, giving no offence, yet with an evident intention to dwell on points

neglected here, and to pass over those which are obvious to Oxford minds, and ending with a most touching expression of his own inadequacy to fulfil all the duties of the office, and of his delight at being allowed to hold a Professorship at the University, which one felt the more from knowing how entirely he felt them both.'

With the same loyal eagerness to see Arnold appreciated at his true value Stanley writes of the subsequent lectures, upon the subject of which he had himself been consulted. Yet, mingled with delight in his Head-master's success, comes a feeling of disappointment that circumstances seemed to hinder Arnold from obtaining a juster perception of the high motives and personal character of 'the Oxford Malignants.' 'Arnold's lectures,' he writes in February, 1842,

'go on drawing audiences of 300 or 400 every time. In one he gave a most striking account of the horrors of the blockade of Genoa, at which the Master of Balliol is said to have wept. At a great feast-day at Oriel Arnold sate by Newman for the first time in his life. They talked on indifferent matters, and got on very well together.[16] Otherwise he has not been able to see so much of the opposite, and now persecuted, party as I should have wished. It is curious, though rather uncomfortable to me, to see how completely the reaction against Newmanism here has placed him in the ascendant—uncomfortable, I mean, because it tends to throw him into bad company. Independently, however, of this, his lectures have undoubtedly produced a deep, and I believe a lasting, impression in his favour, and dispelled for ever misunderstandings which nothing else but his own personal presence could have dispelled. No other professor has produced such an effect, I should think, for centuries.'

Happy in Arnold's triumph and in the calm which seemed for the moment to have settled upon Oxford,

[16] Newman's account of the meeting will be found in his *Letters and Correspondence*, vol. ii. pp. 440–4.

Stanley had now found fresh interests for himself in the commencement of his own work as a college lecturer. On April 14th, 1842, he writes:

'I began my lectures to-day as public tutor, which I consider a great event, and I got on as well as I could expect. I conclude that all public lectures (*i.e.* audiences) preserve the same immutable gravity. It is what unpleasantly distinguishes them from *private* pupils. But perhaps it is quite as well, for anything which broke the spell, and let loose twelve wild undergraduates upon you, would be fatal.

Always open to receive hints, and courting useful criticism, he had already written to Pearson to ask him to play the part of Devil's Advocate.

'The situation of——and——, as filling places which they are incapable of filling, has forcibly impressed itself upon me this term as one of the most horrible that can be conceived; and chiefly because there seems no possibility of their ever learning from anyone their own incapacity. Lest, therefore, a similar fate should ever be mine, I beg that, if ever I am in a like situation, and you hear, through undergraduates, or Donkin, or anyone else, any point essentially vicious, or, if not essentially vicious, yet remediable, you will communicate the same to me. Things irremediable, yet not essential, I do not wish to know, but all else, certainly.'

For the first month of the summer term of 1842 his letters are filled with references to his pupils and to the furniture of his new rooms. The apparent apathy of his audience distressed him. 'The only unpleasant part I find in my lectures is the total absence of any expression of feeling in the faces of my twelve auditors. Not a shadow of joy or sorrow ever passes over their immovable features.' Ten days later he writes:

'If any other colour is to be mixed with my carpet than brown, let it be *blue*, so that, if needful, I may plant

upon it a blue sofa which I now have. Is it worth while importing twelve cane-bottomed chairs from London? I should have thought not, but some people recommend it. How very expensive chairs are, when one might sit upon benches! You will be glad to hear that my audience has at last given signs of human feeling by a burst of laughter at a ludicrous story. I was quite alarmed at the effect of my own wit. I have also succeeded in discovering all their names at length. On looking again at the cane-bottomed chairs, it is thought that fat undergraduates would either crush, or, if irritated during lecture, tear, them to bits, so that possibly I may, after all, require some from London.'

But Oxford was not long destined to remain tranquil. The lull in party strife proved treacherous. In May 1842 the storm of religious animosity burst out afresh.

'The Heads of Houses have broken the spell which kept Oxford quiet, and for the next ten days the University will be shaken to its foundations again. They have proposed to Convocation the repeal of the Statute affixing the stigma upon Hampden.[17] It is an honest confession on their parts, either that they were wrong before, or that he has so behaved himself since as to take away cause for suspicion. But, of course, to the original movers of the great feud in 1836 he is as obnoxious as ever, and they are preparing for war. The chief assailants will be Tractarians, and it will be curious to see how far the large body who vote against all innovations will be able to move their fury from Newman to Hampden. I shall almost certainly vote for the repeal. . . . I hear that Hampden himself did not wish to have the question stirred again.'

In the interval between the announcement of the proposed repeal and the vote of Convocation Dr. Hampden delivered a lecture which Stanley strongly condemned.

[17] In 1836 Dr. Hampden had been deprived of the place, which belonged to him as Regius Professor of Divinity, on the Boards for the nomination of Select Preachers and for taking cognisance of heretical preaching at Oxford University. See p. 158.

'But,' he adds, 'I suppose I must not take it into account, and so I still vote for him.' On June 7th the proposed repeal was rejected by 334 votes to 214.

Five days later occurred the event which Stanley characterises, in a letter to Pearson written from Rugby, as 'this dreadful calamity, the greatest that ever has happened to me, almost the greatest that ever can befall me.' On the 12th of June, 1842, Arnold, apparently in full vigour, and still in the prime of life, died suddenly from angina pectoris. Forty years later Stanley wrote to a friend:—'Always on that 12th of June I have written, first to Mrs. Arnold, and then to Fan. And "the eye" of that anniversary recollection "is not dim, nor is its natural force abated."' The shock so completely overwhelmed Stanley that he was obliged to take to his bed for some hours. On his recovery, he at once hastened to Rugby.

The account of the scenes enacted there, as given in his own narrative, is in everyone's hands, and need not be repeated here, except so far as he was himself an actor in them. It is not necessary to dwell in detail on the passionate burst of his grief 'at waking to the sight of that familiar place with the thought that he who was its light and life was gone'; nor on his 'grievous disappointment' of finding that he was too late to see, as he had fondly hoped, 'the last remains of that dear face'; nor on the insatiable avidity with which he set himself to collect every particular, not only of the last hours, but of the preceding days and weeks; nor on the intense sympathy which seemed to identify him with the desolation of the bereaved family. From the first he was received by the mourners as one of themselves, and from the first he was struck by the unsuspected strength with which the widow rose to meet her loss. He helped in the selection of the spot where the great Head-master should be buried:

'I went with Mr. Hull and Matt to fix upon the place in the Chapel for the burial. It is to be within the rails, immediately before the Communion-table, that being the place usually allotted to the body of the Founder; and as the real Founder is buried elsewhere, I think one may safely predict that there will never arise another who can dispute his claim to it.'

The night before the funeral

'I went up to his room—the room where he died—with Matt. The coffin was on the floor—otherwise, all as it was when he died, as it was the last time but one that I saw him. I went up then with Mrs. A. to wish him good-night when the feverish attack was upon him. The window opens to the school-field, commanding a glimpse of the Shuckburgh Hills over the trees—the only distant view about Rugby, and one, therefore, in which he especially delighted. . . . Matt and I knelt down by the coffin, and I said a short prayer for us both. . . .'

On the Sunday after the funeral he read the service to the family in the Chapel, and, with Mr. Penrose (Mrs. Arnold's brother), administered the Communion.

'They, the Prices, the immediate relations, and the servants, were all present. How inexpressibly solemn the First Lesson [18] was! "Behold, my sons are with you! They said, Thou hast not defrauded us, nor oppressed us." And the stern simplicity of John the Baptist, too, in the Second Lesson; [19] and the Epistle [20] and the Gospel.[20] The only parts where I at all wavered were the prayer for the fatherless widow and children, and in administering the wine to Matt and Tom and the Prices actually on his grave. I saw Mrs. Arnold directly afterwards, for the first time since her widow's cap had been put on. She talked just as before, but with greater calmness. She spoke of the service as having been so very soothing to her, and quoted the last verse of Keble on the Burial Service: "Over the grave their Lord have met." Only think what a delightful recollection

[18] 1 Samuel xii. [19] Luke iii. [20] For the 4th Sunday after Trinity.

for me![21] In the afternoon I read the service again, and chose one of his unpublished sermons, the last I ever heard him preach, on Hebrew xi. 13: "These all died in faith." I knew it was very applicable, but when I came to read it aloud in the Chapel it was quite startling. . . . I hear that at the end of it Mrs. Arnold looked up with a gleam on her face, not of comfort, but of happiness—the first that they have seen.'

On the 22nd of June came the painful parting, when Mrs. Arnold and her family quitted for ever their Rugby home. 'We all,' he writes, 'went down with them to the station. There was no formal leave-taking; but I felt when the bell rang for their departure, and the train whizzed off, that the last act of this sad week was over.'

The week was over, but it left upon him an impression which was never effaced. 'I feel,' he says, 'as if I had lived years of manifold experience.' The history of the Gospel and of the Acts on the one side, and on the other the perplexities of human life, acquired a reality for him that they never lost. It was the habit of his mind to pass rapidly from any facts or situations brought before him to the highest and greatest facts or situations of the same class—from the real life to the ideal, from the human to the divine. And thus, in the death of this true servant of God, with all its concomitant circumstances—the desolation of those who were left, the sense of his continual, though invisible, presence, the spirit which he left behind him, caught in various degrees by different disciples, like the broken lights from a shattered mirror—he seemed to realise, with a vividness never known before, but never afterwards exhausted, the death of his Divine Master.

[21] 'Then cheerly to your work again,
With hearts new-brac'd and set
To run, untir'd, Love's blessed race,
As meet for those who, face to face,
Over the grave their Lord have met.'

'I am afraid,' he adds, after expressing this train of thought,

'that I may be thought to take too deep an interest, or to attach exaggerated importance to what has passed; and therefore I do not speak of it to those who think so, or seem to think so. But when I reflect that to me no other event of the same awful kind can ever happen again, and that "if he was not an apostle to others, he was an apostle to me," I cannot think that all this has been allowed to pass before me without calling upon me to consider it most deeply in all its bearings.'

In a previous letter he had written:

'I cannot help feeling what you suggest in your letter—that I revered him too much, and that it is both just as to the past, and good as to the future, that he should be taken away from me. The exclusiveness and vehemence of my veneration had naturally been abated by years; but I feel that I never saw, or shall see, his like again. Others abler and better and wiser I may, but none who can stand in the same relation to me.'

Even before the week of the funeral was ended his thoughts had begun, 'painfully,' as he says, 'but inevitably,' to turn to the question how the vacant places of Professor of Modern History and Head-master of Rugby were to be filled. For the former he was induced to offer himself as a candidate chiefly by hearing that Arnold had expressed a wish that he should occupy it, if he himself were compelled to resign the Chair. 'I shall stand,' he writes to Pearson,

'for the vacant Professorship now, rather from a duty to our departed father than from any love of the office itself. My tangible claims are my Honours and my English Essay, and I suppose that having been a pupil of Arnold's will now be a recommendation rather than otherwise, even with Peel.'

He took, however, no steps to push his candidature,

beyond mentioning his wish to a few influential friends, and, before Dr. Cramer was appointed to the Professorship, other interests had completely absorbed his thoughts.

But the succession to the Mastership filled him with anxiety. Among the many classes of mourners, the lot of the 'unfortunate Assistant Masters' appeared to him to be, after that of the family, the 'most deserving of pity, though, perhaps, least likely to meet with it.' They had before them the apparent impossibility of seeing the place filled by any congenial spirit, and the misery of seeing it occupied by someone who was incompetent, or unwilling, to follow in the footsteps of Arnold. To his great surprise, some of the most prominent, both among the masters and among the old Rugbeians who had gathered for the funeral, conceived the idea that he would be the fittest successor.

'I suppose' (he wrote to his family) 'you have heard nothing of what came like a thunderclap upon me when it was first mentioned, viz., the notion that I should stand for the Head-mastership here. I endeavour to put it down at once, as utterly hopeless, saying that I believe you would put an absolute veto upon it, and that I feel myself in every way unfit for it. Nor would I have mentioned it to you now but that so many people here, both among the masters and old pupils, have taken it into their heads that it would call forth dormant faculties of decision, energy, &c. But I maintain that to undertake it would be, with my consciousness of tremendous deficiencies, a greater hazard than I could possibly be justified in making.'

Unfortunately, though he could decline to let himself be put forward, he could not, as the most distinguished, academically, of living Rugbeians, the most intimate friend among Arnold's pupils, the trusted adviser of the family, avoid being consulted by influential persons on the merits of the respective candidates. And he gave his opinion with a

frankness which would have caused less embarrassment had it less faithfully represented his habitual irresolution. This placed him in a false position towards the candidates, three of whom—Vaughan, Tait, and Bonamy Price—were his personal friends. On the whole, his voice was for Tait. But he could not disguise that, in some points, which at times he was disposed to regard as of paramount importance, he thought him unquestionably inferior to either Vaughan or Price. The eve of the election found him in one of his fits of despondency as to Tait's qualifications in the matter of scholarship. In a fever of excitement he wrote hither and thither, endeavouring to procure Tait's withdrawal. The announcement of the result of the election threw him into an agony of self-reproach; and with the first congratulations which greeted the new Headmaster, came a wail of despair at the 'awful intelligence' from the friend who had contributed most to his success.[22] Throughout the whole transaction, his transparent sincerity, and their own generosity, prevented any breach with the candidates, successful or unsuccessful. But he never forgot the 'mess of misunderstanding' in which, with the best intentions, he had become involved. Rarely again could he be induced to do anything, in similar cases, beyond what was absolutely necessary, or to pass outside the safe region of written testimonials.

The end of July 1842 found him staying at Hurstmonceux with Archdeacon Hare, assisting in preparing for the press the posthumous volume of Arnold's 'History of Rome.' It was, as he wrote to his sister, the happiest visit he had ever had there:

'Constant employment, great sympathy, and the most delightful companionship in Simpkinson, with the most

[22] The letter is printed in the *Life of Archbishop Tait*, vol. i. pp. 113–14.

beautiful weather, all conduced to this; and the arrival of Bunsen completed it. I never saw him in such force, so full of fun and knowledge, knocking Julius about like a little boy, and settling himself to work among the books with such thorough enjoyment. Julius has been exceedingly kind; and, of course, I now feel additional interest in hearing what he says, in having still a *living* instructor to listen to.'

As soon as the work was completed he returned to Rugby, where the School was now reassembling under the new Head-master. 'You will be anxious,' he writes to his sister,

'to hear of my visit to the unsuccessful and successful candidates. I spent a day with the first [23] at Leicester, and found him as kind and satisfied as possible; and I much regretted his failure until I came here to day.

'The first moment of seeing Tait in the study was overpowering; but then all seemed to me natural. It was true that the rightful master of the house was gone; but I rejoiced to think that his labours were over, that the School would now meet, and he would feel no more vexation or anxiety about it from this time forward for ever. And then, when I turned to look at his successor, I really felt that there was a moral dignity about him, and a consciousness of the shadow of the past, which in itself fitted him for his great position, and held out the happiest prospect for the future.'

On the 14th of August, 1842, the first Sunday after the reassembling of the School, he wrote again:

'All has gone very smoothly here, and I live, half with the Prices, half with Tait. I am more and more satisfied with him, and so is everybody. . . .

'There being a difficulty as to the sermon to-day, Tait not having known Arnold enough to preach entirely about him, it was settled that I should; which, with a good deal of pain, I at last did. It was very difficult to get through with it; indeed, the whole service of the Chapel was most

[23] C. J. Vaughan.

awful. Tait sitting in the old place, all the boys assembled, and the pulpit and desks hung with black, made a confusion of past and present that one could not understand.

'I was not satisfied with the sermon, still less with the delivery of it; but the boys seemed attentive.'

Although he sincerely felt that his words were inadequate to the occasion and the subject, the effect which they produced upon his audience was very great: [24]

'You will be glad to hear how deeply impressed the boys were by the service yesterday. I am told that, when the sermon began, there was a burst of sobs from some, and that the Sixth were in tears almost all the whole time, and that many more, who had always kept their eyes fixed upon him, held their heads down, unable to look up. And some of the Sixth have since expressed their pleasure in the sermon, and also at my preaching it; all which pleases me, because it shows that to those who were most concerned it could have done at least no harm.'

So closed the last public tribute of sorrow offered by the assembled School to their departed Master. The sermon was subsequently printed, Stanley yielding to the unanimous wish of those who heard it.[25] 'It has been ultimately published,' he wrote to Pearson,

'almost against my will, and, by a foolish mistake, without my being able to revise the proof-sheets, so that many things which I should have altered, and which to the public seem absurd, remain—some of more, others of less, moment, *e.g.* superlatives for positives, and all the italics. I would not have sent it to you, but that I thought you would be enraged if I did not. I hate the sight of it, and it has been a horrible mess altogether, bred out of the confusion of the last dreadful two months.'

Before leaving Rugby Mrs. Arnold had expressed her

[24] In his Diary for Sunday, August 14th, Tait makes the following entry: 'May the words which Stanley spoke be fixed deeply in my heart and in the hearts of all who heard them' (*Life of Archbishop Tait*, vol. i. p. 114).

[25] *Sermon on the Death of Dr. Arnold*, preached in Rugby Chapel. Rugby, 1842. 8vo.

wish that Stanley should 'collect all he could of his own or others' recollections of her husband's Rugby life.' The wish soon expanded into a request that he would draw up a complete Memoir. He eagerly undertook the task, which had, indeed, been a dream of his boyhood. With a view to its execution he repaired to Ambleside, where, with his friend Lake, he took lodgings at an easy distance from Fox How. He found Mrs. Arnold 'as usual, only something more stately about her: her general manner not only calm, but absolutely cheerful, at times quite gay and lively.' During his first interview with her at Rugby after Arnold's death he had told her of the way in which, among his own family, his uncle, Augustus Hare, had always been spoken of as if yet alive. She had eagerly caught at the idea, which he now found was practised among them:

'He is never out of their minds. They talk of him incessantly, but always exactly as if he was alive. The store of papers he has left, and the indestructible energy of his life, and the inexhaustible associations of the place, tend to keep up a sense of his presence in such a living form that they cannot fully realise the sadness of death.'

The store of papers of which he speaks was quite a revelation to him. Even his intense admiration for Arnold had not prepared him for the wealth of matter which they contained. On the first evening he wrote:

'What Mrs. Arnold read me of his journals and letters has been most striking. If I am not able to make out of them one of the most remarkable biographies that has appeared for a long time, it will be my fault, not theirs.'

And again, a few days later:—

'It has been a most interesting, almost an awful, sight to see the mind of so remarkable a man unfolding itself before me so completely as it does in these letters; some phases wholly new have been opened to me.'

From this time he threw himself heart and soul into the preparation of the Memoir. Any lingering fear of exaggeration of feeling disappeared, leaving only the fear lest he should wrong his hero by exaggeration of language. The result was a glow of repressed enthusiasm, which gives to the work one of its greatest charms. For nearly two years he abandoned for it every other occupation that was not an absolute duty. His vacations, happily extending to at least half the year, were chiefly spent at Fox How, where he could always rely, not only on ready information, but on the wisest, most cordial, and most generous criticism. A letter written in October 1843 gives a pleasing picture of one of these visits :

'My visit to Fox How was most delightful. I left it with the melancholy feeling that this was the last time that I should be *obliged* to go there ; and, amidst all one's other engagements, one feels that it may be a long time before I shall go there again. Mrs. Arnold was more than ever to me. I never before thought so highly of her mere ability : her actual suggestions were so useful and good that, even in this respect, I feel that my visit has been invaluable to the progress of the Memoir. And then they are all so happy together that it was a constant pleasure and refreshment to play at games with them in the evenings, between dinner and work, and to go out walking with them in that beautiful country, more beautiful than ever—at once so wild and so like home. On the Friday before I came away Whately suddenly arrived to fetch back his daughter, and stayed till Monday. I never saw him to such advantage. Though he talked incessantly, I did not hear a single thing which I had ever heard him say before ; and then his kindness to Mrs. Arnold and the children was beautiful. The two youngest children jumped about him just as they used to do about their father ; and it was quite pretty to see Fan's little figure standing on his shoulders, as he walked about the room with her, like a fairy on a giant.

'On Saturday evening I read some of the Memoir, about his political opinions and vehement language. I was more

uncomfortable in doing so than I ever have been, feeling how very uncongenial my style must be to him. But he completely approved, and was as kind and considerate as possible in all he said. He was also consulted about Gell's letter,[26] Mrs. Arnold having thought that he would be one who would most object to it. I do not know when I have been more affected than by seeing that rough, unimaginative man, who had been declaiming half dinner against "Christabel" and Alfred Tennyson, gradually give way, and at last take off his spectacles, and take out his handkerchief, and cry like a child over it. "Yes," he said, "it must come in."'

Even during the Oxford terms, though the burden of college work greatly hindered his writing, he was constantly employed in collecting facts, opinions, or suggestions for the improvement of his book. He spared neither time nor trouble, animated by the sole desire to produce a true picture of his hero, to paint a faithful portrait of Arnold, which should reveal him to the world as he really was, and displace the distorted image that many had formed of his character. The labour was great—by far the hardest, he used to say, that he ever went through in his life. At times it hung, as he told Pearson, 'like a millstone round my neck.' Yet it was truly a labour of love; and when, on the last day of May 1844, the 'Life and Correspondence of Dr. Arnold' appeared, and when he found that it was everywhere greedily devoured and everywhere awakening, or intensifying, a feeling of profound admiration for Arnold, he had his reward.

The two years from June 1842 to June 1844 were so completely absorbed in his one object that, outside the progress of the Memoir, there is little to be told. The one break in his labours was when his friend Vaughan, with wise thoughtfulness, enticed him to go for a week to Paris

[26] Letter of the Rev. John Philip Gell, then principal of the college at Hobart Town, Van Diemen's Land. See *Life of Dr. Arnold*, vol. ii. pp. 290–3.

in July, 1843. 'I have seen Versailles,' he writes to Pearson.

'I pronounce it to be the glory of Cisalpine Europe, the most interesting spot north of Italy, in the mere awfulness of historical interest rivalling, if not equalling, the sublime view from the steps of St. John Lateran. That great view over the Cour de Marbre, with the statues of French heroes encircling Louis XIV., and the long Paris avenue beyond, which Louis XVI. must have seen over the heads of the raging mob, whilst behind him stood the royal deathbed of Louis XIV.—that view ranks, in my mind, close behind Rome, Greece, or the great Piazza, and gives me a thrill like that with which I woke at Delphi, or felt the Capitoline Hill rise under my feet. Never, before my sight of that gigantic palace, filled with the one only thought of royal pride and selfishness, the farthest horizon co-extensive only with the royal park, and so excluding every idea except that of the king's own grandeur, the whole place unredeemed by one single association of heroism or holiness, did I feel how inevitably doomed to destruction was the monarchy of Louis XVI. Never, before my sight of that long Paris avenue, and of that marble court, of the marble staircase, and of the hall of the guards, and of the Queen's bedroom, with the remembrance of their occupation by the Parisian populace, did I feel how truly awful must have been the shock of that Revolution which could carry such guests into the sanctuary of such a palace. That balcony is, I am convinced, *the* scene of the Revolution to see. Words fail to express the Babylon-like, Titanian, Jeremiah-like interest which invests it.'

His visit to Paris was the only interruption of his labours on Arnold's 'Life,' and even the letter from which the above description of Versailles is extracted concludes with questions asked with a view to comparing the character and extent of Longley's influence over the boys at Harrow. When the work[27] at last appeared 'the effect' was, as he himself says—

[27] *The Life and Correspondence of Thomas Arnold.* 2 vols. London, 1844. 8vo.

'startling on those who had not known Arnold. I find that the impression in everyone's mind is exactly what I had intended—entirely and exclusively of *him*, and not of me. You may imagine how amply overpaid I now feel for all the anxiety I have had, and how thankful for having been able to bring it to this end.'

The reviews were uniformly favourable. He searched them eagerly, but less to see what was said of himself, than to see whether the facts which he had sought to portray were correctly apprehended. It was an especial pleasure to him to learn that some of the leaders of the Tractarian party, who had most disliked and distrusted Arnold, as they conceived him, were completely won over by the piety and humility of the real man. If the facts as stated by his biographer were misunderstood, his comment was that such misapprehensions

'only proved how difficult it is so to describe a man to those who did not know him that they shall really understand him.'

'Two things' he finds

'objected to on my part. One, that the sentences are too long—the Master of Balliol, who otherwise highly approves, got out of breath in reading it aloud to Mrs. Jenkyns. The other, a want of more facts and anecdotes.'

'Your approval,' he wrote to Pearson,

'was very delightful to me. I confess to having an almost restless desire to hear what is said about the book, not, I really believe, from vanity, but because it does give me such intense pleasure, as it always did, to find that dear Arnold is known and loved, and that the great labour, I might almost say agony, of the last two years has not been thrown away.'

It has been necessary to dwell at some length upon the Memoir owing to its importance, both to the reader and

the writer of the 'Life of Dr. Arnold.' In some respects it was, as he himself anticipated when composing it, *the* work of his life, the book by which he most affected for good the largest number of persons. It idealised a profession which is every year recognised to be of wider and deeper importance. At the same time, it produced on his own mind and character the consolidating effect of an arduous and sustained effort, especially as, in depicting the sentiments and opinions of another, he was taking stock, so to speak, of his own. And yet again, the great and deserved success of the 'Life,' which at Christmas, 1844, had reached its fourth edition, gave him an assured position, and made him a power, not in Oxford only, nor merely in the world of letters. From this time forward his movements seem more free, his step more firm, his carriage more erect.

CHAPTER X

1844–48

OXFORD—DEGRADATION OF MR. WARD—WORK AS COLLEGE TUTOR

IN the same letter which announced the arrival of the first copies of his book, Stanley assured his mother that, as 'a pledge of turning immediately to something else,' he had that day resumed the study of Hebrew, and prospectively entered the field as a candidate for the Chair of Exegetical Theology, which was to fall vacant in three years' time. He adds that he had again, after the two years' interval of seclusion,

'begun to frequent dinner-parties, debating societies, &c., to my great enjoyment. I also preached the other day a Latin sermon, in which I took the opportunity of the "decent obscurity of a learned language" to deliver myself of several offensive truths with which I was labouring.'

A few days later he writes to explain the drift of his sermon.

'The offensive truths are as follows :—

'1. That we ought to admire the nineteenth century as well as the first.

'2. That we ought to study German as well as English theology.

'3. That the University must not follow, but lead, in all matters of knowledge.

'4. That no good could come to the place until the scandalous plan of voting on college or personal feelings was abandoned.

'5. That no reforms were so safe or effectual as those which were forced upon the reluctant Dons by the indignant undergraduates.'

The first four of these heads represent the dominant current of his thoughts and aims in connection with the Church and the University; the fifth reflects the results of his recent experiences as a college tutor. Collectively they define the range of ideas within which, for the next seven years, his practical energies were mainly concentrated. Though Church life, tutorial duties, and University reform could not absorb all his active interests, they naturally occupied the largest share in his attention as the business of his professional life in Oxford.

After two years of incessant and anxious work upon the Memoir of Arnold, some relaxation was sorely needed, and Stanley sought the necessary change of thought and scene in foreign travel. In August 1844 he started with Benjamin Jowett (the present Master of Balliol) for a six weeks' tour in Germany. Travelling for the most part by 'hateful diligences,' they reached Rheims, 'the Canterbury of France,' and thence made their way to Trèves, where the Holy Coat was being exhibited for the first time since 1810. In his account of the relic of the seamless vesture, of the procession of the pilgrims, and of the miraculous cures alleged to have been performed at the shrine, Stanley passes away from the region of doubt or denial to that which is beyond dispute. He insists on the historical interest undeniably possessed by an object which has been for many centuries so intensely and so widely venerated.

'I cannot help suspecting that it has been considered in some way as the Palladium of the German race. Various expressions in the first authentic mention of it, its natural adaptation to be the symbol of what Dante calls the seamless vesture of the German Empire, its being carried off into

the heart of Germany, and the difficulty of recovering it, all point in the same direction.'

'Supporting our wearied bodies by cups of coffee (which you will be glad to hear that I have learned to drink) and rolls of bread, and our wearied minds by alternate reading, analysing, and catechising on Kant's "Pure Reason,"' the travellers reached Bingen, and thence made their way to Nuremberg. The city enchanted Stanley as a mediæval town, and as the birthplace of German art. 'It is not,' he says,

'a Pompeii of the Middle Ages, for its national spirit still hangs about it, and gives it the appearance, not of death, but of sleep. It is exactly a German Venice, a very German Venice indeed, as Coleridge said of Klopstock when he heard him called a German Milton, yet still more corresponding to Venice than any other place I ever saw.'

Steaming for three days down the Danube, 'a wild, straggling river, turbid as if carrying off the dregs of Europe,' they arrived at Vienna. The city seemed to him uninteresting, except as 'the last great European city on the confines of Christendom.' The picture-galleries he, as usual, avoided. If he entered them at all, it was for the sake of the portraits. Prague was the farthest point which the travellers reached:

'It fully equalled my expectations; whilst the influx of new ideas was so great that I could hardly sleep from them the first of the two nights we passed there. I have not yet disentangled them clearly enough to see distinctly what Prague was, and is, and yet may be, or what are the various ways in which it strikes one as different from all other cities I have yet seen. It is not, to my mind, strictly Oriental, nor even Sclavonic purely; it is, I think, what one would expect from a city of a barbarian race struggling in the arms of a civilised world.

'Undoubtedly, the great and characteristic feature and

one not nearly enough dwelt upon, is the *bridge over the Moldau*, which divides the mass of the town from the Hradschin (*i.e.* the citadel, palace, cathedral, in short the Kremlin of Prague). You suddenly emerge from the streets of the town out of the huge buildings of the University (the university of John Huss, and the oldest of all the German universities, now so famous) and of the Seminary of the Jesuits, and you come at once in sight of this magnificent bridge, incomparably the finest I ever saw, stretching over the Moldau, arch after arch, statue after statue, till it ends at the foot of the Hradschin, which rises immediately above it, one mass of palaces and churches, with the cathedral towering out of them.

'The entrance of the bridge is guarded by a watch-tower, at the gate of which took place one of the most striking and significant scenes I ever heard of. It was here that, in the Thirty Years' War, the Swedish army, under Gustavus Adolphus, was on the point of taking the city by surprise, when a Jesuit rushed out of the adjoining college, let down the portcullis, and, like a second Cocles, defended the gate, with three students, till assistance came, and thereby secured the cause of the counter-Reformation in Prague, in Germany, perhaps in Europe. The whole scene bursts upon one with such vividness that I can hardly help dreaming of it all night; and in the mocking sculptures of Luther and his wife under the gateway, and the long line of statues on the bridge erected since the war to Roman Catholic saints, you see the visible triumph of the Jesuit's cause.'

Turning homewards, and embarking on the Elbe, the two friends arrived at Dresden, 'one of the most uninteresting places,' says Stanley, 'I ever saw.'

'Its redeeming feature is a fine terrace upon, and bridge over, the river, and the great picture-gallery, which to me had no charms except just to see the famous picture of the Virgin, and two portraits—again of Luther and Melanchthon; they were of the same date evidently as those at Nuremberg, but taken at a less happy moment. . . . Such being our impressions of Dresden, we were deliberating how we could most rapidly pass on to Berlin when, owing to a letter of introduction which I had brought to a Professor here, we

suddenly discovered that we had arrived on the day of a great assemblage of German scholars and schoolmasters and professors exactly answering to the British Association, only for the advancement, not of physical, but of philological science. We determined accordingly to delay our departure till the evening, in the hope of hearing from several of them whether anyone whom we wanted to see at Berlin was likely to be there.

'There was a great meeting of them in the evening, and there we went. Almost the first person we saw was our old friend Professor Böcking, my host at Bonn. With him I immediately made acquaintance again; and from that moment we went a regular round of introductions, till we finally reached the President of the Association, Hermann, the father of German philologers, a very old man, but still strong and vigorous. It was very curious to have such a constant succession of persons, whom we had only known from the backs of books, passing before you—such a sudden transformation of names into men of flesh and blood. There was Lachmann, with long, streaming yellow hair, the editor of the Greek Testament which you have often seen in my rooms. There was Bekker, and others whose names would not interest you, whom I was very glad to see. One was Forchhammer, whose works on Greek topography I had read in Greece with great admiration, and quoted in my article in the "Classical Museum."[1] He immediately asked, on hearing my name, whether I was the author of the article, and also whether I had not a brother in the Navy; he had met Owen in the Gulf of Corinth. . . .

'Another was the head of one of the schools here—Böttcher. I was asking one of the others whether they had ever heard of Arnold, and he immediately mentioned this man as knowing him; and I at once remembered that it was the man for whom Arnold had taken so much trouble in getting a map of Syracuse copied out from the Ordnance Office, which I lost, and about which I received the only angry letter I ever had from him. I was accordingly introduced to him; he had kept all his letters, which were written to him in Latin.

'A third was Ewald, writer of the books on the Psalms and Prophets which have interested me so much lately. We

[1] *The Classical Museum*, vol. i. part 1, 'Greek Topography,' by the Rev. A. P. Stanley, A.M., p. 65.

were both more anxious to see him than almost anyone else in Germany, . . . so that you may imagine our delight at finding him here. We went to his hotel and introduced ourselves (on the plea of asking whether he had received Arnold's two sermons on Prophecy, which I had delivered to an Oxford man to give him). . . . It was in the evening, and we found him alone, with nothing but his Greek Testament on the table, and our interview was very satisfactory. He is one of the most striking Germans I have met with; and there is in his conversation a great deal of real religion and a Christian element, which his books are rather without. He spoke with great feeling of his own history, of his gradually advancing more and more into a recognition of the truth and greatness of Christianity; how he had begun less as a mere philosopher than become through it a philosopher, and ended by being a theologian. We parted very good friends, and I promised to send him Arnold's "Life."'

From Dresden Stanley went on to Berlin, halting at Wittemberg,

'a place which no Protestant should fail to visit. There is something, even in its totally featureless position in the midst of the great plain of sand which stretches from Dresden to the sea, that makes it not unfit to be the birthplace of principles, whose pride it is to be independent of all local and outward circumstances.'

With Charles Bunsen as his guide, Stanley completed his 'tour through the whole German world by seeing its real capital,' Berlin.

'By seeing many places I find I have got instinctive feelings peculiar to different kinds of cities, which I recognise as certainly as, when I got upon the runaway horse at Malta, I felt the paces and movement of my friend at Norwich. There is one kind of feeling suggested by places which at times exhibit themselves as scenes of great Revolutions, such as came on me when I ran up the steps of the Capitol, or stood in the central chamber of Versailles; another, when the whole history of a place is suddenly unrolled, as at Prague, or Nuremberg; and another, when I

feel that the place is not dead, but living, full of influence, not only for the past, but for the future. This I felt at Paris, and I had not felt it again till I reached Berlin, when it came over me irresistibly, at once investing it with an interest before which Vienna and Dresden faded into nothing. You feel that it is teeming with intellectual energy—with purely intellectual energy, beyond any place I ever saw; that in it, humanly speaking, all the future hopes of Germany are concentrated.

'With the exception of the King and Schelling—two great exceptions, certainly—I saw everyone that I wished to see—Von Humboldt, Ranke, Neander, &c., &c. . . . I am very glad to have seen them; eminent men are always a pleasing recollection to me. But otherwise it was a failure. I am never good at drawing-out people, especially when alone. And also, whether from this or from some other cause, I was somewhat disappointed with them. None of them struck me so much as Ewald.

'Of the whole set, I was, I think, most impressed by Humboldt and Neander—Humboldt, as being so perfect a gentleman; Neander, as being such a thorough Jew in physiognomy. He was one by religion originally, and assumed his present name on his conversion. I think I never saw the Hebrew features so strongly marked: the fierce black eyes (or rather eye, as he has only one), deep set under two great moustaches of overhanging eyebrows. I talked to Ranke a little about the Hussites and the Reformation, and got a little, but not much, out of him. I was glad to find that he agreed with me in thinking that Henry VIII.'s natural greatness had been under-estimated.'

The tour completely 'answered its purpose of pouring through my mind such a flood of new ideas as will keep it from rusting for a long to come.' At the end of 1843 he had been ordained priest, and appointed a college tutor. With fresh energy and renewed ardour he now threw himself into the duties and responsibilities of his position. His immediate work was the preparation of his lectures, and in the first letter written home after his return from Germany he speaks of himself as 'getting up "Herodotus," not having read it for seven years; it is curious to find what a world

of thought has passed through one's head in the interval.' 'How well,' writes one of his pupils (the present Dean of Westminster),

'two or three of us remember that well-marked "Herodotus," which he freely lent us. It had its special marks in coloured lines, to indicate, first, passages noteworthy for the Greek; secondly, passages bearing on Greek history or on the time of Herodotus; thirdly, passages containing truths for all time.'

But the peace of the University was already disturbed by the first mutterings of coming war, which heralded the contest over Ward's 'Ideal Church,' and which verified by experience one, at least, of the 'offensive truths' contained in Stanley's Latin sermon. First came the opposition to the election as Vice-Chancellor of Dr. Symons, who had been one of the six doctors by whom Dr. Pusey was suspended, and who was one of the most active opponents of the Tractarian Movement. It was followed by rumours, which proved to be for the present premature, of the secession of Newman, who, in September 1843, had resigned St. Mary's and retired to Littlemore. 'It would be impossible,' writes Stanley,

'to exaggerate the effect produced by this rumour (which at first seemed to have more authenticity than it has since had) on, at least, all the thinking and feeling part of Oxford. There has always, and especially for the last year, been something so mysterious about Newman's movements, that now that it seemed that he was about to take the final step, one felt the long range of causes before, and the still longer train of consequences behind, throwing every previous secession and every previous move into the remotest distance in comparison. It really reminded me of that one grand scene that I saw in the "Medea,"[2] when the murder takes place within the palace, and the terrified slaves fly backwards and forwards between the Chorus and the

[2] *The Medea* had been acted during the meeting of the German philologists at Dresden.

closed gates, and the Chorus mounts the steps of the altar and invokes the sun to hide its rays, and darkness rapidly falls over the stage. No one asked about it in public, but everyone rushed to and fro to ask in private, and recalled the last time that Newman had been seen walking in the streets, how he looked, and what he had said. At last some reassurance was brought by the news that he was, at any rate, still at Littlemore, and it does not appear that there is any ground for anticipating an immediate move. Still, the shock has been given, and I think the public mind is prepared for it. My impression from the kind of sensation produced by this rumour is, that the effect would be very great; deep, but within a narrow circle, at first, and then gradually widening, till a great crash came. To any one who has been accustomed to look upon Arnold and Newman as *the* two great men of the Church of England, the death of one and the secession of the other could not but look ominous, like the rattle of departing chariots that was heard on the eve of the downfall of the Temple of Jerusalem.'

To the rumours of Newman's secession succeeded the growing excitement which was aroused by the publication of Ward's 'Ideal of a Christian Church considered.' Among many similar passages in that bulky volume occurred the following sentences:

'We find—oh, most joyful, most wonderful, most unexpected sight!—we find the whole cycle of Roman doctrine gradually possessing numbers of English Churchmen. . . . Three years have passed since I said plainly that in subscribing the Articles I renounce no one Roman doctrine.'

The challenge was bold, and it was accepted by the University. Notice was given that three resolutions would be proposed at a Convocation which was summoned for February 13, 1845. The first resolution condemned selected passages from the 'Ideal Church' as 'utterly inconsistent' with the Thirty-nine Articles, and with Ward's good-faith in assenting to and subscribing the same; the second

annulled the degrees of B.A. and M.A., formerly conferred upon him on the strength of such assent and subscription; the third imposed for the future on all graduates a new form of subscription[3] to the Articles, so framed as to exclude the possibility of any such interpretation as had been placed upon them by Ward and in 'Tract 90.'

No sooner were the three resolutions announced than Stanley threw himself with characteristic energy into the opposition. Ward's case was in itself comparatively insignificant and very unpopular. But the principle raised by the proposal to impose a new test was of the utmost importance. He wrote at once to many of his old college friends, urging some to canvass against the test, others to vote against it when it came up for discussion in the following February. His own feelings towards the three resolutions are shortly expressed in a note to Pearson:

'About 1 and 2, I think you may fairly stay away; but about 3, I think you are called upon to vote. *I* could not take the new test, and I therefore feel that a direct injury is inflicted on me if it is carried. 1 and 2 I oppose solely on the ground of the incompetence of Convocation to try such questions.'

A longer letter to his sister at Norwich explains his view of the effect of the proposed Statute at greater length:

'It is likely to produce a great ferment, and to bring on the whole question of subscription beyond any previous step. In my judgment, the whole thing is most objectionable; exactly the Hampden case over again, with the tables turned—a large work judged by extracts before a mob of clergy, who can, after all, never decide on the real

[3] The new test contained the following words:—'Ego, A.B., profiteor me Articulis istis omnibus et singulis eo sensu subscripturum in quo eos ex animo credo et primitus editos esse, et nunc mihi ab Universitate propositos tanquam opinionum mearum certum ac indubitatum signum.'

questions at issue. And the last part, which attempts to impose a new test, is quite a new feature. I trust and think that the Liberal Party will rise all through the country. Some indeed here, such as Hampden, are most provokingly forgetful of all the arguments they used in their own defence ten years ago, and urge on the measure as if they had never suffered themselves, either from perplexed consciences or arbitrary power.'

As the Black Thursday of St. Valentine's Eve (February 13, 1845) approached, the excitement grew in intensity. Every day was big with flyleaves and protests and articles. The atmosphere of Oxford became more and more 'suffocating,' and breathed and burned 'with nothing but pamphlets and false arguments and indignant, half-suppressed remonstrances.' Stanley himself drew up an elaborate pamphlet against the Statute; but his friends opposed its publication, and, with the exception of a letter to the Times, signed 'An M.A. who abhors Convocation' (February 12, 1845), and an address to the voters upon the situation, he took no public part in the conflict. But by his advice the opinion of two eminent lawyers against the legality of the test and degradation was obtained upon a Case which he was chiefly instrumental in drafting.

In deference to popular and legal opinion, the suggested test was withdrawn by its proposers before the meeting of Convocation. But another resolution was substituted for it, formally condemning the principles of interpretation adopted in 'Tract 90.'

'The Heads have actually ventured to add this to the existing Statute, so as to leave only six days for answer, deliberation, notices, and all those other honest acts, which were so successful against the test, but without which the test would probably have triumphed. The measure is not, indeed, in itself so bad as either of those that have gone before, as far as I can as yet see. No. 90 is shorter than Ward's book, and so may perhaps be read by those who

condemn it, and no pains and penalties are immediately attached to it. But still, its condemnation involves the whole question of subscription, of which Convocation are just as fit to judge as the boys at the workhouse, and may possibly be made the ground of proceedings against Newman, which would lead to the culmination of catastrophes in his retirement from the University; and the indecency and injustice of bringing it forward at a week's notice are without excuse. However, here the University Constitution, with all its anomalies, offers a temporary remedy. Now, as in the case of the Hampden feud, we have two Proctors who are opposed to the whole thing, and it is thought that this is a case for the exercise of their joint veto, which, though it can only postpone the calamity till next term, yet gives time for discussing, and, if so be, suppressing it. They are now making up their minds whether they will do so, and I hope there is no doubt of their proceeding to it. . . . In that case the censure and degradation of Ward will go on as before. . . . I feel so full of arguments against the whole thing that I long for a hundred voices and throats of brass.'

'It is very remarkable to observe,' says Stanley, speaking of the proposed censure on 'Tract 90,'

'how peculiar a feeling is excited the moment that the slightest attempt is made to eject Newman, as if men had an instinctive fear of touching even a hair of his head. Men who had been prepared to sacrifice Ward without a struggle recoiled in horror when they found that they were called upon to sacrifice Newman too.'

The new resolution forced Stanley to act. On February 10th an Address to the Voters at Convocation was circulated, under the title of 'Nemesis.' The address[4] was anonymous, but it created a considerable sensation, and its authorship soon transpired. It expresses in a succinct form Stanley's conviction of the absurdity of the con-

[4] It is here printed from the draft found among his papers.

demnation, *both* of Hampden's 'Bampton Lectures' and of the 'Ideal Church' and 'Tract 90.'

'Oxford, February 10, 1845.

'1. In 1836, Dr. Hampden was censured by Convocation on an undefined charge of want of confidence. In 1845, Mr. Newman and Mr. Ward are to be censured by the same body.

'2. In 1836, the country was panic-stricken with a fear of Liberalism. In 1845, the country is panic-stricken with a fear of Popery.

'3. 474 was the majority that condemned Dr. Hampden; 474 is the number of requisitionists that induced the censure on Mr. Newman.

'4. The censure on Dr. Hampden was brought forward at ten days' notice. The censure on Mr. Newman was brought forward at ten days' notice.

'5. Two Proctors of decided character, and of supposed leaning to the side of Dr. Hampden, filled the Proctor's office in 1836. Two Proctors of decided character, and of supposed leaning to the side of Mr. Newman, fill the Proctor's office in 1845.

'6. The "Standard" newspaper headed the attack on Dr. Hampden. The "Standard" newspaper heads the attack on Mr. Ward and Mr. Newman.

'7. The "Globe" and "Morning Chronicle" defended Dr. Hampden. The "Globe" and "Morning Chronicle" defend Mr. Ward.

'8. The Thirty-nine Articles were elaborately contrasted with the writings of Dr. Hampden as the ground of his condemnation. The Thirty-nine Articles are made the ground of the condemnation of Mr. Ward and Mr. Newman.

'9. The "Bampton Lectures" were preached four years before they were censured. The 90th "Tract for the Times" was written four years before it is now proposed to be censured.

'10. Two eminent lawyers pronounced the censure on Dr. Hampden illegal. Two eminent lawyers pronounce the degradation of Mr. Ward illegal.

'The wheel is come full circle round. The victors of 1836 are the victims of 1845. The victims of 1836 are the victors of 1845. The assailants are the assailed, the

assailed are the assailants. The condemned are the condemners, the condemners the condemned.

'The wheel is come full circle round. How soon may it come round again? Voters of the 13th, deal to your opponents that justice which, perhaps, you may not expect to receive from them. But the truest hope of obtaining mercy or justice then is by showing mercy and justice now. Judge, therefore, by 1836 what should be your conduct in 1845, and by your conduct in 1845 what should be your opponents' conduct in 1856, when Puseyism may be as triumphant as it is now depressed, when none can with any face protest against a mob tribunal then, if they have appealed to it now, or deprecate the madness of a popular clamour then, if they have kindled or added to it now.'

For some days past the tide of country voters had rolled into Oxford. Clergy and laity of all opinions and classes crowded the Colleges and Inns. On the evening of the 12th of February, Stanley had occasion to go on business to the rooms of one of the Fellows of Oriel. While waiting for his friend, who happened to be out, he fell into conversation with two unknown clergymen, who were also expecting the absent host, on the subject of the day.

'They—both apparently hot Puseyites—naturally condemned the measure (and I expressed my full concurrence), on the ground of its precipitancy, injustice, &c., and they warmed on finding such cordial sympathy. At last they began to speculate on the motives which had induced the Heads to bring it forward. "I firmly believe," said the more vehement of the two, "that they are only excited to it by their hatred of Newman's superior goodness." "No," I said, "I cannot quite agree with you there; I firmly believe that they are actuated by exactly the same motives that induced them to bring forward the censure on Hampden—popular clamour, external pressure, and the wish to sacrifice an unpopular author." You would have laughed to have seen the deep silence which ensued. If I had thrown a bucket of cold water over my friend, he could not have been more completely checked in his advances; and so he remained transfixed till our host returned and released us.'

At last the morning came of 'the memorable day, which must be regarded as the closing scene of the conflict of the first Oxford Movement.' Weeks afterwards, the scene haunted Stanley, growing more vivid as it grew more distant—the wild hurrying to and fro of black gowns and flying red hoods, the driving snow and sleet, the excited mob of 1,100 voters crowded in the Sheldonian Theatre, and every stage of the progress of 'the great battle of Armageddon.'[5] 'All is over,' he writes to his sister in the evening:

'I did not know how much I loved Oxford, or how sad it would be to feel the deep disgrace of which this day is the beginning. But to return. At 12½ I went to Jowett, lunched there, and then sallied forth through the driving storm and sleet, congenial to the events of the day, to the Theatre. At 1 the proceedings began. . . . Ward sate in the rostrum from which the English verse is spoken, and the Heads and Vice-Chancellor where they sit at the Commemoration, so that you can figure the scene to yourself. . . . First, then, came the reading over the decree. . . . Then two or three abortive attempts at amendments. . . . Then the Vice-Chancellor called on Ward in Latin, and Ward answered, also in Latin, asking for permission to speak in English, all this having been pre-arranged. Then came the speech, which, as you will see in the papers, I need not describe. It lasted an hour. . . . You do not know Ward well enough to see how eminently characteristic it was. He was rather nervous at first, but recovered his self-possession almost immediately, and never lost it. . . . It was very striking in parts, and the force with which he described the total incapacity of the Convocation to exercise judicial functions was very effective, and the end was really grand. Although most of his hearers were standing the whole time, they were wonderfully patient, and some were evidently much impressed—one or two at least were changed, or deterred from voting.

'. . . At the end of his speech (after a short Latin speech from someone else), it was put to the vote, first

[5] See Stanley's article in the *Edinburgh Review*, vol. cliii. p. 322.

by voices, and then, as is the custom, by every M.A. passing out at the door, and having his vote pricked on a paper by one of the Proctors. Jowett and I, being near the door, got out soon . . . out of the atmosphere of the theatre, heated even on that wintry day, into the more merciful and healthy fury of the elements. When we came back the censure was carried—776 to 368. Then came the degradation, a very few words from Ward, and then the voting again. I had at least thought that this would be lost. But no—568 to 511. Loud shouts were heard outside shortly afterwards; it was the undergraduates outside cheering Ward home. So soon has Maurice's prediction been fulfilled, that this persecution would make him the idol of the rising generation. Then came the proposal of the No. 90 Statute, on which the two Proctors[6] instantly rose, and, amidst a mingled tempest of cheers and groans, put their veto, whilst agitators from the gallery simultaneously discharged (like the indulgence papers at the Pope's Benediction) a shower of requisitions for a revival of the statute next term. The Heads, Proctors, &c., then rose, and left the place amidst cries of "No Popery" and similar demonstrations.'

Two days later he recurs to the same subject:

'The more I reflect upon it, the more simply shocking is the impression left. A mob of 1,200 persons assuming judicial functions, after the most solemn warnings of their incompetency, on a question which it is quite impossible they can have studied, and then proceeding to inflict a sentence such as, in its present form, has never been inflicted on anyone in the whole history of the University. . . . The great mass, I suppose, voted on both sides with their party, the Puseyite side voting for Ward, as they would vote against Whately, or had voted against Hampden; the others, as they had voted, and will vote, against anyone who breaks in on the established usage. . . . "What are you going to do?" one old clergyman was heard to say to another. "Oh, I do not know—vote for the old Church, I suppose; come and have a rubber afterwards." The Doctors gave their votes as they sat aloft in the semicircle. A flush, it is said, passed over the pallid face of the Provost of Oriel as he voted for

[6] H. P. Guillemard of Trinity and R. W. Church of Oriel.

the degradation; the others filed out at the two doors, by each of which stood one of the two Proctors. It must have been a trying thing for Church, the Junior Proctor, friend of Newman and Ward, to see the tide rolling by, his blood boiling, as he said, from time to time, as, one after the other, men notorious for utter worldliness gave their "placets" for the degradation.'

'What impressed me so deeply in the whole scene,' he adds in another letter,

'was the feeling that, had it been in the sixteenth, instead of the nineteenth, century, just the same men, with just the same arguments, would have been voting, not for degradation, but for burning.'

Stanley's sense of the gravity of the occasion is illustrated by the tone of his letters. Different evidence of his feelings is afforded by the following anecdote, which shall be told in the words of Bishop Hobhouse, who witnessed the scene:

'Whilst A. P. S. was living as a tutor of University College within the borders of my parish (St. Peter's-in-the-East), he asked me to introduce him to some few houses of the lower class which he could enter for pastoral visitation.

'He was a deacon, but being absorbed in tutorial and literary work, he felt the want of a pastoral touching-point with the less educated mind, and wished to study the modes of thought of the cottager, and to exercise himself in the task of adapting his mind and speech to their sentiments and needs.

'I selected a few of the more cultivated of the cottager class, doubting his capacity for reaching the lowest. There was only one who was cultivated enough to understand him fully—an old College servant, whose health had broken in mid-life, and driven him to reading and meditation to an extent quite unusual in his rank of life.

'This man died just at the time of the movement in the Oxford Convocation for the condemnation of Mr. Ward's "Ideal of a Christian Church." On my way to the stormy meeting, I called on his widow to make arrangements for

the funeral. The widow said, "Mr. Stanley is upstairs." There I found him, cap, gown, and hood, ready for voting in the Convocation, and just rising from his knees. I said, "Do not I know why you are here?" "Yes," he replied, "I thought this chamber of death would be the best training for the spirit, to calm it for the coming Convocation."'

Yet, deeply impressed though Stanley was with the gravity of the crisis, he did not lose his sense of the ridiculous. Absurd episodes mingled their comedy with the tragedy of 'the fatal Thursday,' and relieved the almost exaggerated solemnity of the occasion. With these lighter sketches he dismisses the subject from his correspondence. One, at least, can scarcely be omitted here:

'Some undergraduates, posted at an adjacent window, saw Ward rush out from the Theatre after his second speech, "proturbed," as they imagined, by the Bedell; and in rushing out, down he fell on his face in the snow, pamphlets, papers, &c., flying in all directions. Recovering them, he descended into the street, where stood a crowd of sixty or seventy undergraduates, who loudly cheered him, and followed him home to Balliol.'

The veto of the Proctors upon the proposed censure of 'Tract 90' gave the opponents of the Tractarian movement time to reflect upon the war of extermination, in which the revival of the proposed resolution threatened to involve the University. Ward's punishment had evoked an unexpected display of feeling among the undergraduates; Oxford had vindicated its Protestant orthodoxy; and it was decided to proceed no further against Newman. 'Peace! No. 90 to be left alone!' cries Stanley.

'Everything looks like the beginning of halcyon days. I have not felt such a load off my mind and time since I finished the "Life." Such being the case, I am inclined to look to seizing the opportunity of this calm to agitate for academical reforms. The contrast makes me feel how very mischievous all the excitement of the last two months must

be, both to me and to the place, and if it were to continue without my being able to check it more than I was in the last instance, I should think it high time to take some means of shutting myself out from it altogether.'

For the moment the final act in the Tractarian drama was deferred; but when Stanley arrived at the Oxford Station in the following October, he was met by the report, still vague and unauthenticated, of Newman's secession. The following letter gives his first impression on hearing the tidings of an event which actually took place on October 9th, 1845:[7]

'All that is known, if indeed it be true, is this: That he resigned his Fellowship a fortnight ago, but that nothing transpired till, on the (accidental?) visit of a Dominican monk to one of the young men in the Littlemore establishment, he determined, sooner, it is said, than he had originally intended, to be admitted by him in the Roman Catholic chapel in the suburbs of Oxford. And accordingly the ceremony took place, quite privately and unexpectedly, last Thursday, and became known on Friday morning. The other inmates of Littlemore have seceded with him; and it is said that he now purposes to continue there, and from thence to lay siege to the University. If this be so, I suspect the Oxford authorities will regret that they did not do their best to keep him as a quiet enemy within, instead of having him as an active enemy at, their gates. . . . The sensation, of course, is incomparably less than it would have been a year ago, partly from the long expectation of it, partly from the complete disorganisation of Puseyism by Ward's marriage. Still, it is felt to be a melancholy fact, of which the ultimate consequences are incalculable. After an Anglican Newman has done so much, there is no saying, if he lives, what a Roman Newman may not do, both to the Roman Catholics and to us.'

The secession of Newman produced a temporary lull in the party strife at Oxford. What did the secessions portend

[7] *Letters and Correspondence of John Henry Newman*, ii. 468.

for the Church of England? Were such defections to multiply, till they drained its strength? Were they the excesses of an irregularly-returning vigour, or were they the signs of coming inanition? Newman and his followers had created for themselves an Ideal Church, and upon it, thus idealised to the imagination, they had concentrated the ardour of their affections. But the attempt to fit the ideal to the actual had produced a revulsion, which only the circumspect or the well-advised could endure. And now Newman himself, whom his party had hitherto followed, and almost adored, found the groundwork of his convictions swept away, and himself standing in the position of an involuntary traitor. What course would be pursued by his followers, who, from within their homely church, were looking, with a sense of uneasy longing for something undefined, upon the historic magnificence of the Roman Church? The hush of expectation silenced controversy.

It was at this moment that the period expired during which Dr. Pusey had been suspended from preaching in the University. At the beginning of Hilary Term, 1846, he resumed preaching. The scene in Christ Church Cathedral demonstrates the general sense of the gravity of the crisis, and of the importance that attached to his action. 'Nothing like the crowd,' says Stanley,

> 'had been seen since the Archbishop of Amalfi was trodden to death at Innocent III.'s sermon on the opening of the fourth Lateran Council. Every seat, every transept, every aisle thronged to bursting; spectators or hearers wandering about the clerestories; Pusey carried up into the pulpit by a by-passage. So much for the benefits of suspension. To me, I confess, the mere sight of a vast crowd hanging on the lips of a good man is so pathetic that I would go a good way to hear it. The sermon—alas! I shuddered as I heard the text (John xx. 21) and foresaw the subject—Absolution. However, it evidently only came because it was part of his own course; the more offensive topics of which it was

capable were not dwelt upon, and merely the old commonplaces and quotations reproduced in Pusey's usual confusion of style. And so, on the whole, it was like most of his sermons, a divine soul clothed in a very earthly body. The beginning very pathetic and dignified—"It will be in the memory of some that three years since," &c.—and the end, on the needs of the manufacturing towns, very earnest and solemn. I do sincerely say, "God bless him, and keep him amongst us."'

A fortnight later Stanley returns to the subject:

'Pusey's sermon is not yet published, and has not, as far as I know, produced any great excitement. One undergraduate asked me to explain the text on which he preached (John xx.), but otherwise I have heard of no discussion engendered by it anywhere. Nor did it, in fact, furnish matter enough. The really striking part was the reappearance of the man; but otherwise it was characteristic of Pusey that the whole tenor of the sermon was so much less impressive than it might have been—than, in Newman's hands, for example, it would have been. He was still dwelling on the same topics, and in the same tone, that had a great hold on the Oxford mind when he ceased preaching, but which have now been left behind, and it was to me a strong proof of the rapid progress of events, how dead a great part of the sermon fell upon one's ears, in comparison with his earlier ones, merely from the consciousness that there was so much less response to it from the great congregation before him. What an effect might have been produced on such an occasion by a man who had kept pace with the march of events! He has now begun his lectures again, with the mixture, as before, of his Patristic fancifulness, and his German learning, and his own kindness and gentleness.'

As the year 1846 advanced, the extreme tension, which had strained to the utmost limits the relations of University life, gradually relaxed. The publication of Newman's essay 'On the Development of Christian Doctrine,' the last page of which struck Stanley as 'one of the most affecting passages ever written by an uninspired pen,' passed almost unheeded.

Nor did the political changes of 1846 ruffle the tranquillity of the atmosphere. Yet the fall of Sir Robert Peel's Ministry in the summer of 1846 was a dramatic event which vividly impressed the imagination of Stanley. On that occasion he writes:

'Peel's speech is, to me, the most affecting public event which I ever remember; no return of Cicero from exile, no triumphal procession up to the temple of Capitoline Jove, no Appius Claudius in the Roman Senate, no Chatham dying in the House of Lords, could have been a truly grander sight than that great Minister retiring from office, giving to the whole world Free Trade with one hand, and universal peace with the other, and casting under foot the miserable factions which had dethroned him.

> E'en at the base of Pompey's statue,
> Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.

So I write, the metaphor being suggested by an eyewitness, who told me that it was Mark Antony's speech over Cæsar's body, but spoken by (Cæsar) himself.'

From the beginning of 1846 to the end of 1847 no academical excitements broke the peace of the University. The first Rugby Dinner at Oxford, the vacant Exegetical Professorship, which was filled up by the appointment of the Provost of Oriel, the visit of Jenny Lind, were almost the only events that interrupted the even course of Stanley's life at Oxford. During the terms, his time was fully occupied in tutorial work, in the preparation of his University Sermons for the press, and in his theological studies. 'I have nothing to tell you here,' he writes to his sister, 'except that I am attending Pusey's Hebrew lectures, and that Jowett and I read Hebrew together once a week.' His vacations were generally spent in foreign travel. In 1845 he travelled in Germany and Tyrol with his two sisters and Professor Jowett. In 1846 he visited Scotland, partly with

three pupils, partly with J. C. Shairp and Tait. In 1847 he spent a month in Spain and Portugal, and later in the same year made a tour with Pearson through the West of England. It is difficult to turn aside from his vivid descriptions of Bastei, or Edinburgh, or the Alhambra, or Wells and Glastonbury, to plunge once more into the third Hampden agitation, which, from November 1847 to March 1848, convulsed Oxford and the country generally.

In November 1847 Dr. Hampden was offered and accepted the Bishopric of Hereford. Though Stanley prided himself on his sagacity as an ecclesiastical weather-prophet, he was wholly unprepared for the violent tempest which was at once aroused. An urgent protest, extensively signed by the clergy, with the Bishops of London, Winchester, and Oxford at their head, was forwarded to Lord John Russell. Archbishop Howley was known to have remonstrated with the advisers of the Crown against the appointment, and pressure was brought to bear upon him to refuse the confirmation and consecration of the new Bishop. The Dean of Hereford was incited to decline to elect the person nominated in the letter-missive which accompanied the *congé d'élire*, and only escaped the penalties of a *præmunire*, which attached to his resistance, by being outvoted in the Chapter. Objections against the confirmation were raised before the Vicar-General and the two civilians united with him in his Commission, but they refused to hear the objector. An application was then made to the Queen's Bench for a *mandamus* to compel the Vicar-General to hear the objections, but this application was also refused, and the Court declined to allow the matter to proceed further.

Stanley's personal enthusiasm was not excited by Dr. Hampden or by his case. 'Oh that it had been an Arnold!' he cries, 'and how I would have moved heaven and earth

in his cause!' But he strongly condemned the agitation. It was, in his opinion, unjust, because it was directed against a book which had been published fifteen years before, and which nine-tenths of the agitators had never studied. It was also injudicious, because it threatened to provoke an internecine war between contending parties in the Church, to multiply secessions to Rome, and to end in ignominious defeat. But though he strongly believed that the agitation was both unjust and injudicious, he at first held aloof from a contest in which his personal sympathies were not enlisted. 'You will see,' he writes,

'that what complicates, and has always complicated, the Hampden case, is that what the Puseyites really object to is his theory of the evils of a systematic technical theology. But on *that* they cannot move the country. So the plan has been to get up an outcry about his not believing in the Atonement, the Trinity, &c.—which he believes, only objecting to the language in which they have been stated. And all this has been doubly embroiled by Hampden's own obscurity and shuffling.'

As the agitation increased in violence, he felt himself irresistibly impelled to defend a man who, as he thought, was unjustly and ignorantly assailed. One of his most intimate friends wrote to him, speaking of Hampden as a 'Janus Bifrons' who had in his Bampton Lectures maintained a liberal interpretation of the Thirty-nine Articles, and now had adopted them as conditions of thought and as capable of only one honest meaning. Stanley's reply shows his anxiety to maintain an impartial attitude towards the question:

'No one can dislike Hampden's conduct ever since 1836 more than I do, or can think it more inconsistent with the *spirit* of his "Bampton Lectures." But I think you treat him unfairly, if you think that his assertion of belief in the substance of the Articles is inconsistent with his specu-

lations about their language. However much one may lead to the other, I do not see why in his case it need be assumed.'

As in the agitation against Ward, he was especially struck by the injustice of condemning a man for writings which his accusers had probably not read, and certainly had not studied.

'The Dean of Norwich told me to-day that Murray had told him that not one copy of H.'s "Bampton Lectures" had been sold since these disturbances had begun. "Not one copy!" I exclaimed, perfectly boiling with indignation. "What! not one amongst the thousands of the clergy who are petitioning or clamouring against his appointment has had the conscience to buy his book? I never heard anything so disgraceful."'

At length he determined to write to Bishop Thirlwall, and ask him whether nothing could be done to raise a protest against the agitation. The sequel must be told in the two letters which he wrote to his sister in December, 1847.

'I was telling you how on Thursday night I wrote two letters, one to E. J. S., the other to Thirlwall; the latter short, and, as Jowett was pleased to term it, "admirably appropriate," assuming, of course, his perfect agreement with myself in deprecating this unjust clamour, speaking of the difficulty of the questions in the "Bampton Lectures," and excusing myself for addressing him by the recollections of the great service he had rendered to the cause of justice in his great Charge of 1842, begging to know whether he could do anything, or could suggest anything to be done, to stop the present agitation. To these two letters I received no answer till yesterday morning, when I found two letters on my table, one—the enclosed—from Edward, the other from Cuddesdon. I opened it, and I could hardly believe my eyes, till the truth flashed upon me that the letter designed for St. David's had gone to S. Oxon. How I cannot conceive; I suppose that by a slip of the pen the word "Oxford" had got into the direction instead of into the date, and this was the result. The immediate effect upon

me was to fall into successive convulsions of laughter, from which I have hardly yet recovered; the absurdity of a letter designed for one Bishop going exactly to the antipodes, and that other Bishop so innocently assuming it all as addressed to himself. However, he must have thought it so impertinent that I must go over to Cuddesdon to explain it to him, and you shall hear the result. The Heads of Houses are going to sign an address to Hampden.'

The following is the letter which he encloses from the Bishop of Oxford:

'Cuddesdon Palace, Dec. 4, 1847.

'My dear Sir,—It would be a matter of the greatest personal gratification to me if I could honestly take the course you suggest. But I cannot do so. I have refused in every case to *advise* such agitation amongst the clergy of this diocese; but I cannot *check* the expression of their opinions. Had Dr. Hampden been left where he was, I would have done all in my power to heal matters. But I do so deeply disapprove of the wanton attempt to thrust him, by an arbitrary stretch of the Royal prerogative in one of its most delicate branches, upon a reluctant Church and diocese, as one of the sworn guardians of the purity of the Faith (he lying under what I cannot consider an unjust censure), that I can say nothing to check the expression of counter-opinion which is rising so universally through the land. Of course, I feel the great evil of such an agitation. It is one of the necessary evils of this foolish act of nomination. But I can do nothing to check it, unless the nomination is withdrawn.

'In common with the majority of the Bishops and the venerable Archbishop, I have myself felt it my painful duty to protest to Lord John Russell against such an appointment.

'I had read the anonymous letter you enclose. I do not think it helps Dr. Hampden, and it is difficult to trust a writer who states that *he was present* at a conference which had a certain issue, when one knows that its issue was the *direct opposite* of that asserted.

'I am, my dear Sir, most truly yours,

'S. OXON.

'Your letter, though dated Dec. 2, only reached me to-day.'

The result of his visit to Cuddesdon was reported the next day to his sister:

'At 2.30 I, accompanied by Jowett, started for Cuddesdon. It was a most tempestuous day, rain and wind driving over the heights of Shotover. However, at 4 we arrived at the Palace gates, where, whilst Jowett went to the curates, I was ushered by the servant through a succession of apartments, till we at last reached a door locked on the inside. After various ineffectual attempts to open it, the servant vanished, with an injunction to remain in the corridor, and in a few minutes the door was thrown open, and through another suite I was introduced into a room with the curtains drawn and candles lighted, and S. Oxon standing by the table in the characteristic attitude of sealing letters.

'A. P. S.: "Pray do not let me interrupt you, my Lord. I will wait till you have finished your letters." S. O. (blandly): "You will have to wait a long time then; pray sit down." A. P. S. (seating himself): "I came, my Lord, to apologise for a very unnecessary piece of trouble I gave you yesterday." S. O. (interrupting): "Oh! don't speak of it. I am only too happy." A. P. S.: "But, my Lord——" S. O.: "Oh! I assure you I——" A. P. S.: "But, my Lord, I hope you will not laugh very much when you hear——" S. O.: "Oh! I can assure you I regarded it as a very natural manifestation of feeling——" A. P. S.: "I am really sorry to interrupt you, but you are under a mistake—that letter was never meant for you." S. O. (a blank coming over his countenance): "Why, it was properly addressed to me inside." A. P. S.: "Yes—but it was to another person—to another Bishop, in fact." S. O.: "Where, then, is the letter for me?" A. P. S: "There was none. I knew that you had taken an opposite course, and therefore I should not have thought of writing to you." S. O. (with a smile, blended with severity): "To whom, then, was the letter addressed? Have I not a right to ask?" A. P. S.: "You will laugh still more when I tell you—to the Bishop of St. David's." S. O.: "Oh! now I understand the allusion to the Charge of 1842; it was, no doubt, much more apposite than to mine. I referred to my Charges, and concluded you had referred to one of that year containing a severe denunciation of Tractarianism;" then, after a pause

"But the Bishop of St. David's would not have helped you, for I may tell you (in confidence) that he would have signed our Memorial but for two words—'deep and general feeling amongst our clergy'—he, seeing no such amongst his clergy, said he could not sign it on that account alone." A. P. S. (after a pause): "You will understand, I hope, that I wrote to the Bishop of St. David's as knowing him, and thinking that he would probably agree with me on the subject. But I was anxious to explain it to you, lest you should think me impertinent. I should not have written to you, because I knew that you had taken an opposite course, and, had I done so, I hope I should have addressed you much less abruptly." S. O. (with a slight deprecation): "I have taken a neutral course; I have only advised my clergy what to do—not to address the Chapter or the Queen, but the Archbishop and the Premier."

'Thus ended the personal altercation, which he took good-humouredly, though I think not quite pleased at finding that he had *not* been written to at all; also, that he had not discovered the mistake. We then talked of the matter generally—that it was not by any means over; that it would be brought into the courts of law, which was the only proper tribunal (in which I agreed with him); that Bishops were to be above suspicion; that Hampden was a poor creature (in which I agreed). A lame defence followed of the censure of 1836, and a somewhat indignant assertion that he had read and studied the "Bampton Lectures" before he had voted in 1836. I merely remonstrated against the notion that the censure of 1836 was binding, and no more. He said he had been going to invite me to meet Church next day, an invitation which I accepted conditionally; and so we parted, and joining Jowett, I made my way home.'

The result to Stanley himself of his misdirected letter was, that he made no further effort to protest against any of the proceedings by which it was sought to prevent Dr. Hampden's elevation to the Bench of Bishops. But he was profoundly struck by the disinterested course which, in his opinion, the Bishop of Oxford had pursued. In a letter to his sister he praises his conduct warmly:

'I do not see any interested motive which he could

have. Statesmen of all parties much dislike him for it. It raises against him the dormant charge of Puseyism. I see nothing which can account for it, except sincere (as I think, misguided) zeal for the rights of the clergy and the purity of the Faith. *He had nothing to gain by it*, any more than he had when he jumped out of the carriage to pick up geological specimens, and so I cannot but think it is equally sincere ; and any act of undoubted sincerity in him is worth ten times as much as it would have been in another person.'

It was not till March 26th, 1848, that the protracted agitation was concluded by the consecration of Dr. Hampden. 'So Hampden is over at last,' writes Stanley.

'He called very civilly on me before he went ; and I met Mrs. H. in the street, and told her that, in the words of George IV. to Louis XVIII., I hoped never to see her in Oxford again.'

In the midst of literary labours, of academical excitements, ecclesiastical crises, and religious movements, Stanley was rapidly gaining within the walls of his College an influence which was at that time unexampled in the University. Nor was his influence confined only to his College. His appointment as Select Preacher in October, 1845, is evidence of the position which he had acquired, and the delivery and subsequent publication of his University sermons enhanced his reputation, even while, in some circles, they compromised his character for orthodoxy. In his tutorial career were spent some of the most vigorous years of his life. The interest of his work grew upon him till it absorbed him in an unusual degree. He speaks of himself in 1846 as 'disinclined to any work which is not connected with my College work, which is at present so much the staff of my life, that I cannot bring myself to regard with enthusiasm anything which infringes upon it.' Content with his 'Paradise,' or, as he elsewhere calls it, his 'Eden,' he re-

fused the offer of Alderley Rectory, and, in 1849, of the Deanery of Carlisle. His ambition aimed at a Professorship, and, till that came within his grasp, he was happy in his position. Even when the Chair of Modern History fell vacant, and was given to H. H. Vaughan, he accepted the decision with equanimity, 'finding the tutorship very agreeable, and hoping that it may be useful to some men here and there. I should have been very sorry to bid them a final farewell.'

His efforts as a tutor to raise the character of his College were crowned with unprecedented success. University, in the year 1838, when Stanley first became a Fellow of the Society, was half its present size. The number of scholars was small; the proportion of undergraduates in easy circumstances was large; athletic interests predominated; scanty attention was paid to reading, and little private work was done. The standard of teaching and of learning was low. Neither tutors nor undergraduates looked beyond the immediate requirements of the necessary examinations; both were satisfied if the conditions of attendance at lectures were fulfilled with some approach to regularity. Stanley's election as a Fellow introduced a new epoch in the College history.

Some men take things as they find them; it was not so with Stanley. Whether he was merely forming plans for a tour, or framing his conception of the duties of a new position at Canterbury or Westminster, he was always guided by an ideal of what had to be done, and always devoted his best self to the fullest use of his new opportunities. Attracted by the rising fame and drawn by the magnetic influence of the young Fellow, an unusually large portion of the very *élite* of the best schools was sent to University. Throwing himself heart and soul into his work, he felt the successes of his pupils as personal triumphs, and

their failures as personal calamities. 'I feel,' he writes of a pupil who had been plucked, 'as if I had been plucked myself, and as if I might and ought to have prevented it.' Something of the teacher's enthusiasm was infused into the pupils; the tone and temper of College society were profoundly altered; and a glance at the class lists in the ten years that follow 1844—two years after he became Junior Lecturer—reveals the position to which University rose with startling rapidity.

Among the very first of those who were thus sent to University College on the one ground of the addition of Stanley to its teaching-staff was George Granville Bradley, the present Dean of Westminster. Years ago, he described the impression which Stanley produced upon his pupils, the work which he achieved, the influence that he exercised:

'Stanley had, no doubt, some drawbacks as a tutor. "I am no moral philosopher or metaphysician," he said of himself later. His interest in the minuter shades of philological scholarship was never very keen. No man knew better his own weak points. But the page of History, ancient, modern, or sacred, was to him, in the truest sense of the words, "rich with the spoils of time"; and he knew how to make that page glow with the light of wisdom and of poetry, and to aid his pupils to regard those spoils as very treasures. He was already giving himself to the study of the Old and New Testaments with an enthusiasm which never left him, and which he was able to communicate to one after another of those who came under his influence. Even now there are those who, in East-end parishes, in country villages, in far-off missionary stations, as well as in what are called the high places of the Church, feel the impulse which they then received from him. So keen was the interest inspired by his Divinity lectures, that not only did we, his pupils, continue to attend them in the very crisis and agony of our final work for our degrees, but little by little we obtained permission to introduce our friends, and the first germ of those inter-collegiate lectures which have revolutionised Oxford teaching is to be found in those

close-packed chairs that crowded the still damp ground-floor rooms in the then New Buildings, as they are still called, on the topmost story of which our lecturer had his rooms.

'He was—need I say it?—a singularly attractive and inspiring teacher; but in saying this I feel that I have said little. It is impossible for me to describe to you—it is difficult for me to analyse to myself—the feelings which he inspired in a circle, small at first, but with every fresh term widening and extending. The fascination, the charm, the spell, were simply irresistible; the face, the voice, the manner; the ready sympathy, the geniality, the freshness, the warmth, the poetry, the refinement, the humour, the mirthfulness and merriment, the fund of knowledge, the inexhaustible store of anecdotes and stories, told so vividly, so dramatically—I shall not easily enumerate the gifts which drew us to him with a singular, some of us with quite a passionate, devotion. That sympathetic touch, which won him to the end of his life fresh friends at every breath he drew, had already come to a teacher who, as a child, had lived much alone, uncompanionable and undemonstrative to a fault, writing his boyish poems, and hidden in the light of ideas and knowledge which he was hourly absorbing. It is felt by some of us as a thing that coloured our whole lives from that day to this. We walked with him, sometimes took our meals with him—frugal meals, for he was at the mercy of an unappreciative college "scout," who was not above taking advantage of his master's helplessness in arranging for a meal, and his indifference to any article of diet other than brown bread and butter. We talked with him over that bread-and-butter with entire freedom, opened our hearts to him; while his perfect simplicity, no less than his high-bred refinement, made it impossible to dream that anyone in his sober senses could presume upon his kindness.'

His tutorial occupations, his literary work, the preparation of his University and other sermons, his varied interests, grew more and more exacting in their demands upon his time. The circle of his friends and the range of his correspondence were ever widening. He entered with increasing keenness into the theological and other controversies of the

next few years. He was, as has been seen, absorbingly interested in the crisis which the Tractarian Movement had created in Oxford and in the Church; he was full of schemes for the reorganisation and enlargement of the University. Yet, in spite of all his employments, 'the amount of time,' continues Dean Bradley,

'and of his best self which he gave to his younger friends was something almost incredible. Some of us can recall the half-amusing, half-touching efforts which he made to become acquainted with, and win the confidence of, a class of men least likely to be impressible to one like himself; the missionary spirit, if I may use the phrase, in which he regarded his relation to the undergraduates of his College. Many must still remember his introducing what had long been abandoned in that ancient College—I am not sure that he had not to go back as far as the times of the Commonwealth for a precedent—the preaching of occasional sermons in the College chapel. They will recall his very voice, and accent, and look, and manner, and gesture. But it was not his preaching nor his teaching, it was himself most of all which impressed us. We always knew—and it was the secret of his winning to the end of his days the hearts of the young, and, let me add, of the humble and working classes of his countrymen—we always knew that he treated us and felt to us as a friend; cared for us, sympathised with us, gave us his heart, and not his heart only, but his best gifts; that we did not sit below the salt, but partook with him of all that he had to give; and what he gave us was just that which was most calculated to win and attract, as well as to inspire and stimulate.'

The first Scholarship Examination in which Stanley took part at University resulted in the election of G. G. Bradley, then a Rugby schoolboy. Four years later came the day to which, as Stanley writes, 'I look forward as the happiest of my academical life, when Bradley will be elected a Fellow of this Society.' Dean Bradley's undergraduate experience of Stanley's influence was, therefore, restricted to the first portion of his tutorial career. But the ardour

with which, as a lecturer, he had at first thrown himself into the duties of his position never cooled, nor was his keen sense of the responsibilities and opportunities of his official position ever dulled by time; his interest in the undergraduates who came under his care remained as fresh as if each successive pupil was his first. His rare gift of influencing the young was rather enriched by experience than impaired by use. The reminiscences of another pupil, the Rev. A. G. Butler, relate to the last years of his life as an Oxford tutor, when the Lecturer of 1842 had become Senior Tutor and Dean of the College:

'My first acquaintance with Dean Stanley was in 1849, when I went up to Oxford as a scholar of University College, and had to apply to him, as Dean of College, for "rooms." Well do I remember the small spare figure that darted forth to meet me at the door of his somewhat dark room, with the wondrous eyes, not so bright as marvellously expressive, that seemed to fasten upon you and to read your thoughts, while the eager words darted to his lips, full of sympathy and anticipation of your various wishes. And then, preliminaries being over, we began our round. Many sets of rooms were vacant, of which, as scholar, I was to have my choice. But there was one set of rooms which he had destined me to have, and which, with a showman's art, he kept for last. Accordingly, this set was too small for me, that too expensive, another was somewhat noisy, a fourth was rather far from Hall and Chapel. And so we passed on through the whole list, till we came to a room in the south-western corner of the Quadrangle, on the ground-floor, which I was preparing to hear disparaged like the rest. "And these," he said, "were under Shelley's rooms," turning upon me a bright, wistful glance, which sealed my fate at once. I cannot say the rooms were as good as others we had visited—they were rather dark, and, as I soon found, too public for my taste; but who could resist the mute appeal of that look, or the feeling that well became the future guardian of the Abbey, that genius hallowed all the precincts near to which it had ever trod? So I took the rooms without a question, and became

the Dean's devoted pupil and admirer from that time forth.'

As a lecturer, he was a master of the art of interesting his audience. Every character or incident that he touched, whether in ancient history or the Bible, became living to his hearers:

'In treating a difficult and complex book like the "Politics" of Aristotle, he would recommend us carefully to note peculiarities with three varieties of coloured pencils under the following heads: truths for all time, red; truths for the time of Aristotle, blue; and then, with a humorous twinkle of his eye, truths for the schools, black.

'I may here remark that this mode of mapping out and previously arranging a new field of knowledge which he was about to occupy was thoroughly characteristic of Dean Stanley. Excellent as was his memory, he neglected no means by which to strengthen it: marks in books, commonplace books, carefully-kept note-books, made up every evening of his travels, all showed the pains he took to cultivate a faculty whose feats seemed to many who knew him so marvellous. He has even been known to say that he had not a good memory. It was only by repeating a story many times after he first heard it that he got perfectly to remember it. Then it became a part of him.

'In his private relations to his pupils he was delightful. There was, first, the breakfast-party, with the amused wonder as to whom you would meet, and what you would find to eat. For his choice of guests was peculiar. As in after-life he delighted to bring extremes together at his table—the High Church and Evangelical, the orthodox professor and the Essayist and Reviewer—so in these College days he would invite the steady hard-working scholar to meet the somewhat irregular athletic commoner, whose talk was of sport and games. Not that he did not know them to be extremes! He knew it well, for he had a fine sense of humour; but he thought it well for all men to be acquainted. And generally his geniality and resource made things go well. There were, however, times when the incongruous elements refused to amalgamate, and when even his spirits would flag. It was on one of these occasions that he sud-

denly remembered it was the anniversary of (I think) the Battle of Marathon, which he proclaimed to us with a flash of delight ; and then began a stream of anecdote and narration which turned the dull beginning into a brilliant success.

'The question of the food was sometimes less satisfactorily settled. So long as there was a pile of teacakes before him, which, as soft food, entailing no trouble, he preferred to everything else, he did not always consider the larger and healthier appetites of his guests. But this was a small matter. The "Dean" was the pride of the College, and even the deficiency of the entertainment had its charm.

'Then, again, there was the essay. Under this head I remember little of him, save that he seldom criticised, and still more seldom praised. But on one occasion, when he was looking over a prize poem I had written on the Druids, with the usual platitudes about Nature-worship, and the great inferiority of cathedrals generally to Stonehenge, he rebuked me (as was right) sharply. Nature simply as Nature had small attractions for him.

'And lastly, there was the walk, sometimes for friendship, sometimes for instruction, to "coach" a man in those "truths for the schools" which were needed for an approaching examination. On these occasions it was well always to be on the road side. His sympathy with his pupil and absorption in his subject were so great that, otherwise, he would keep drawing nearer and nearer to his companion, until he drove the inside member of the party into the ditch.'

The walk was one of Stanley's favourite opportunities of bringing himself into friendly relations with his pupils. Those who joined him in his rooms at two o'clock for such an expedition generally found him finishing some writing at his stand-up desk, and at the same time eating his luncheon ; that is to say, they found him nipping off bits of dry bread with his left hand from an irregular cube which lay beside him, while he wrote busily with his right hand. An undergraduate who, though a member of another College, was frequently his companion in rambles round

Oxford and elsewhere, and whose arrival in Oxford he hails as a 'very agreeable accession' (W. B. Philpot, an old Rugbeian, and Scholar of Worcester College), noted in his private journals, during the years 1845-6, the substance of many of his conversations on these occasions. These rough jottings disclose one great secret of the influence which Stanley acquired over younger men. His unconsciousness of any disparity in years, in learning, or in academical position, broke down all the barriers that naturally exist between tutor and pupil, between a man of thirty and a lad of eighteen. The intercourse was perfectly free, as between familiar friends. Whatever subject was uppermost in Stanley's mind he discussed with transparent simplicity. Now it was some criticism upon his own writings, now some injustice which in thought or speech he had done to a mutual friend, now some episode in his school or undergraduate career, ending, perhaps, with an apology for his egotism. History and topography, Greek plays, English poetry, Church traditions, Mahomedan legends, the latest books, contemporary politics at home and abroad, reminiscences of foreign travel, recollections and anecdotes of famous men, enthusiastic praise of friends, the revision of the Bible version, comparisons between the style of the Prophets and the New Testament writers, the portraits of our Lord—such are some of the topics of his conversations.

The range was wide, and, as he passed from one subject to the other, each was handled in characteristic fashion. He worked into his talk, as he works into his books or sermons, parallels, allusions, contemporary incidents, impressions of character, observations of scenery. He grouped events of history round certain great moving spirits of the time, or gathered all minor ideas round one central idea, and surrounded both men and things with the special geographical features which shaped their character

or controlled their fortunes. Even his own course of reading, he tells his companion, is controlled by this theory of representative men: thus, he read Bishop Pearson as a safe guide to the tenets of that school of seventeenth-century divines; Chrysostom, because whatever *he* held could not be denied to be the doctrine of the Greek Fathers; Thomas Aquinas, as an authority on the faith of Roman Catholics. Arnold's favourite question, 'What does this remind you of?' seems always present to his mind, and he discovers parallels and draws distinctions, impressing into the service minute facts, indications, and details which would escape an eye less keen than his own to detect similarities or differences.

Little can be added to these records of the impressions which Stanley left upon undergraduates at the beginning, middle, and end of his tutorial career. His active beneficence and hospitality to present and former pupils were unfailing and unbounded. He was always ready to write letters, long or short, of sympathy in trouble, or of advice in doubt and difficulty. He interested himself practically in the welfare of his pupils, often in unexpected ways. It is surprising, if not alarming, to find him prescribing for their ailments, and with his own hand administering medicines. His pecuniary aid was offered freely and delicately, whenever he saw an opening to do so with good results. Many sons of poor parents were helped by his purse in the struggle of an University career; many others were assisted to take a holiday from which they were debarred by want of means. Two such instances of friendly, unsolicited kindness must suffice:

'Once more for yourself, my dear ——. Would it facilitate in any measure your flight were I to lend you (as I can without difficulty) 300*l.*, to be repaid by driblets for the rest of your long (as one hopes) life?'

Or again,

'One line to say that, supposing a prolonged expedition would not interfere with your reading, but is impeded by want of supplies, you must not let that be an obstacle, but (on the same conditions of silence, &c., as before) regard me as "the Ural Mountains," and see Prague, or whatever else it may be. I should lament your losing the sight of it when it had been in my power to help you to it.'

The reduction of University expenses was a subject which he had greatly at heart. 'Appalled by a sad revelation of a pupil's debts,' he endeavoured to bring it into practical shape by a letter to Mr. Gladstone, and by a scheme for the establishment of a College in which the advantages of Oxford might be offered to poor men at a comparatively small cost. Over the expenditure of his own pupils he tried to keep a careful eye. 'Is B.,' he asks Pearson, 'endowed with such means as to hunt with impunity? The question is suggested by a beautifully polished pair of top-boots which I encountered the other day outside his door.'

Throughout the whole of his tutorial career he endeavoured to inform himself of the criticism which undergraduates passed upon his discharge of his duties. He spared no pains to discover the points in which he was supposed to fail, and to correct such faults as were remediable. His friends on all sides were charged to make known to him the opinions of the undergraduates. The following letter, written in 1843 to Pearson, who had then just taken his B.A. degree, illustrates the spirit with which he commenced his work, as well as that openness to receive hints from younger men, which remained to the end of his life as a tutor, and which was one secret of his continued success.

'It is supposed that H. hunts. He is regular in lecture, and next term I hope to see more of him. Do you hear anything of me from or through him? Next term I propose to give a lecture of a more exalted character than any yet given, nominally on Livy, really on the rise and fall of the Roman State. There was some doubt whether H. was to be put into it, and, for the sake of convenience, I reluctantly consented—reluctantly because, to those who do not make good use of this lecture, it will be useless, and their presence impedes the profit of others. You would confer a service upon me if you could throw any light upon the subject by ascertaining whether it would be possible for me to appeal to H.'s better feelings, on the ground that he is in this lecture because I presume him to be fit for it (which he is, if he really cared about himself). I ask this, partly with a directly practical view to H., but partly because I look upon him as typical of others, and I wish to know whether men of that class look upon lectures (good, or intended to be good), such as that which I propose, as bores and humbug, or whether it is possible to elevate their minds above that atmosphere of childishness and frivolity which is the curse of our College.

'Next term the men are divided amongst us as pupils, as at Balliol. It will be an enormous gain to me, and I hope it may be to them. Visions rise before me of an ideal College, but I forbear.'

Nor was it only as a teacher, or as a friend, that Stanley endeavoured to influence the undergraduates. The preaching of occasional sermons in the College chapel formed part of his ideal of tutorial opportunities, and as such he regarded their introduction as a sacred duty. He never failed to take part in the administration of the Holy Communion, and generally preached a special sermon on the preceding Sunday. It is difficult to decide whether as a preacher in the College chapel he greatly impressed his congregation. The evidence is divided. 'Indeed,' says one of his former pupils,

'I believe he shrank from preaching. Once he told me that, when he became a clergyman, his great fear was how

he should ever find subjects on which to preach. He could see his way to (I think) twelve sermons, and no more. And he spoke with gratitude of Sir E. Lyons at Athens, who, when Stanley had packed all his feelings into one great sermon, asked him to preach the same sermon again.'

Perhaps the difference of opinion may be due to the different impressions produced upon his boyish audience by such an accident as that which he records in a letter to his mother written in 1847:

'I preached again in chapel last night, but with the unfortunate drawback of —— having a glove on my head! entirely unknown to me till I was told by an undergraduate this morning.'

CHAPTER XI

1846–48

SELECT PREACHER, 1846–47—SERMONS ON 'THE APOSTOLICAL AGE'—PARIS IN 1848

In October, 1845, Stanley wrote to his sister at Norwich, 'I am appointed Select Preacher in the place of Samuel of Oxford, and so shall have to prepare a course of sermons.' As Select Preacher he preached four sermons, one in each term, beginning with February, 1846, and ending on January 31, 1847. The general subject of the course was 'The Apostolical Age,' and the characters selected as most fully representative of the forms and stages through which Christianity has passed were those of the three Apostles, St. Peter, St. Paul, and St. John. Two supplementary sermons on St. James, and on the Epistle to the Hebrews, were also preached before the University, but on special occasions, and not as part of the course.

The preparation and delivery of these sermons, their illustration by separate essays, and their revision for the press, fully occupied Stanley during the two tranquil years which intervened between the condemnation of Ward and the outbreak of the third Hampden agitation. The advice and criticism of his friends were pressed into the service on all sides. Not only was each sermon read aloud in the evenings to the home-circle at Norwich, but each was also passed round among the friends whom he considered to

be typical of different classes of minds. Above all, he relied upon the assistance of Benjamin Jowett, the present Master of Balliol, with whom he was in almost daily communication on theological and other questions, and from whom, as he writes at this time, 'I have learned more than from any living man.'

The sermons were preached at an important crisis in Stanley's academical career. Already suspected of heterodoxy as the enthusiastic champion of Arnold, he was, so to speak, on his trial. His prospects of preferment within the University, where he was at the present moment a candidate for the Professorship of Exegesis, in a great measure depended upon the impression which he created in the pulpit of St. Mary's. At the same time, his sense of his own responsibility and of the value of his opportunity impelled him to speak boldly and definitely upon a variety of questions, which could not be handled without risk of offence, and on which he differed from the majority of the governing body of the University. The conflict of feeling may be traced in the reports of the effect produced by the sermons, which he sends home to his mother and sister.

The first, and introductory, sermon, on 'The Three Apostles,' was preached in February, 1846. On the preceding Sunday Pusey had resumed preaching in the Cathedral of Oxford, after the three years' silence to which he had been condemned for his sermon on the Eucharist.

'There seems no doubt that my sermon was highly successful. On the one hand, the undergraduates were much struck, and those of my own College came immediately and begged to have it to read, and one copied out all the practical part at the end. . . . Our Master plumes himself on having found a passage in some orthodox divine which fully bears out my views; the Master of Balliol, who did not like my former sermon on Pilate, expressed himself delighted with this; . . . my two colleagues

in College [one a stiff Anglican, the other an enthusiastic Puseyite] expressed their almost unqualified approbation; Jowett brings grand tidings of admiration and pleasure, and thinks that, on the whole, my character for orthodoxy has rather gained than lost by it. He says that for the first ten minutes he was in despair; the long paragraph of contrasts between the three Apostles was what Mr. Cunningham would have called very "ineffective"; but after that it told extremely well, and was well heard and well listened to. Many inquiries have been made when the next is to come, which will not be, probably, till next term. There have been some murmurs of alarm; one in particular, a tutor of Worcester, is reported to have pronounced it full of error. Still, on the whole it is very encouraging, and satisfactory in many ways, both as showing that such sermons can be preached without offence, and that one can get a real hold by them even on this impracticable place.'

The second sermon was delivered in May 1846.

'. . . My sermon on St. Peter was preached on Sunday—I fear, unsuccessful; so far a good lesson for the future, and I shall try to efface the impression by the next. Since I wrote this I have seen Jowett, who represents it to have been very successful, as much so as the last; pronounced to be "beautiful, fascinating, &c.," heard all over the Church. The undergraduates, however, I still think, hardly understood it enough. What the effect on the Heads was has not transpired.'

The sermon on 'The Epistle to the Hebrews,' the last in the volume on 'The Apostolical Age,' was preached on the Feast of the Conversion of St. Paul, the first day of the Hilary Term, 1847.

'You may suppose that my thoughts went back to Norwich when I preached to-day, when I finished for good with the sentences which we have so often pored over together. . . . To make sure of "Apollos's name being enrolled in no calendar, however apocryphal," I wrote to Ward from Norwich to ask, but got no answer till this morning, forwarded from Norwich. Fortunately, it coincided with what I had said; he had put the question to the Roman Catholic divines at Ware, and they had said that it had

never struck them before, but that certainly it was a remarkable fact that Apollos was nowhere called Saint or Doctor. I have hardly had time to hear any comments yet; in fact, the only one is from my half-Puseyite colleague, from whom I always extract a detailed criticism after each sermon. He approved of it more than of any of the others. The question of the authorship he thought so delicately handled, and also the applications of the Epistle; and he amused himself with thinking whether my rivals for the Exegetical Chair would suppose themselves to be glanced at among "the unlearned and unstable, who might resist to their own destruction the things hard to be understood." '

A week later, on the 31st of January, 1847, the final sermon of the course (on St. John) was delivered. 'Well!' he writes to his mother:

'Now the whole course is over! The last revisions took place last night, and the sermon was delivered, on the whole successfully, to an immense congregation of undergraduates and Masters, and to about fifteen Heads. It is reported not to have been quite so audible as that on St. Paul, but to have given as much satisfaction as any. Cotton, of Rugby, who was here, called afterwards on his cousin, the Provost of Worcester, to receive from him the judgment that it was fanciful.'

'Just a line' is added

'to say that the sermon seems to have been highly successful. Some of the undergraduates, and also of the elders, liked it better than any of the others. The Master has just been congratulating me, and says, or rather implies, that the impression produced on the Heads was so favourable that it may affect the election materially.' [1]

It has been said that the sermons were preached at a remarkable crisis in Stanley's academical career. The tone of anxiety which runs through his letters, the care bestowed upon the preparation of the course, the fulness with which

[1] The Provost of Oriel, Dr. Hawkins, was, however, as already noticed, elected to the Professorship of Exegesis.

the sermons were discussed with his friends, the criticism that was invited on all sides before and after the delivery, show that he fully appreciated the importance of the occasion. At first sight it is difficult to understand why the course should have increased the suspicions already entertained of his theological opinions. 'The odour of my heterodoxy,' he writes to Pearson, 'has penetrated not only into the Board of Heads, but into the Cabinet of Whig Ministers.' The explanation lies in the condition of the University in 1846, when the fresh influences were struggling into existence which, within the next ten years, transformed Oxford into a new world.

Between 1820 and 1830 the finer minds of both Universities were yielding to the thaw which broke up the frost of the eighteenth century. Both in Oxford and in Cambridge the same yearning was felt for a better union between religion and philosophy, a juster harmony between things sacred and things secular, a deeper concord between human and divine truth. The intellectual movement of the Oriel School, like the influence of Thirlwall, Sedgwick, and Julius Hare, showed that men were growing eager to heal the divorce between religious and secular learning which Puritan austerity or an indolent narrow-mindedness had effected, and to break down the conventional barriers that forbade a clergyman, except for the sake of editing a Greek play or a grammarian, to step beyond the limited circle of ecclesiastical literature. But before the thaw had had time to produce its full effect, the promise was destroyed by the volcanic eruption of the Tractarian Movement. Once more the educational life of Oxford was withered; once more science, humane letters, and the first stirrings of intellectual freedom, were for an indefinite period suspended.

The ideal which inspired the followers of Newman was noble; their endeavour was lofty. They saw the need of

renovation, and they applied a remedy. But their reform was based on a one-sided view of the situation. The loss was more certain than the gain. The fruits of decrying mere scientific, or mere literary, pursuits, as frivolous, if not dangerous, were terribly apparent at Oxford. The fourth century was revered as much as the immediate past and the present were decried ; lecture-rooms, in which was imparted knowledge outside the requirements of university discipline, were deserted ; the spirit for investigating any subject except theology languished ; natural philosophy was discountenanced ; historical study, in any province outside that of ecclesiastical antiquities, was neglected ; classical scholarship was declining ; the tone of Oxford society lost its spring from the fear of giving mutual offence. And the undergraduates necessarily suffered from the atmosphere by which their elders were surrounded. A tutor, whose brain was in a whirl from the religious excitements of Convocation, could scarcely rouse his pupils to enthusiasm for their requisite studies, and where his mind mechanically led theirs naturally followed.

How bitterly Stanley deplored these conditions, how confidently he had hoped that Arnold would restore a healthier tone to the University, his letters have already shown. He had himself experienced the evil effects of the narrow limits within which intellectual life was confined. Whatever capacity he might have developed for scientific pursuits was destroyed by the proscription of science. He was driven back upon himself in the pursuit of humane letters by the divorce which had been pronounced between religious and secular learning. He was forced to seek in German thought that mental freedom which had been banished from Oxford. Now, however, in 1846 the secession of Newman and many of his most active followers proclaimed the failure of their effort ; the exclusive domi-

nation of 'clericalism' was disturbed; the leaders of the University ceased to be mainly absorbed in religious polemics. Pusey's quiet resumption of preaching seemed to announce the gradual subsidence of the theological flood; and, with the return of the swollen stream to its natural course, brighter prospects dawned for the educational life of Oxford.

The year 1846 was the point of transition between the old world and the new. There was a dramatic fitness in the sequence of events by which, at this crisis, Stanley, the future Secretary of the University Commission and Professor of Ecclesiastical History, commenced his course of sermons in the pulpit of St. Mary's. In some respects he was not only the most complete representative of the new ideas, but also one of their most effective exponents.

Few men were better fitted to supply the stimulus to a less exclusive culture, and to exercise a combining, transforming, uniting influence over the studies of the University. His wide range of knowledge, his infectious enthusiasms, his powers of illustration, his habit of viewing the past through the medium of the present, his art of rendering attractive every subject that he touched, were all devoted to the task. Even the deficiencies of his mind and the defects of his literary manner combined to increase his influence. A profounder analyst, a subtler metaphysician, a deeper speculator, would have missed the mark which he struck with certainty. His luxuriant discursiveness, his exuberance of comparison, his over-eagerness to draw distinctions or establish parallels, added to the suggestiveness of his matter, and for the temper of younger men were rather charms than blemishes.

It was as the representative of a new world that Stanley addressed a congregation, the elders of which regarded the old as better, and dreaded lest intellectual freedom should

degenerate into intellectual license. Their worst fears of the results of free inquiry appeared to be realised when he acknowledged his obligations to the teaching of Arnold and of German theologians. It would be difficult to say which of his two guides was most distasteful to the audience that gathered in the University Church of St. Mary. The reaction in favour of Arnold as a man did not extend to his opinions, which his excessive self-confidence, his occasional vehemence of invective, and his inability to understand the views of others, had made peculiarly offensive to his opponents. At the same time, the suspicion with which the theological thought of Germany was regarded almost amounted to a monomania. The panic was increased by the general ignorance of the German language. The irreligious spirit of Continental speculations was assumed. No distinction was drawn between Paulus, who, whatever may be thought of the wisdom of his defence, was conscientiously bent on vindicating the truth of the New Testament, and Strauss, who maintained the Evangelical narratives to be inventions designed to exalt the Messianic character of Jesus. The Natural School of Rationalists, who regarded the Gospel as historical, but explained its miraculous events by natural causes, was confounded with the Mythic School, which denied their historical character, and represented them as intrinsically fictitious. 'How different might have been the course of the Church of England,' Stanley used to say, 'if Newman had been able to read German!' Pusey's answer to Rose's attack on German rationalism had been the first cordial recognition of the labours of foreign scholars. But the Professor of Hebrew had almost forgotten the atmosphere of Bonn and Halle in the study of Patristic and Anglican theology. And the only man, with the exception, perhaps, of Bishop Thirlwall, who at this time possessed a competent know-

ledge of German theological literature was Archdeacon Hare, of whom Stanley speaks in 1842 as 'his living instructor.'

As the champion of intellectual freedom and of its particular application to the sphere in which its results were most dreaded, Stanley could scarcely avoid offence without the sacrifice of his true opinions. Both the sources from which his sermons were admittedly derived were equally tainted in the minds of an audience composed of High Churchmen, Evangelicals, and followers of Newman or of Pusey. His sense of the importance of the occasion, together with his anxiety, frequently expressed in his letters, to remove needlessly offensive passages, acquit him from any desire to irritate his hearers. In later life, and especially in Convocation, he was deliberately aggressive, and even studious to conceal the orthodox side of his opinions. On this occasion he was actuated by no such spirit. The sermons on 'The Apostolical Age' express the convictions of a man who, knowing the probable cost of his words, is impelled by a sense of duty to give them utterance. They are, indeed, remarkably outspoken. But Stanley was fearless by nature, and could afford to be bold. His social position, and pecuniary independence, relieved him from the temptations which perplex poor and struggling men, and which compel them to keep silence or to make concessions, lest they should sacrifice prospects of future influence. Their delivery, therefore, marked a crisis in his life. It was the first public occasion on which he identified himself with the new ideas that were struggling into existence at Oxford. Henceforward he was regarded as one of the leaders in the movement which culminated in the appointment of the University Commission, the foundation of the Museum for the encouragement of scientific studies, and the removal of restrictions, theological, local, and professional.

Nor was this all. To the suspicions of his orthodoxy which had been aroused by his championship of Arnold were now added suspicions of his leanings towards German rationalism. Henceforward he was regarded, theologically speaking, with equal and increasing antipathy by each of two rival parties in the English Church. If he enlisted sympathy on the one side, he repelled it on the other. As he had espoused the cause of Arnold, and opposed the condemnation of Ward; as he had laboured to defeat the censure both on Dr. Hampden and on 'Tract 90'—so in his sermons passages occur which must have jarred on the feelings of both sections of his congregation. With the attack on the inadequacy of the traditions and criticism of the fourth century as substitutes for the New Testament is combined a vindication of the 'indefatigable industry,' 'profound thought,' and 'conscientious love of knowledge' which characterised German theologians. The tribute to the teaching of the author of 'Church Reform,' and the declaration that the words 'Apostolical Office' are a late union of two discordant ideas are, as it were, balanced by the application of the methods of historical criticism to the characters of the Apostles. Partisans on either side were rebuked by the insistence on the true contrast between unity and uniformity, and by the assertion of the comprehensiveness of the Church of England, which, by the very conditions of its being, was 'not High, or Low, but Broad.'

Such utterances as these proclaimed the divergence of his views from those of Evangelicals and High Churchmen alike. Neither party was interested in upholding his orthodoxy, because neither could claim him as its own. Partly from the wide catholicity of toleration which he cultivated on principle, partly also from a fear that he might become enamoured of his own deliverances and sink

into an echo of himself, he shrank from dogmatising either positively or negatively, and thereby gave more offence to both sides than if he had pronounced definitively against either. The detachment from system and from party which his whole attitude expressed was already characteristic of the man. He had before him, in the case of Arnold, an example of the cost of belonging to no section of the Church. But it is difficult to conceive the circumstances under which Stanley could have belonged to any party. His independence, his almost over-refined sensitiveness of conscience, his sympathies, his restiveness of disposition, prevented him from assuming any badge. 'I cannot,' he said in later life, 'go out to battle in Saul's armour; I must fight with my own sling and stone, or not at all. I have never been able to reconcile myself to those unreasoning, undiscriminating war-cries; whatever power I have been able to exert has been mainly derived from this abstinence.'

Not content to accept bundles of opinion as they are generally connected together, he endeavoured to verify for himself each separate branch of inquiry. Unable to persuade himself that parties are even indifferent means to useful ends, he felt that all, especially in religion, are combined of truth and falsehood, and that to join any is to accept the evil as well as the good. He believed that 'the man who loves Christianity better than truth is on the high-road to love his own sect better than Christianity, if not to love himself better than either.' He detested the principle of party, as the great rival in the minds of men to the love and pursuit of that truth which was 'to be sought, above all things, for itself, and not for any ulterior object.' Different ideals float before the minds of different men, which represent to them the highest aspects of religious life. To some it is the ideal of depth, or power, or height; to Stanley it

was the ideal of width—of all-embracing breadth. Nor did the pursuit of this ideal mean, in his case, the surrender of point after point, which had been hitherto held sacred, for the sake of superficial agreement. With him the attitude was not negative, so much as positive. It meant the enlargement of the Church by gaining, and embracing, new truths, till nothing that was true was omitted. It was the spirit of the prayer—

> Open wide our narrow thought
> To embrace Thee as we ought.

A dogmatist in his abhorrence of dogma, and a bigot against intolerance, this attitude of detachment distinguished his whole career. Similarly, the plan and details of the construction of his University sermons and essays are characteristic of the way in which he habitually approached any subject of investigation. They illustrate, in the first place, the concrete, historical, and practical bent of his mind. Never a doctrinal theologian, without the capacity or the inclination for abstract speculation, he turns aside from the deeper questions of theology involved in the Apostolic teaching, and from the general principles of the interpretation of the truths contained in the Gospels and Epistles. His aim is to present historical pictures of the characters and circumstances which most truly exemplified the Apostolic age. He attempts, in fact, to exhibit the outward local image of that which is generally contemplated in its inward spiritual essence. And he applies the results to the actual facts of modern life and the actual duties of the younger members of his congregation. It is often alleged that his sermons were not positive enough. In a sense, it would be fair to argue that the exact reverse is the truth. While other men contended against errors of doctrine, he, as here, preaches and enforces positive duties. His protests in favour of breadth are directed not only

against narrow ranges of belief, but against narrow limits of practical application. He pleads that religion should not be left alone, as something to be studied apart, but should be connected with everything which can make it appeal more strongly to the human heart, and which can extend Christian principles to the whole range of practical duties.

And, in the second place, the sermons illustrate his habitual method of searching for central ideas, leading tendencies, or representative characters, round which he groups the subsidiary circumstances of particular periods. He treats the Apostolic age as an epitome of God's dealings with mankind, and its principal characters as eternal centres of recurring spheres of thought and action, and as perpetual types of large classes of humanity. Round St. Peter, St. Paul, and St. John, he gathers the circumstances, not only of the past, but of the present, of subsequent history as well as of their own age. In their individual but universal character he finds the various forms and stages through which Christianity has passed in the eighteen centuries of its existence.

And, lastly, the sermons illustrate his sense of the necessity of applying the methods of historical criticism to Scriptural facts and figures, and the support which he derived for his own faith from the results of free inquiry.

The scope and character of Christian evidences required to be changed before they could meet new needs. The early apologists had rather pleaded as advocates the cause of believers against heathen opponents than calmly sifted facts as investigators of abstract evidence. In the Middle Ages, discussions of evidence became superfluous because the voice of authority was recognised as final. At the Reformation, the general truth of the Christian religion was assumed both by Roman Catholics and Protestants, who burned each other at the stake for differences of interpreta-

tion. In the eighteenth century, sceptical controversies revolved round questions of metaphysics; but now a new class of difficulties had arisen, against which the standard authorities of Jackson and Stillingfleet, of Butler and Paley, were inadequate. In examining the claims of Christianity as a Divine revelation, the authenticity and authority of the written records of the New Testament were legitimate subjects of inquiry. It was, as Stanley felt, impossible to avoid the discussion of such topics. For himself, at least, the path of wisdom and of safety lay in facing them boldly, and in applying to the Scriptures the same tests by which all other writings of antiquity are tried. He resented the disposition to overstate the testimony; he accepted the evidence as he found it; and only when he was guided by its strict tenor did he feel himself to be standing on substantial ground.

Faith and inquiry, in his opinion, went hand in hand. The spirit and the understanding, in any true sense of either, seemed inseparable. He felt that it was his duty to apply to matters of religion that reason which was 'God's especial gift to man.' He did, indeed, earnestly deprecate the day of inevitable trial, 'when the works of German Biblical criticism would be read indiscriminately by all the men, women, and children of England.' To him, now and always, it seemed that all freedom required restraint, lest it should degenerate either into tyranny or license. But he believed that the best restraint was the recognition of free speculation as a Christian grace, and that the true limit to inquiry is its absorption into a Christian atmosphere, where it may find the Gospel to be, not its jealous enemy, but its cordial ally. He spoke in no aggressive spirit when he vindicated the results of modern criticism, which had disclosed to his own generation scenes, characters, and institutions that were comparatively unknown to the Christians of the fourth

century, or when he pleaded that revelation was not resolved into a mere human process because we are able to distinguish the natural agencies through which it was communicated. It was not his object, or, indeed, his gift, to balance probabilities, to increase the number of working hypotheses, or to add a further guess to the conjectures of German theologians. Among the shifting sands of modern speculation he sought to find for himself and others a firm footing.

And for minds constituted on the same historical basis as his own, though criticism destroyed much, it created more. If it cut away some grounds of faith, it refilled the chasm with more stable foundations. When criticism disclosed the stages by which things were evolved into their present shape, it rather strengthened than impaired his faith; it helped him to understand them, to accept them, or to endure them. One distinct image vividly realised of any part of the rise of Christianity, one plain matter of fact placed beyond dispute, one lifelike impression clearly conceived of the real existence of an Apostle, confirmed for him the historical truth of the whole narrative, and developed in palpable form the strength of the human side of Christian evidences. This was the use which he made of modern criticism, and thus he interpreted its results to others. It was the same feeling which prompted his desire to see Palestine, and which gives such nervous reality to his descriptions of the country. Geographical details not only add point to the images and vividness to the pictures of the sacred writings: they also give a solid basis of fact, which, being embedded in the narratives, shows that the histories they relate do not merely represent 'a past which was never present.'

So much has been said on kindred topics, that something must be added on Stanley's religious convictions and theological views. His reluctance to dogmatise, his habitual

reticence on doctrinal questions, his avoidance of the terms of technical theology, render it difficult to formulate his views. Neither is this the place for any detailed examination of his theological position. It will be sufficient to indicate the influences under which he was now living, to express what throughout his life continued to be the substance of his religion and the keynote of all his sermons.

In Arnold he encountered, at the most impressionable period of his life, the man who was exactly fitted to exercise over him a powerful and permanent influence. In him he found strong and deep religious feelings, which were united with free, trustful views on Scriptural criticism and interpretation, and which, projecting themselves into the world, sought to Christianise, not only society, but the individual. To Newman he had been attracted by the force of spiritual genius; to Pusey, by the magnetic influence of genuine goodness. Ward's pitiless logic had driven him to face in early manhood a variety of moral and theological problems. German theologians, corrected by the criticism of Hare and Jowett, and modified by dealings with his own pupils, had introduced him to other phases of religious thought and feeling. But still, the first impressions preserved their hold, and Stanley in 1846 was still what he had been at the time of his Ordination—a follower of Arnold.

Arnold, filled with the thought of Christ Himself, feeling deeply his personal connection with his Lord and Saviour, animated by a constant sense of His companionship, dwelt habitually upon His words and works with affectionate, yet reverent, reality. He never seemed to have studied Christianity out of books, or to have attempted to reconcile by metaphysical speculation the will of God and the will of man; he made no effort to reduce Christ's precepts to system, or to formulate His teaching or doctrine. But he

kept before himself, as a perpetual example, the life of Christ, and made it at once the spring and the standard of his moral growth.

Stanley followed in the steps of Arnold. His piety was practical and personal, not doctrinal nor speculative. He set before his eyes the Person of Christ—not His Church, not His sacraments, not His teaching, not even the truths about Him, but Christ Himself—as the one Being Who combines all ideas of perfection in their just harmony, forbidding idolatry and fanaticism on the one side, and on the other giving life and strength to all morality. He looked upon Him as the medium through which we know the mind of God, as the pattern of what God is and what men should strive to be, as the object of a love which can raise us above ourselves and remove the barriers between us and God. In the study and imitation of that Divine life lay the truest wisdom and the highest happiness. To have his character was to be a Christian. It is, in its purely practical aspect, the view of Amiel: 'La perfection pour but; un exemple pour soutien; le divin prouvé par sa seule excellence; tout le christianisme, n'est-il pas là en résumé? Dieu tout en nous, n'est-il pas sa consommation?'

The spiritual relations of Jesus Christ to God on the one side, and to man on the other, can only be expressed by metaphors. And the bent of each man's spiritual conceptions is shown by the metaphors which he chooses for himself, if he chooses any at all. Stanley, with habitual avoidance of terms that might mislead, preferred to express those relations by our Lord's own words—'the Way, the Truth, the Life.' With these words he closes his Jewish History, where he takes a solemn Pisgah view of that Life on which he knew that he should never be able to enter.

Feeling the nothingness of verbal disputes, as compared with the living and stirring interests of national and indi-

vidual welfare, he turned from doctrinal questions almost with contempt, ignoring, like Arnold, their true relations to the spiritual life of mankind. His religious temper is summed up, as it were, in the verses of Charles Wesley on Catholic love :—

> Weary of all this wordy strife,
> These notions, forms, and modes, and names,
> To Thee, the Way, the Truth, the Life,
> Whose love my simple heart inflames—
> Divinely taught, at last I fly,
> With Thee and Thine to live and die.

The same vision of a visible and living Church closed the vista of all the religious speculations of both Arnold and Stanley. To both men the freedom, practical energy, and simplicity of Christianity were especially present. Both desired to see its laws the laws of a Christian commonwealth, and both looked upon it as the one supreme moral force, the only remedy which could pierce to the roots of intellectual and physical and social evil. In the eyes of both it stood above all other religions as the religion of the world, because it rested on 'a Divine head, a life that was the image of God, because He who lived it was all purity and goodness.' Both held that 'its essential object was to produce characters which in truthfulness, in independence, in mercy, in purity, in charity, may recall something of the mind that was in Christ.' Both felt that in Christ they had 'a Master worth living for, worth dying for, Whose spirit was to be the regenerating power of the whole world.' Both were men of strong religious convictions and of deep personal piety; both had conscientiously mastered the difficulties which hindered their Ordination; both fervently believed in the splendid mission which might await the Church of England—of including within its fold all Christian citizens, of ministering the true food of national life, of animating laws and institutions, of inspiring the conduct,

guiding the thoughts, attracting the love of the English nation. But so much was, in their opinion, needed to fit the actual Church for its vocation, that, in the eyes of many of their clerical brethren, their membership placed them in as false a position as if they had disbelieved half its Articles.

With some qualifications, Stanley practically accepted Arnold's theory of the relations of Church and State, and the consequences which naturally flowed from it. He held, like Arnold, that the founders of the Protestant Church of England considered Church and State as identical; that the Christian nation of England was, and might be again, the Church of England; that the head of the nation was the head of the Church; that the affairs of the nation, both civil and ecclesiastical, were the affairs of the Church. He did, indeed, recognise the objections to this theory.

'The concreteness of Arnold's theory,' he writes in 1846,

I do consider as a great and fatal objection to it; but, on the other hand, as the only one. If people will have the matter expressed in an outward shape before them, this is the only one which can stand. It is not so much that Church and State are one as that the Church, in its highest sense, is equally above both Church and State—represented in different ages, sometimes more by the one, sometimes more by the other, and its true relations to both best preserved by the subjection of the organisation of either to that part which stands at the highest point, for the time being, of European morals and civilisation, and ultimately, I dare say, by the removal of any such dualism of institutions altogether—the higher dualism of the ideal Church and any outward organisation whatever enduring, no doubt, to the end of all things.'

In Stanley's mind the theory was probably only the ideal mode of expressing the great object of his life—to show that Christianity is at once real and universal; that it does not belong to one set of persons, or to one institution,

but to all ; that not only religious, but secular, occupations fall within its sphere ; that it ought to raise its voice, not only in the pulpit, but in education, in literature, in Parliament, in legislation, and in every question where there is a right and a wrong. But the consequences of its acceptance brought Stanley into perpetual collision with his brethren along the whole line of ecclesiastical politics. He claimed no supernatural powers for the Church or its ministers, but valued both mainly as channels for communicating religious knowledge, and as instruments of extensive good, which might become inestimably precious in proportion as they were subordinated to, and identified with, the State. He regarded the supremacy of the Crown, and, as its only intelligible translation, the supremacy of the law, as 'a rare blessing of God.' He looked to the civil power to restrain the clergy in legislation as well as litigation. He upheld the decision of spiritual causes by lay tribunals as the guarantee of moderation and as the protection against ecclesiastical intolerance. The Church of his vision and of his historical studies was essentially unexclusive and comprehensive, an ample fold in which all citizens of every shade of Christian belief might worship together. If he had not Arnold's vehement abhorrence of 'priestcraft,' he was a zealous champion of the rights of the laity, and a strong opponent of all sacerdotal claims on the part of the Anglican clergy. So far did he go in this direction, that he looked upon Ordination as the solemn appointment of important public officers. And, feeling thus, he speaks in 1846 of an Ordination in which he had taken part in Norwich as a

'heartrending sight, half-prose, half-poetry, half-Protestant, half-Catholic—an impressive ceremony with its meaning torn away, a profession, really of some importance, and claiming to be of the highest, dislocated from its place in society.'

The frank and fearless expression of his opinions separated Stanley thus early in life from both the rival parties in the Church. In his course of sermons as Select Preacher he gave himself no opportunity of urging his views on the relations of Church and State, although their general tendencies are here and there suggested by his language. But three years later, in the very midst of the heat and excitement of the Gorham controversy, he spoke out upon the subject in a brilliant article which appeared in the Edinburgh Review.[2] Stripped of its accessories, the issue seemed to him nothing less than the question whether the Church of England was then, and was to continue to be, a national institution. It was involved in both the points in dispute—the constitution of the court of appeal, and the judgment which that court pronounced. The first raised the question of the relations of Church and State; the second raised the question of the breadth and comprehensiveness of our ecclesiastical institutions. On historical grounds he vindicated not only the supremacy of the law as asserted in the decision of ecclesiastical controversies by a lay tribunal, but also the justice of the judgment of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. The decision, which was regarded by the Evangelicals as the Magna Charta of their continued existence in the Church, was warmly welcomed by Stanley, on the grounds that 'it retained within the pale of the Establishment both the rival schools of theology,' and that 'the Church of England was meant to include, and always had included, opposite and contradictory opinions, not only on the point now in dispute, but

[2] No. clxxxv., July 1850. It will be remembered that the Bishop of Exeter refused to induct Mr. Gorham into the living of Brampford Speke, on the ground of his hesitation to affirm the spiritual regeneration of every baptised child. The Judicial Committee of the Privy Council pronounced on March 8, 1850, that there was no sufficient cause for refusal. After some further proceedings, Mr. Gorham was inducted on August 10, 1850.

on other points as important, or more important, than this.'

It would not have conciliated the Evangelical leaders to know—though the fact affords no slight proof of Stanley's consistent attitude on ecclesiastical controversies—that the substance of the article had been written several years earlier, 'in the hope of averting the catastrophe which drove out from the Church of England such men as Dr. Newman and his friends.'

Even without the assistance of the article on the Gorham controversy, the sermons on the Apostolical Age contained matter enough to excite something more than suspicion of Stanley's attitude on theological and ecclesiastical questions. Several of his friends advised him not to print the sermons, which had been condemned as 'profane' and 'fanciful.' But he determined, for the reasons given in the following letter to B. Jowett, to publish the whole course, illustrated and explained by essays. As will be seen from his letter, it was originally intended, though the plan was afterwards abandoned, that the supplementary essays should be the joint work of the two friends.

'One word about your essays. There were, besides St. Peter, one on *St. Paul's Speeches*, *on St. Paul's Conversion*, on St. John as the Friend. And with regard to all, but especially the two in italics, it strikes me that this poor work to be complete should have something said on the subject; and yet, having read your MSS., and therefore feeling that I have nothing to say further, I have a total incapacity to write anything on the subject. However, the chief point, which, with all deference, I wish to urge on behalf of it, was this. Do not you think that it would be worth while to have an opportunity of giving people some kind of notion of what your views really are? This is one reason which weighs with me about publishing them, especially in my case, after running my head into the nest by preaching them, and so giving occasion to various

charges which, I think, would be dispelled by their publication.

'This does not, of course, apply to you. But when I was at York I had a long discourse on your behalf with ———, whose mind had been poisoned on the subject by a fellow-barrister. The effects produced by the imagination working on the unimaginative are very mischievous. I anticipate your answer, viz., that your, I may say our, views are such as cannot be disclosed without these objections—in part, at least, deserved. Still, I think there is a limit, and, when one is tutor of a college, I think self-defence is to a certain point not only justifiable but a duty.'

When once the publication of the sermons was regarded as a duty, their appearance became only a question of time. For many reasons Stanley found it desirable to postpone their reappearance. 'I find,' he says, 'that the Heads, and my senior friends, are dreadfully alarmed at the notion of precipitate publication—a feeling which there could be no harm in allaying.' More than once he complains of 'the burden of the poor sermons.' 'Were it not,' he writes to Pearson, 'that I look upon it as a kind of duty to go on, I would gladly put them into the fire.' But when the Professorship of Divinity fell vacant by the elevation of Hampden to the Bishopric of Hereford, and when he himself became a candidate for the Chair, he could no longer delay the publication.

'People had got the notion that I was withholding them on purpose, which rendered their immediate publication necessary. I believe that they will turn out a failure as signal as the success of Arnold's Life.'

His forebodings were verified. The 'Sermons and Essays on the Apostolic Age,' which were published in November, 1847, received but little notice from critics, and little attention from the public.

The volume appeared at an unfavourable moment. The Hampden controversy was raging, and it was still at the

height of its terrors, when it withered and died in a moment before the blaze of the Revolution of February, 1848. But though the sermons never gained the ear of the public, they made him a marked man. They destroyed whatever chance he might have had of obtaining the Regius Professorship of Divinity. The Ministry could scarcely venture to raise a fresh ecclesiastical tempest by the appointment of another professor whose orthodoxy was suspected. The Chair was conferred on Jacobson (afterwards Bishop of Chester). Stanley announces the success of his rival in the letter to his sister from which the following passage is extracted:

'I regard the appointment of Jacobson with almost universal satisfaction, partly as setting the question at rest, and partly from the great pleasure which it gives me to see him there, both on his own account and because, though not brilliant, he is such a thoroughly honest, straightforward, sensible man, who will do his duty without interfering with other people, and will thoroughly enjoy the two great Houses and the mixture of parish and professorship. He has always been the kindest of friends to me, so that, even in that respect, his appointment will be really serviceable. Up to this time he has been living cooped up in a small house, with hardly space to turn in, so that it is quite a pleasure to wake in the morning, and think of the six children disporting themselves in the halls of Christ Church and the gardens of Ewelme. And he is so safe a man that the Government will almost cover their appointment of Hampden by it.'

And, as results proved, the selection of Jacobson as Regius Professor did something to allay the Hampden agitation in Oxford. But its sudden and complete extinction was mainly due to the downfall of Louis Philippe. The year 1848 was a year of political convulsion. The French Revolution of February set Europe in a blaze. The spirit of revolt spread like wildfire. In Sicily, at Naples, in the Tuscan and Roman States, at Milan and Venice, throughout

Austria and Germany, it leaped into a flame. Even in Great Britain there was grave cause for anxiety: a serious riot at Glasgow, the turbulence of a noisy mob in London, disturbances at Edinburgh, Manchester, and Newcastle, seemed to indicate that the same spirit was spreading to this country. Nor was anxiety allayed till April 10th was passed, and the Monster Petition of the Chartists was conveyed to the House of Commons in two four-wheeled cabs.

The news of the French Revolution threw Stanley into a fever of excitement. The intelligence reached Oxford on February 26th. 'I had,' he writes to his mother,

'come back late from a dinner at Cuddesdon the night before, and overslept myself, so that I did not hear it till just before my lecture at ten. "The Abdication of Louis Philippe"; "The Palais Royal Stormed"; "The Tuileries Sacked"; "The King on his Way to England." I could hardly get through my lectures. The first was on the revolution of Jehu, and you may imagine how Paris rose before me instead of Jezreel. Then came the excitement of the evening papers, and we were met as we came out of chapel by undergraduates shouting that the Republic was proclaimed.'

As the term drew to a close, his excitement culminated in the determination to visit the scenes of the Revolution during the Easter vacation. On March 27th he announced the plan to his sister, and asked for advice.

'Jowett, by meditating on the papers, had seriously come to the conclusion that this *must* be done in the Easter vacation. You can imagine how he would dilate on the perfect practicability of the scheme: no danger anywhere except at Paris; railroad almost the whole way; no night journeys; the effects of the Revolution on all the countries and races of Europe; the interest never to be forgotten; a work to be written immediately on return, entitled "The Capitals of Europe in 1848." At first I was thunderstruck at the greatness of the enterprise, and still decidedly object to the Italian part, so remote and precarious. But what do you say to the rest?'

At first the project was strongly opposed at Norwich, and the more distant part of the plan was abandoned. It was finally decided to go no farther than the French capital. Bunsen and Bancroft (whose advice was asked) declared that no danger would be incurred by a visit to Paris. 'Is Paris dangerous?' Stanley asked Bunsen. 'Yes,' was the reply, 'Paris is dangerous, and so is Kennington Common, and London; but one not more so than the other.' In case of danger Bancroft gave him a letter to the American Embassy, where he would be sure of finding protection. He also carried with him an introduction from R. M. Milnes to Mr. Clarke, an *attaché* at the English Embassy, 'the very best man in all Paris for instructions'; another from Professor Sedgwick to Arago; a third to Michelet from Matthew Arnold, describing in eloquent French the Sermons on the Apostolical Age; a fourth from Nassau Senior to George Sumner, 'a distinguished American lawyer, who is acquainted with several members of the Provisional Government.'

On Saturday, April 8th, the party, consisting of Stanley, Jowett, F. Palgrave, and Morier, described as 'a Balliol undergraduate of gigantic size, who talks French better than English, is to wear a blouse, and go about disguised in the clubs'—left Folkestone for Boulogne. The first object which met their eyes on landing was a huge placard announcing the plantation and benediction of a Tree of Liberty. Other signs of the Republic were visible. New tricolour flags floated in every direction; on their passports 'Royaume' was erased, and 'Republique' substituted; at the railway-stations the 'Ordonnances du' were followed by a blank, where the word 'Roi' had been cut out; in the streets the children, as they played, hailed the passers-by as 'citoyens,' and shouted 'Guizot!' 'Guizot!'[3] at the little group of

[3] Guizot's supposed subserviency to English interests was a war-cry against

Englishmen. But the night journey to Paris was accomplished without interruption or difficulty, and the travellers arrived at 5 A.M. on the morning of Sunday, April 9. As they drove to the Hôtel Meurice the streets were empty. Nothing but the Trees of Liberty reminded them of the Revolution till they came in sight of the Tuileries. 'Not one of us spoke; but it was truly awful to see the vast grey mass standing as before, with the consciousness of all within gone, or dead for ever.'

The splendour and gaiety of the French capital were extinct. The fountains played, and the columns glittered in the clear air as before; but the brilliant throng of well-dressed people had vanished from the empty streets, the regular soldiers had been altogether removed, the National Guard were rarely seen. The placards on the walls containing the decree of the Provisional Government, the notices of clubs, the tricolours flying over every public building, the caricatures 'in numbers numberless,' the three words 'Liberté,' 'Egalité,' 'Fraternité,' painted over the walls, the white shot-marks on the Château d'Eu, were almost the only outward signs of the political earthquake. 'C'est plus tôt ou plus tard,' said Michelet; 'à present c'est l'entr'acte.'

'The only sign of coming or past revolution is constantly before you. Everywhere—at the entrance of public buildings, walking round the Trees of Liberty, parading in half-formed regiments through the streets, are the *Garde Mobile*, all in blouses or in common ragged coats or cloaks, mostly boys, almost reeling under the weight of their muskets and bayonets; and in them you certainly do feel that you see the representatives of the sovereign people in a very alarming shape.'

the Minister in the Chamber and at the elections. He was designated 'Sir Guizot' and 'Milord Guizot'; his Ministry was called 'Anglo-Guizot,' his friends were called 'Pritchardistes,' an allusion to his consent to compensate Mr. Pritchard, the British Consul at Otaheite, for the personal losses which he had suffered at the hands of the commander of a French frigate.

From the narratives given by Clarke and Sumner, who had been in Paris at the time, and from Morier's 'interviews with the *Gardes Mobiles*,' Stanley gathered the following account of the night of February 23rd[4]:

'The Republican clubs were all sitting in suspense, abiding their time, but apparently with no pretext for moving. They had been so often disappointed and defeated that they were determined now not to move without a good chance of success. To one of them a half-madman, Lagrange, entered, and said, "What is to be done to rouse the people?" They said, "Nous n'avons pas de moyens." He replied, "Oui! il y a *un* moyen." He went out, and came up the Boulevards—the whole town brilliantly illuminated for Guizot's resignation, all in a ferment of loyalty. A troop of boys and others were standing before Guizot's house, demanding that it should be illuminated. He went silently up to the house and fired two shots in the air. Then followed the murderous discharge; and then, at the same instant, men burst into all the Clubs: "On assassine le peuple!" The bells in all the churches began to ring the tocsin. "Trahison! Trahison!" was heard in every quarter. "What is the meaning of those fatal bells?" was in everyone's mouth, as they were heard through the dead of night, far above the Rappel and the beating of the drums; but they rushed to arms—even the better classes thought that Louis Philippe was playing them false—and by 3 A.M. the whole city was barricaded.'

A letter written from Paris on April 13th begins, 'Now for Rachel and the Clubs';—

'The play was a modern one—"Lucrèce"—the story of Lucretia and the flight of Tarquin. Rachel was Lucrèce.

[4] The two principal reforms which were demanded were the extension of the suffrage and the limitation of the number of placemen in the Chamber. To these measures M. Guizot was opposed. On Wednesday, February 23, Louis Philippe, who clung to the belief that the disaffection was to the Ministry, and not to the Crown, dismissed M. Guizot, and sent for M. Molé to form a new Ministry. On the evening of the same day, opposite M. Guizot's official residence, occurred a serious collision between the mob and the troops, who fired a volley on their assailants, by which several persons were killed. It is to this incident that Stanley's letter refers.

The chief thing that struck me was her great simplicity, and the total absence of rant. The two great scenes were—one, when she described a dreadful dream till your blood ran cold ; the other, when she came in, after the catastrophe, to kill herself, and then it was extraordinary to see the complete transformation which she had undergone. You could hardly have recognised her. A world seemed to have passed over her head since she last came on the stage. The play closed by a mob rushing in to announce the Republic.

'Then a pause, and she came forward for the "Marseillaise" in white, as before. It is difficult to describe it. She had seemed to be a woman—she became a "*being*"—sublime irony, prophetic enthusiasm, demoniacal fierceness, succeeded each other like flashes of lightning. And then, with a solemn march, she advanced at the last stanza to the tricolour standard and knelt, folding it in her embrace, as if with a determination that nothing should ever part her from it—a love, an adoration as if it were an animated creature. It was very grand—Morier declared that it was itself enough to annihilate a monarchy. Madame de M. thought it the "most shocking sight she had ever seen." Certainly it did seem as if the expression of such feelings was beyond what the occasion called for. Had Nero fallen instead of Louis Philippe, the impression conveyed could not have been more ferocious. They say that Rachel enters into it herself heart and soul, and is so wrought up by it that she usually faints away when it is over.

'Now for the Clubs. They sit, you know, in every part of Paris, and at night, that the lower classes may attend. The first we went to was the Club de la Sorbonne, in the great amphitheatre of the ancient College of Divinity, now used for the distribution of prizes, &c., in the University of France—corresponding, in fact, to the Theatre at Oxford. There we found, ranged in the semicircular tier of seats opposite the president's desk, an assembly of 1,500 people, promiscuous, but chiefly of the common people, in blouses, beards, long flowing hair, women, &c. Each speaker ascended a tribune in front of the desk, and the question for debate was the law regulating the elections. The speeches, so far as I could follow them, seemed extremely fluent and clear—nothing of a revolutionary character ; and the most remarkable feature of the whole was that, though

there were vehement *applaudissements*, the most perfect order was preserved. Speeches, if not liked, were heard in silence; the ringing of the president's bell was instantly attended to; in short, the House of Commons could not have been under better control.

'The next night we went to another—the Club des Intérêts du Peuple—in hopes of hearing the Abbé Lacordaire, a celebrated Parisian preacher, who has offered himself as a candidate for the Assembly. He did not appear; but his pretensions and character were passionately discussed, the more so from anger at his non-appearance. And this, added to a dispute between the secretary and president, led to a scene of confusion quite unlike the order of the Sorbonne. For two hours it was not a debate interrupted by exclamations, but one continued uproar, interrupted by a few snatches of oratory—of men gaining a hearing for a few minutes, and then being put down.

'What would you have given if you could have been mesmerically transported there, and seen the hall, dimly lighted with tallow candles, a French mob of 1,000 persons, shouting and yelling at the tops of their voices—amongst other cries, the one that I so wanted to hear, *à bas! à bas!*—and the Poppet's[5] head enclosed within the embrace of two huge arms of a rough-bearded and bloused man, who was leaning over me, and every now and then pouring his complaints into my fraternising ears? Yet with all this the most perfect good-humour prevailed.

'The scene was the more curious from the debate turning in a great measure on Lacordaire's theological works, and how far he had been always a Republican, or had been *subitement illuminé* on February 24th.'

During Stanley's visit to Paris the formidable crisis occurred which made Sunday, April 16, one of the most important days of the Revolution. The Provisional Government had soon split up into factions.[6] Louis Blanc, Crémieux, and Albert wished for Communism; Flocon and Ledru-Rollin desired the Red Republic and Terror; Arago, Marie, Garnier-Pagès, and Marrast represented the

[5] Stanley's pet name in the home-circle.

[6] *Histoire des Ateliers Nationaux*, par E. Thomas, p. 98. *Enquête sur l Insurrection du 23 juin et 15 mai*, tome i. pp. 224–247.

moderate party; Lamartine hoped to conciliate everybody by his eloquence; the aged Dupont de l'Eure held aloof from the struggle. The demonstration of March 17th had enormously increased the influence of the more violent party. Day by day the dissensions of the Provisional Government grew more fierce. Ledru-Rollin ceased to attend its councils. Louis Blanc and Albert, masters of an army of 30,000 workmen, whose delegates met at the Luxembourg, reported to their colleagues at the Hôtel de Ville the demands of their followers. On April 14th they confessed that another manifestation like that of March 17th was to take place on Sunday, the 16th, in order to obtain a further postponement of the elections to the Assembly and the redress of other popular grievances. Lamartine was in despair. The 16th of April came, and already the insurgents were marching upon the Hôtel de Ville, thirty thousand strong, headed by some of the fiercest leaders of the Socialists and the Clubs. General Changarnier[7] and Marrast ordered the *Rappel général* to be beaten, and the National Guard was called out. Under the pressure of superior numbers the insurgents dispersed. The crisis was averted. The democratic party received their first check. Four days later the regular army was brought back to Paris; on April 27 the elections were held, and on May 4 the Assembly met.

On April 16th Stanley writes:

'The Presse has announced, and I suppose the Times will have re-echoed it to you, that the date of this letter will remain in history as "the most eventful day of the Revolution since February 24." I am afraid you will be sadly disappointed at my account of it.

'At 11.30 we set off to Notre Dame, being told that we must go at that time to have any chance of places, though the service did not begin till 1.30. Indeed, an English

[7] *Enquête*, tome i. p. 260.

lady had informed me that the only way for gentlemen was to send a "tall servant" before them at 8 A.M., and for ladies at 4 A.M. Whether such ample precautions were really needed did not quite appear. We were severed from each other in the crowd. Jowett and I got tolerably good places; Palgrave heard nothing; Morier heard little, but saw much.

'It was Palm Sunday—the third Palm Sunday that I have passed abroad—and the dense mass of human heads was relieved here and there by the waving branches of box-tree, which here supplied the place of the genuine palms. The throng became closer and closer, and at last, at 1.30, the Archbishop of Paris, a red-faced, heavy-looking man (who, by the way, is said to be about to stand for the Assembly), passed through to his seat in front of the pulpit, and in the pulpit appeared Lacordaire in his Dominican costume. I never saw such a congregation: the whole nave of Notre Dame was absolutely filled from end to end, chiefly men, and all listening with the most rapt attention. The sermon lasted till 3 P.M., and was on Labour, an attack on Louis Blanc's *Organisation du Travail*, but, at the same time, in full sympathy with the Revolution, to which he alluded more than once. It was extremely forcible, and evidently told immensely on the audience; not the least the jokes, which from time to time caused an audible titter all through the church. At other times there were murmurs of dissent and of approbation. I will give you a fuller account of it afterwards, but I here confine myself to the externals. Towards the close of the sermon, in the midst of a violent invective against the master-manufacturers for not leaving their workmen free on Sundays, a loud cry was suddenly heard from the west end of the church, which I took to be an expression of dissent from what he was saying. The whole congregation rose; there was no uproar or confusion, excepting a murmur all through the place; the preacher paused for a moment, said something to the quarter from whence the interruption came, and proceeded to the end, and the congregation broke up singing the Marseillaise.

'Having missed Jowett and the others in the crowd, I came out alone, and was going straight back to the hotel, when I saw, on the other side of the river, an immense procession, extending the whole way from the Tuileries to

the Hôtel de Ville, along the quay. I had heard the drums beat several times during the sermon, and thought, therefore, that it was a parade of guards, or something of the kind, and so went across and moved along the *trottoir* by the side of the procession till I came to a dead-lock from the confluence of the crowds at the Pont d'Arcole. The procession consisted of two lines—one of workmen in blouses with flags about *Organisation du Travail*, the other of National Guards, both lines equally armed with muskets and bayonets, which went glittering away in the distance as far back as you could see, and lost themselves, in fact, in a sea of steel before the Hôtel de Ville. There were no cries nor any appearance of disorder, except that at one moment, just as I was escaping from the crowd, someone appeared at the windows of the Hôtel de Ville, and there were cheers, and hats and caps waved on the ends of bayonets. I thought it was merely fraternisation of some kind between the Gardes Mobiles and Nationaux, and ran back as fast as I could to the English Church at 4, meeting on the way some troops of the line.

'Jowett and I had to dine with Lord Russell at 6.30. I had only just time to dress and go there, and then, for the first time (except for a frantic exclamation of the porter's wife at Meurice's that the troops were said to be going to massacre the people), we heard that a formidable movement had taken place, but that the Provisional Government had triumphed.

'And so you must understand that the drums I heard in Notre Dame were the celebrated *rappel* of the National Guard; that the loud cry was a man rushing in and calling out *On se bat*, believing that the collision was about to take place instantly; and that the procession which I saw was the great demonstration of the workmen (as great, it is said, as that of March 17), with the still greater demonstration of the National Guard, which carried the day. If one had happened to be there at the *exact* moment of the appearance of Lamartine at the window (which I cannot be sure that I was not), one would have seen more. Otherwise, the only observation that I have to make upon it is, that there was so little to see that, had one not been told, I should have thought it was only a *fête* or parade. The papers will tell you as much as I know at present about it. All our friends congratulate us on having seen

an *émeute*. It is spoken of as being, in its result, an excellent guarantee for future tranquillity.'

'The enthusiasm,' he adds in another letter,

'displayed by the National Guards was very great. They responded far more readily than was expected to the *Rappel* through all their ranks. Tocqueville (the writer on America) was discussing the Constitution of the United States with Mr. Rust when they heard the drum, and he immediately dashed out to the head of his legion.'

On April 20th the regular troops were brought back to Paris. Writing on the same day, Stanley thus describes the scene:

'It was a sign of the anxiety felt about it that all the preparations were kept secret till yesterday. The professed object was to fraternise the National and Mobile Guards with the Army, which had not been in Paris since the Revolution. The real object was to get the troops back again into Paris without exciting a disturbance, and to keep the Anarchical party in order. It was an ingenious plan, and hitherto seems to have been entirely successful.

'We had to be at the Triumphal Arch at 7.30, much against the grain, as it was a drizzly morning. Here we had to wait for an hour and a half before the Government came. The rain, however, kept off the mob till we were safely lodged in the platform immediately under the Arch, whither we were transplanted by sundry dexterous movements unnecessary to repeat. The Provisional Government arrived in carriages—truly the eleven kings of France—and saluted by a royal salute of twenty-one guns (to protect ourselves against the report of which Jowett and I had provided cotton-wool to stuff our ears).

'Crémieux and Marrast were the only two that we could catch distinctly as they drove up; but, after we were finally on the platform, they showed themselves from time to time by passing in and out amongst the spectators; and in this way I had a perfect view of Arago, Ledru-Rollin, Dupont de l'Eure, Louis Blanc, Flocon, and Albert. The two last were nothing remarkable to me; but the others were all very characteristic. Arago, with certainly the greatest appearance of ability; Crémieux, a clever Jewish face,

animated and quick; Ledru-Rollin and Louis Blanc, the two antipodes—no portraits that I have seen do justice to the great bulk of the first or the extreme smallness of the second. Ledru-Rollin has a large coarse figure, and face—not ferocious, but extremely repulsive; Louis Blanc, one of the least men I ever saw, almost fairy-like in appearance, and with a light, easy, aërial movement and a perpetual smile upon his little features. These two, I think, were the most interesting to have looked at. Dupont de l'Eure, an old man bowed down with years, and fat, and with the dreary, vacant look which you might expect in a man who has seen three revolutions.

'But, how provoking! Lamartine only came out once, when I was not by. I flew to the spot on hearing the cry of 'Vive Lamartine!' but he was gone. He had paused for a minute as a countryman had presented him with a rosebud, and Palgrave saw him well. What was to be done? I waited for hours, in hopes he would again pass that way. At last, however, I did contrive by three imperfect glimpses to get some notion of him. The first was by climbing up on Morier's back, by which means I was enabled to look down into the tribune, the two others giving me the opera-glass—the celebrated opera-glass—the moment I was fairly on the shoulders of the good-natured giant, and telling me where and what to look for. The second was by another glimpse afforded me for a minute by the kindness of an officer. The third was by attaching myself, in company with Jowett and Palgrave, to one of the advancing legions, and actually walking bareheaded, amidst the shouts of the people, as one of the troop underneath the platform, and so looking up to the great eleven as they sat on their thrones alone. He was motionless when I saw him, and therefore I did not recognise the fire and genius which you usually see in his portraits. The one thing which struck me in him, as contrasted with his colleagues, was his very aristocratic appearance—a perfect gentleman, the one gentleman of the set. Another person that one saw was Lamoricière, much older-looking than I had expected.

'All this I mention first, as what was really most interesting to me. But the spectacle itself was of its kind as grand as can well be conceived. From the platform raised halfway up the height of the Arc de l'Etoile,

immediately under the colossal statues of Napoleon and France, whose huge limbs supported and sheltered the pigmy forms of living men, you looked down the Champs Elysées to the Tuileries ; and the whole avenue, down to the Obelisk which rose at the end above the whole, was one continuous stream of bayonets, first grey in the dull morning, then, as the sun came out, glittering like silver waves, wave upon wave flowing steadily onwards between the dark banks of the crowd which lined it on either side. It began at ten, and I believe is still going on now (9 P.M.).

'Of course it is by far the greatest military spectacle that I ever saw ; and there was also the sense of its great political importance, for every legion which defiled before the Arch and passed into Paris was an additional guarantee for the security of France.

'There was no actual fraternisation visible, except the interweaving of the military and civil troops, either in succession or side by side. Besides the endless forest of bayonets, with the flood of human heads or umbrellas on either side, as the case might be (I see I have inverted my former metaphor, but each is expressive in its way), there were the additional splendours of festoons and masses of flags, and, towering above the rest, the flags of the three days of February ; cannonades at the advance of every regiment, and bands playing and choruses singing the *Marseillaise* and *Mourir pour la Patrie.* In a humbler sphere, must not be forgotten a huge clay face of Louis Philippe by the roadside, with a dog (the emblem of Guizot) beneath.

'Two general impressions were conveyed, besides the extraordinary grandeur of the scene—one, that considering the sight, and the vast masses of people congregated, there was very little display of enthusiasm. Whether it is that French mobs are incapable of cheering like English mobs, or that they really do not care about the Revolution, I do not know ; but the feebleness and formality of the cries, *Vive la Ligne ! Vive la République* ! were unmistakable, except now and then, when a popular regiment happened to pass by. The other was the complete democracy of the scene. On that splendid platform round the Ministers of state, with the judges and generals on each side, there were ranged, instead of the brilliant aristocracy which might have been expected, the commonest working-people, in

mud-bespattered clothes, blouses, and even rags. And the whole was kept in order, not by soldiers, but by the Gardes Mobiles, in their blouses as elsewhere, with excellent good-humour it must be acknowledged. There too, more than anywhere else, I have heard the address of *Citoyen.* Lamartine and Louis Blanc were cheered—no one else. When some attempt at a cheer was got up for Dupont de l'Eure, a bystander observed, "Vive la République, pas les individus!"'

A second visit was paid to Paris in the first week of October, and on this occasion Stanley was accompanied by Pearson. In the interval great changes had taken place. The events of May 15th, the scene of violence in the National Assembly, and the attempt to form a new Provisional Government, had strengthened the hands of the moderate party. At the same time, the leaders of the extreme Republicans felt that no time was to be lost. On June 23rd the barricades were once more formed, and a sanguinary struggle commenced, which lasted for four days, in the streets of Paris. The vigorous measures of General Cavaignac, who had been made provisional dictator, at last restored order, military rule triumphed over mob law, and the Assembly, in which Louis Napoleon had taken his seat, were discussing the new Constitution and the mode of electing the President. Detained for a few hours in Boulogne, the two friends visited all the sights of the town —Caligula's tower, Napoleon's column, the cathedral and the crypt, and 'lastly, the *Abattoir.*' 'Do you know,' Stanley asks his sister,

'what that is? We had not the dimmest notion; but, being told by the waiter that Prince Louis Napoleon's live eagle, with which he made the descent upon Boulogne, was still kept at the Abattoir, we thought it would be quite in keeping with the state of affairs to go and see it. So, asking at every turn in the street for the Abattoir, which Pearson took to be a menagerie of wild beasts, and I, a

zoological garden formed out of the ruins of an abbey, we at last arrived at a large edifice, where the streams of blood and hanging carcases announced to us, amidst shouts of self-derision, that we had been inquiring all day for the *slaughter-house*. Alas! the poor eagle died last year. Its occupation during its imprisonment was the very unimperial labour of killing rats.'

Arrived in Paris, Stanley's first interests were to observe the general changes which had taken place since April, and the signs of the sanguinary struggle of June 23rd.

If the first visit had given him insight into a revolution, the second afforded him insight into a reaction. The soldiers, before so conspicuously absent, were everywhere, and their tents whitened the Champs Elysées. The Garde Mobile, in April an undisciplined motley force of ragged lads, were now subordinated to military rule, and clothed in neat uniforms like 'military midshipmen.' The Clubs had been broken up; the blouses were banished from the streets. The Trees of Liberty were withered, and shorn of half their decorations; the tricolours were faded; the rainbow-coloured placards had disappeared from the walls; the colossal bulletins of Ledru-Rollin were no longer seen; the caricatures were few in number, and confined chiefly to ridiculous pictures of the leading Socialists; the portraits of the Provisional Government were superseded by those of Louis Napoleon, the murdered Archbishop of Paris, or of General Cavaignac. 'Captain Chamier, the novelist, whose acquaintance we have made here, told us that if you ask a National Guard to say "Vive la République!" he will reply, "Écrasez la République!"'

The traces of the insurrection of June 23rd, though all but obliterated, were very great as compared with those of February. In the Pantheon, a statue of Immortality without her head, and a colossal figure of Liberty shattered to atoms, bore witness to a cannonade. In the Faubourg St.

Antoine, where the Archbishop of Paris was murdered, and where the insurgents held out for four days, the uneven pavements marked where the stones had been hastily replaced which were torn up for the barricades ; many of the houses were spotted with the white marks of the shot, others honeycombed by the large circular traces of the cannon-balls, others lying in ruins, from which new buildings were rising. In the Clos S. Lazare freshly-plastered spots in the town wall showed the holes which the insurgents had made to fire upon the soldiers. Along the Boulevards the young, freshly-planted trees suggested the destruction of those that had occupied their place.

But the principal event of the second visit to Paris was the speech of Lamartine in the Assembly.

'The debate was on the mode of electing the President, so that you will see it in the papers. The first three speakers, although speaking fluently, appeared to be obscure characters, and it was curious, especially during the two last, to observe the total indifference, but, at the same time, patience, of the deputies. No coughing, or stamping, or shuffling, but every face turned away from the orator to talk to its neighbour, or to look at a book, or to write. But for the interest, almost like that of a puzzle, to make out the different men by the numbers of the plan, it would have been tedious. But with this it was not the least so. There you saw, on the *right*, the old dynastic Opposition : Thiers, with his clever little face and grey hair ; Odillon-Barrot ; Jerome Bonaparte, the likeness of the Emperor ; Molé, a very pleasing old man, the two hours' Minister of February 23 ; Fayet, Bishop of Orleans, and the two or three clergy in their black gowns. On the *left*, Arago, Lamartine, Garnier-Pagès ; on the lowest benches, Ledru-Rollin ; and high up on the mountain the two Socialists—Proudhon, very disagreeable, and Leroux, a wild, half-savage, long-haired, but not unpleasing countenance ; Changarnier a little lower down ; and, close by the President's chair, Cavaignac, with General Bedeau, halting from his wounds of June, and leaning over to speak to him. Cavaignac is very like his pictures : long, thin face, with a very high

forehead, and immovable in his place, his head thrown back the whole time over the back of his seat. Everyone of eminence was there, I think, except Louis Napoleon.

'About 4 P.M., to our unspeakable delight, the tribune was ascended by Lamartine. It was at the moment of a temporary suspension, and many of the deputies were absent; but in five minutes they were streaming in from every door, and for some time there was nothing to be heard but the trampling of feet and the cries, "En place, En place," he the while standing erect, with his arms folded.

'The change of scene was extraordinary. From the utter apathy and vacancy of the House before, with its indifferent listeners and lifeless speakers, the whole was transformed into a beautiful picture. All the faces turned in one direction to the central tribune, and the tribune occupied by that noble figure, in himself so well suited to be the central object, with his graceful gestures, gradually becoming more and more impassioned as his voice grew louder and his countenance more animated. And so we have had a faint image of the famous speeches of February 25.

'It was to me very difficult to catch the argument and the words; but it was evidently a very brilliant speech, a succession of vivid imagery, and producing a great effect; chiefly cheers from the right, but closing apparently amidst disapprobation. The voice was very distinct, with great variety of inflection, but with a certain thinness, as if it would come to an end, and required effort. The action was incessant and theatrical, but always striking—folded arms, hands raised up, but chiefly a pointing upwards or horizontal cleaving of the air, as if at the passage of visions before him. On the whole, the impression was of consummate art, and coolness, and elevation of feeling and expression, but of too much aiming at effect to be quite agreeable; still a sight never to be forgotten, and standing out in a relief against the other speakers, which made their tame speeches valuable as the background to his.

'I have not seen the report yet, and still, therefore, suspend my account of its substance. It ended at 6 P.M., and with it the *séance*.

'*October* 6.—How curious it is to read the report of a half-understood speech! On the whole, I had followed it tolerably well, but with some ridiculous mistakes. The

report in "Galignani," which is given at great length, gives some notion, though evidently a very inadequate one, of the eloquence: the pictures are all shrunk up into simple outlines, and the action and manner, of course, lost. It is spoken of as a most important speech, and likely to settle the question of the Presidency; though, on the other hand, with that versatility which has altered all political emergencies here, the question itself seems likely to be of no importance at all, because they talk of postponing the elections for eighteen months, before which time, of course, the whole aspect of affairs will be changed. Thiers told Dr. Holland last night that he should not speak at all on the debate, because he was sure that whatever was done in it was certain to be undone. He spoke of Lamartine's speech very disparagingly—as, of course, from one point of view, everyone must, the apparent and the real question at issue being so different, and its excellence being so much more rhetorical than moral. He spoke of him also with great bitterness generally, as the man who had done the country more harm than anyone. The utmost gloom prevailed in Thiers's party, though no apprehension of immediate danger. To return to the speech. The striking parts were the description of the several Presidents of old, including the Pope; the horrible abyss into which the country would fall if the Government had no hold upon the people except through the Assembly; the fall of the Orleans dynasty; and the prospects of the Bonaparte family; also the true theory of the President, as the personification of each elector. Nothing could be more brilliant than these points, if one had been able to follow them, and there was the vivid concentration of thought in single images, which always reminds me of Pericles.'

During this second visit to revolutionary Paris the Professorship of Modern History fell vacant at Oxford. So strong were the suspicions with which Stanley's religious opinions were regarded, that a storm was plainly imminent if he were appointed to a theological professorship. His friends were therefore urgent that he should offer himself as a candidate for the vacant Chair of Modern History. If successful, he would commence his professorial career in

peace. His own feelings were divided. He was occupied with the plan of a great work on the New Testament, to be written in collaboration with Jowett. It was to consist of two parts: (1) The Gospels, (2) The Acts and Epistles. Each part was to be preceded by a long preface, 'the first containing a hypothesis of the Gospel and a theory of Inspiration deduced from it; the second discussing the subjective mind of the Apostolic Age.' The work was also to include essays on various subjects which could not be satisfactorily handled in notes. The Epistles were to be brought out first; the Gospels were to be delayed till the two friends had paid a visit to Palestine at the end of 1849. The History Professorship would have been a pleasure; the Commentary was regarded as a duty. In the conflict of his feelings, he entered but half-heartedly into the candidature for the History Professorship. Lord John Russell was informed that

> 'I could not give myself wholly up to it, and therefore should not apply for it; but that I would take it. This was chiefly at the instigation of Jowett and Temple, and so now, I think, no one complains, least of all myself, whatever is the result.'

As the time for the election approached, he feared that he had made a mistake in not urging his claims upon the Whig Ministry. But it was too late. Early in November his uncertainty was dispelled by the appointment of Henry Halford Vaughan to the vacant Professorship—'a capital appointment,' he writes, 'in every respect, except as far as regards the immediate interests and pleasures of A. P. S.' 'My paradise,' he says to Pearson, 'is lost, but I hope to regain it elsewhere. I believe it to be *quoad* the University, what my migration from Balliol was *quoad* the College—great pain but ultimate good.' There is no doubt that he felt very keenly the sacrifice of his favourite pursuit

to the less congenial task of writing a commentary. 'Like me,' he writes to his mother,

'I daresay you will feel a momentary pang at the final seclusion from a sphere which looks the more pleasant as it recedes, and leaves me alone, battling with the rugged sentences of the Second Epistle to the Corinthians, and with the prospect of storms and tempests for the rest of my life. But I have little doubt that we shall find that our first, and deliberate, conviction was the right one, from which it would have been weak to depart. And I feel that if I had gone out of my way to seek for this Chair, my enjoyment of it would always have been dashed by the fear that I had sacrificed a duty to a pleasure, or that I had taken upon myself greater works than I had strength to bear and carry through. I feel, too, that the Commentary ought to be the better for having lost something to keep to it. "The course of true love never did run smooth," and the Modern History Chair is the greatest offering I could have made to it.

'Now that this is fairly gone from me, and, in all human probability, for ever, I shall still make it not less, but more, my resolution to have history for my pastime; and then, if ever the Ancient History Chair, or the Ecclesiastical History, or even this at some remote future, should fall vacant, I should still be able to retire there, as to a haven, when I am worn out by the troubles of theology. Meanwhile, there are the delights, of which I spoke in my last letter, of going on in my work uninterrupted, as I should have done anyhow but for this unexpected vacancy.

'On public grounds, I believe that H. H. Vaughan's appointment is better than mine would have been. He is a very able man, and but for this would have been lost to the University, and perhaps to the world altogether, whilst I should always have been here, and with the prospect of the Theological Chairs, which he, being a layman, could not have.'

CHAPTER XII

1849–52

THE DEATH OF THE BISHOP OF NORWICH—REFUSAL OF DEANERY OF CARLISLE—THE GORHAM CONTROVERSY—SECRETARY TO THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY COMMISSION—CANON OF CANTERBURY, 1851.

THROUGHOUT the early months of 1849 Stanley had been busily engaged in preparations for a visit to Palestine. He was especially anxious to make the expedition while his father was in sufficient vigour of health to dispense with his presence. His Commentary on the Epistles to the Corinthians was almost ready for the printers. His historical article on the University of Oxford, which was to form part of a volume of essays by various authors on University Reform, was nearly completed. His place as tutor was supplied by the election of Goldwin Smith as a Fellow of the College. The start was to be made in November. Nothing remained to be done except to pay the farewell visits, and to prepare for his geographical survey by a careful preliminary 'inquiry of living oracles and dead books.'

'I have taken,' he writes in July 1849,

'to reading through all the geographical parts of the Bible in Hebrew, and have got as far as the Kings, with the increasing conviction that there is no other ancient geography, except Greece, which opens its arms so widely to receive, and to render up, the secrets of the past, as that of Palestine and Arabia.'

In the midst of his preparations an event occurred which interrupted all his plans, suspended all his schemes, and led eventually to the surrender of his Fellowship and to his acceptance of ecclesiastical preferment outside the University.

On August 5th, 1849, Stanley, his father, mother, and two sisters received the Holy Communion together in Norwich Cathedral, as it proved, for the last time. Shortly afterwards they all started together for a tour in Scotland, which, it was hoped, would restore the Bishop's health. At Derby, Stanley turned aside to visit Alderley, and the Arnolds and Jowett in the Lake District. His visits ended, he set out to rejoin his family at Perth. But on reaching Edinburgh he found a letter from his sister bidding him 'come on at once' to Brahan Castle, near Dingwall. He took a special train and hurried northwards. On the evening of September 5th he arrived, to hear that his father had not many hours to live. All hope was entirely gone. Nor was any other end to be desired. The Bishop's partial recovery would have meant the decay of his faculties. His apparently trivial illness had turned to congestion of the brain, and he was lying, when his son arrived, without colour or expression, and without sign of life except the hard breathings which were the last struggle of Nature to deliver itself of its burden. The next evening the Bishop died.

The body was brought by sea to Yarmouth in a storm which almost wrecked the steamer. The funeral had been fixed for September 21st; but it was not till the 19th that the coffin arrived. The interval was 'one long funeral.' Each member of the family had secretly dreaded that in the gale the Bishop might have found his last resting-place in the great waters, which he had so loved in his lifetime.

The scene at the funeral was, as an eyewitness observed, 'not so much *im*pressive as *op*pressive from the intensity of

feeling displayed.' Between the Palace Gate and the Erpingham Gate the procession moved through not less than 20,000 spectators, yet not a sound could be heard beyond the trampling of feet. Every part of the Cathedral itself was thronged by thousands; all were in mourning, and many were deeply affected. 'The funeral,' writes Stanley himself to a friend, 'was one of the most impressive sights I ever saw, could I have looked upon it in that light.' The striking concourse of mourners, drawn together from every class, and representing every shade of opinion, impressed him keenly with the greatness of the Bishop's work.

'Nothing,' he writes,

'like that funeral has been seen in Norwich Cathedral since the Reformation—I very much doubt whether in any English cathedral. There may have been bishops who have been equally lamented by their clergy, some who have been equally lamented by the poor, or by society in general, or by Dissenters, but I do not think that there has been any who has been so sincerely mourned by *all* classes. And what made it more remarkable in his case was, that it was in spite of the great opposition which had been excited against him for so long, and also in spite of the disadvantages under which he laboured himself from his own natural tastes and pursuits having lain in another direction. And yet I believe that this very fact of his naturally unclerical tastes gave a double value to all that he did, because it made people feel that what he said to them, and did for them, he said and did, not merely as a clergyman or a bishop, but as a friend, as a man, and as a Christian. And so I hope his example will still do good, here and elsewhere, not only to the clergy, who often, I believe, complained in his lifetime that he was not one of themselves, but to the many in other classes and professions who felt, and felt most truly, that he was one of themselves.'

The Bishop had been widely recognised as an accomplished, agreeable man, whose tastes and pursuits were naturally scientific rather than clerical. Of his episcopal

life, which had been one of works, and not of words, little was known outside his own diocese. Even to his own son many facts and features were only disclosed by the perusal of his private papers or by the communications of his friends. He had lived down the strong opposition which he had at first encountered, and had won the esteem and affection of men of all classes, ages, opinions, and professions. Clergy and laity, Churchmen and Dissenters, mourned him equally. He found his diocese 'a wilderness'; he left it comparatively 'a cultivated field.' And this work had been done by a man who was, by natural tastes, temperament, and early training, unfitted to be a bishop, but who, finding himself in that unsought, undesired position, had formed a lofty ideal of the practical requirements of the office, and carried it out consistently as his highest duty. In preparing to write a short biography of his father, Stanley had adopted the same plan which he pursued in writing the Life of Arnold, and had circulated among the clergy of the diocese a series of questions, inviting the fullest and most candid information. As the answers came in, and as day by day the most striking points in the Bishop's discharge of his episcopal functions stood out in the fuller light of ascertained facts, the son's enthusiasm was kindled. His Memoir of his father[1] (published early in 1851) is a book which should be put in the hands of all men who have, against their wills, entered professions for which they feel themselves naturally unfitted.

'The crash, the gloom, the uprooting, and the void,' writes Stanley between his father's death and burial, 'are at times overwhelming.' He could not look forward: 'all seems so changed that I cannot tell yet how all the old pleasures and duties will look when I come to them

[1] *Addresses and Charges of E. Stanley, Bishop of Norwich.* With a Memoir by A. P. Stanley. London, 1851, 8vo.

again. London will be our abode, and I shall not go back to Oxford till November.'

The death of the Bishop forced Stanley, as it were, into the world of real life. It plunged him into practical business—much of it business which he alone could transact. The effect was not only immediate but permanent, and it was heightened by the experience of the next two years. In December 1849 he wrote to an old pupil a letter which illustrates the effect that his father's life and death produced upon his mind :

'I hope you are going on happily, and not vexing yourself overmuch with questions about books and theories. Perhaps I am the more inclined to write in this strain from the wholly practical life I have been leading for the last three months. I left off in the middle of a sentence of a Commentary on the Second of Corinthians on September 4, which has never been finished. But I do not regret it, for I feel that it enables me to sympathise more than I ever did before with the working part of the world in every-day life, and it has sometimes made me doubt whether I should not throw away my books altogether, and betake myself to that pursuit after good which is accomplished, not by the eyes, but by the hands of human society. This inclination naturally breaks out when addressing a country clergyman, and thinking of the happiness which his practical life has in store for him. When I spoke to you of the dangers of philosophical views of Christianity and morality, I was very far from wishing you, or anyone, to be constantly on the watch for the *faults* of your profession, still less of your Church. The profession seems to me truly sacred, and is now doubly endeared to me by having witnessed the vast amount of good which can be done in it, as testified by the lamentations that burst forth in September over the grave of one whose claim to honour lay in the single fact that he had been first a good clergyman, and then a good Bishop.'

With the pang of self-reproach, so often felt by those who have lost one dear to them, that he had done less for his father than he might have done, came also 'the

determination to realise what we owe to others before they also are taken from us.' His mother and his sisters became his first care. The Dean of Carlisle, Dr. Hinds, was appointed to the See of Norwich, and the vacant deanery was immediately offered by Lord John Russell to Stanley, 'as due to your own merits, but also hoping that it would be considered as a tribute of respect to the memory of the late Bishop of Norwich?' On personal grounds Stanley did not hesitate. He declined the offer in the following letter, addressed to the Prime Minister:

Palace, Norwich: Sept. 26.

'My Lord,—It was a matter of deep gratification to my family and myself to receive such a testimony of respect to my lamented father's memory as was conveyed in the offer, under such circumstances, of the Deanery of Carlisle to his son. For this mark of favour to them, as well as for your Lordship's kind expression to myself, I beg respectfully to tender my most sincere thanks.

'But I trust that I shall not be misinterpreted if I add that I shall feel myself under still further obligation if Her Majesty would permit me respectfully to decline a post for which, however honourable in itself, I feel no peculiar qualification. The Deanery of Carlisle is so remote, and the necessary residence of eight months requires so long an absence from those interests in the University of Oxford to which I have long devoted myself, and from which, unless for some grave cause, I should be unwilling altogether to part, that to undertake the office would be in great measure to sacrifice my prospects of permanent usefulness to the immediate gratification—great as that gratification would be—of exhibiting a public proof that the general interest which has been shown to my father's memory is shared in the highest quarters.

'Trusting to your Lordship's kindness to excuse this explanation of the motives which compel me to decline such an appointment, and again repeating our grateful sense of the feeling which dictated the offer, I beg to remain

'Your Lordship's faithful and obliged servant,

'Arthur P. Stanley.'

Stanley strongly felt that Oxford was his 'natural sphere,' even when, as now, 'all old interests are gone to rack, and I shrink from returning to the toils.' But as he witnessed the grief of his mother and sisters at parting from Norwich, and reflected upon the home which he might have offered them at Carlisle, his confidence in his decision was shaken, and at times he half-regretted his refusal. 'If it,' he says, 'or anything similar were to come over again, I should find it very difficult to refuse.'

The tie with Oxford was already loosened. Two other events contributed to sever it altogether. Blow after blow fell on the happy family circle, which hitherto had known no loss. In December 1849 arrived the news that in August his brother Charles, a captain in the Royal Engineers, had died suddenly at Hobart Town, Van Diemen's Land. In the February following, his eldest brother, Owen, who was in command of H.M.S. *Rattlesnake*, expired suddenly on board his ship in Sydney Harbour. When the news reached Arthur Stanley in July 1850, he found himself the sole prop and stay of his family. By the death of his father and eldest brother he succeeded to a small landed estate, which rendered it impossible for him, under the existing regulations, to retain his Fellowship. Deprived of his own home at University College, and desirous to provide one for his mother and sisters, he was not likely to refuse another offer of an independent post, even if it severed his connection with his beloved Oxford. The offer was not long delayed. But before the autumn of 1851, when he kept his first residence as a Canon of Canterbury, he had important work to do as Secretary to the University Commission.

On Stanley's return to the University at the beginning of 1850 he recoiled from the plunge into 'the vortex of its controversies and personalities,' and found it hard to revive

his academic interests. Some portion of his tutorial duties had been transferred to the newly-appointed Fellow, Goldwin Smith. With his weekly lectures reduced from sixteen to six he was, for the first time in his Oxford career, the master of a 'mass of leisure.' His hands were, however, full of work. Not only was he engaged in writing the memoir of his father, and preparing two articles on Grote's History of Greece for the Quarterly Review;[2] he was also immersed in the Gorham controversy, and in schemes for University Reform, which events were rapidly ripening to maturity.

At this distance of time the extraordinary excitement which was aroused by the Gorham controversy[3] seems almost incredible. But from January to August 1850 there was truth as well as humour in the remark of a Frenchman, who congratulated Stanley on the fact that the English Revolution had taken the shape of 'le père Gorham.' Stanley's letters to his friends, crowded as they are with lengthy references to the contest, show the keen interest with which he followed every stage in the controversy. His attitude was throughout consistent. To his mind the technical question of theology—whether the view put forward by Mr. Gorham was true or false, whether at baptism original sin is remitted in infants or not—was relatively immaterial. The real issue was, whether the Bishop of Exeter had the power to impose upon his clergy a new test, which was sanctioned neither by the Scripture nor by the Creeds, nor (except with an equally valid prohibition of second marriages) by the Councils, nor by the Articles, nor by the Liturgy. 'What right,' he asked,

'have the anti-Gorhamites to assume it to be essential to a true Church to define accurately even important points,

[2] *Quarterly Review*, March 1850 and December 1850.

[3] See p. 386, and note.

when the Apostolical Church system was a mass of open questions? What right have they to regard that as a vital question which is not so much as mentioned in any one of the Creeds?'

As the contest thickened, meetings were held on either side, protests were answered by protests, petitions by petitions. When the attempt was made to nullify the decision of the Privy Council by a declaration of the Upper or Lower House of Convocation, Stanley could no longer keep silence. Believing, as he did, that the annals of ecclesiastical history might be searched in vain for a more dispassionate judgment than that recently delivered, he wrote a strong letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury, urging him to uphold the decision of the legal tribunal. In July 1850 he followed up this private appeal by one of the most brilliant and telling of his contributions to the Edinburgh Review.[4] Yet even in the heat of the struggle he endeavoured to retain his moderation and charity. 'I trust,' he writes to Pearson,

'that I am not wrong in taking so great a part in this controversy. You will, I know, desire and pray that I may not be led into any uncharitable or unjust thoughts—far worse than the heresies of either side—by the excitement which it requires the utmost resolution to keep off. "To love the thing that Thou commandest, and desire that which Thou dost promise," and "that our hearts may surely there be fixed"—how different are these words from the words without counsel which are darkening the knowledge of the Church.'

The brilliant success of his article only served to increase his misgivings as to the active part which he had taken in the contest. He found, from his own experience, that no man ever threw himself into controversy without repenting of the plunge. Writing shortly after the news of his brother Owen's death reached England, he says:

[4] July 1850.

'In proportion as the sad events of the last few months have sunk into my thoughts, I have had some misgivings about my article. I fear that St. John would hardly have approved of it. At any rate, I will never write anything of the kind again.'

In another letter, written to explain some points which he had maintained in the same article, he says:

'The immense accumulation of practical business which various causes have brought upon me during the past two years has somewhat indisposed me to reading and writing with the same zest as before. But if I know myself, I have the same desire—I wish I could add, the same hope—of doing something to break the collision between the beliefs and the doubts of this age, and to fix our gaze on "the hills, from whence cometh our hope." I often think of the strange fate which should have pushed me into the midst of these theological and academical revolutions so very alien to my natural taste and pursuits.'

Meanwhile the question of University Reform rapidly assumed pressing importance. Eleven years before Stanley had, as already explained, assisted Tait in his pamphlet on 'The Revival of the Professorial System.'[5] Throughout the interval the subject was continually before his mind. For months past he had been engaged, in conjunction with Jowett and other friends, in preparing a volume of essays on various topics connected with the reform of the University. His views extended beyond the enlargement of the professorial system. No one recognised more clearly that a university training consists, not merely in teaching or in learning, but in a thousand undefined things—in the place, the amusements, the society, the associations—and that it was less a system of education, than a particular sphere of English life, which might be raised to higher utility by the introduction of more popular and more intellectual elements. Above all, he dreaded that the time for reform might be

[5] See pp. 230–32.

allowed to slip, and that the consequence of neglecting the present opportunity would be a drastic revolution, which would sacrifice much that was of inestimable value. From this point of view he desired generally to adapt the University to the changes which two centuries had witnessed in the relation of classes and the subjects of knowledge—to make it a national institution which should not merely train up an intellectual aristocracy, but should extend the advantages of its education to all ranks of society. And with these objects he wished to provide endowments for neglected branches of study, to attract poor students by reducing the expenses of college life, to call the University into existence as distinct from the Colleges, and, especially, to enlarge its foundation by modifying clerical restrictions, by strengthening and enlarging the professorial system, and by removing the limitations which confined Fellowships and scholarships to particular families or counties.

When the subject of reform came before Parliament, on the motion of Mr. Heywood[6] to inquire into the condition of the universities, Stanley wrote a letter to Lord John Russell, from which the following extract is taken as explanatory of his views :

'I venture to express a hope that, whatever course the Government may adopt with regard to the motion, your Lordship will not allow the discussion to pass without holding out a prospect of such friendly assistance as would, I conceive, be ultimately necessary for carrying out those changes which are essential to the real interests of the University. I allude particularly to the opening of the Col-

[6] Mr. Heywood, M.P. for North Lancashire, moved (April 23, 1850) for an Address to Her Majesty for a Royal Commission of Inquiry into the State of the Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, and Dublin. In the course of the debate Lord J. Russell announced, on behalf of the Government, that he proposed to advise Her Majesty to issue a Commission to inquire into the state of the two English Universities. Upon this announcement the debate was adjourned, in order that the friends of Oxford and Cambridge might consider the situation.

lege Fellowships (now, for the most part, closed by local or family restrictions) and the strengthening and enlargement of the professorial system.

'These are objects which can only be obtained by help from the Legislature, and, without such help, the efforts which are now being made within the University must be in great measure fruitless.

'Any hope held out from such a quarter would give great satisfaction and encouragement to those who, while they wish to retain what is really valuable in our present system, are anxious for the reform of the University, with a view to its increased efficiency as a place of learning and education, and are equally anxious to see that reform effected in a temperate and considerate spirit, and by the hands of its friends.'

The final debate, which decided the fate of the Universities, was held on July 18th, 1850. Stanley, who was present in the House of Commons, thus reports its result to Jowett:

'I postponed writing till the debate of last night was over. Marshall, the Proctor, and myself represented the University in the Speaker's Gallery, and Liddell below the Bar. The Ministerial speeches were very feeble, perhaps purposely so, with a view of closing the debate. Gladstone's was very powerful, and said, in the most effective manner, anything which could be said against the Commission. His allusion to Peel[7] was very touching, and the House responded to it by profound and sympathetic silence, with the exception of two M.P.'s, who, having been for some time lying head to head in the Members' Gallery, were roused from repose by the pause, and, on hearing what it was, exclaimed one to another: "Balderdash!" "d —— d balderdash!" and so to sleep again. Heywood's closing speech was happily drowned in the roar of "Divide," so that nothing could be heard except the name of "Cardinal Wolsey" thrice repeated.

'Altogether, I confess that I should have been relieved had the majority been the other way. "Put not your trust

[7] Sir Robert Peel died on July 2nd, 1850. 'I cannot,' writes Stanley from London on June 30th, 'tear myself away from the scene of this horrible catastrophe.'

in Prime Ministers" is the chief moral I derive from the recent events. However, the Commission must issue now, and must be carried through with the best heart that one can muster. Henceforth, farewell to any such agitations. Of its members, or of its birth-time, I have heard no more.'

A fortnight before the final debate on the Universities Commission intelligence reached Stanley of the death of his eldest and only surviving brother, Owen. Within the space of a few months his mother had thus lost a husband and two sons, transferred her home from Norwich to London, and seen her youngest daughter, Catherine, married in the spring of 1850 to C. J. Vaughan. The strain of the successive shocks, the anxiety, and the excitement was severe. For her sake, and that of his sister Mary, entire change of scenery was necessary. In August Stanley, with his mother and sister, started on an expedition to Como, going by Strasburg and Constance, and returning by Milan, the Mont Cenis, the Grande Chartreuse, and Bourges, to Paris.

During his six weeks' absence on the Continent the Oxford University Commission was appointed. It consisted of Dr. Hinds, Bishop of Norwich; Dr. Jeune, Master of Pembroke;[8] Dr. Tait, Dean of Carlisle;[9] the Rev. H. G. Liddell, Head-Master of Westminster School;[10] Professor Baden-Powell; Mr. John Lucius Dampier; and the Rev. G. H. S. Johnson.[11] The Commissioners were charged with the duty of sifting the whole subject of reform, of exploring the actual state and capabilities of the Universities, and of collecting the materials on which sound legislation could be based. Stanley was appointed 'the trusty and well-beloved secretary.' Goldwin Smith was subsequently made assistant-secretary.

[8] Afterwards Bishop of Peterborough.
[9] Afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury.
[10] Afterwards Dean of Christ Church.
[11] Afterwards Dean of Wells.

The first meeting of the Commission was held on October 19th, 1850, the last on April 23rd, 1852. The proceedings opened with a blunder, which Stanley not unnaturally feared would be imputed to the new secretary. Two letters were addressed, on October 21st, by the Commissioners, one to the Duke of Wellington as Chancellor, another to the Master of University as Vice-Chancellor. But they were placed in the wrong envelopes. As soon as the mistake was discovered, Stanley wrote to Dr. Jeune saying—as he told Hugh Pearson—

'that as I was sure that all my enemies, and most of my friends, would lay the mistake to my charge, I hoped that he would make known (what was the fact) that it was the Bishop who had written, covered, and sealed the letters, and that I had only franked them.'

The Report of the Commission was not issued till May 1852, and its powers expired in the following August. For nearly two years the work absorbed even Stanley's indefatigable energies, and eighty-seven meetings required his constant presence in London. At first Oxford remained his headquarters; but in July 1851 he accepted a Canonry at Canterbury, which henceforward became his home. The little leisure that he enjoyed from the work of the Commission was chiefly spent in the final revision of his Commentary on the Epistles to the Corinthians, and in his tutorial, and subsequently in his canonical, duties. The strain of the burden is evidenced by the striking diminution in the number and length of his letters to his family and his friends.

Moments of relaxation intervened, when he was able to throw off the weight and enjoy, with all his wonted zest, some great spectacles, such as those of the opening and close of the Great Exhibition. The following letter, dated May 1st, 1851, describes to his sister-in-law the opening scene:

'You must have a letter from me dated with this memorable date, whether I am able to finish it or not. There was one question, I am sure, in everyone's mouth this morning as soon as they woke, from Victoria R. down to the humblest workman in the Exhibition: "What kind of a day is it?" And I can imagine the delight with which Albert would answer, in the same words as Stephen announced to me: "A beautiful morning, and quite dry." At 6.30 P.M.[12] (*sic*) we were ready to start; an unexpected delay from John's "having," as he expressed it, "overlaid himself," kept us till 6.45; but we got into the Park five minutes after the gates were opened, and with not more than twenty carriages ahead of us, and a perpetually multiplying tail behind.

'At 8.15 we all took our stand close to the door on the south side of the Crystal Palace. At ten minutes before 9 the long-expected moment came, the gates flew back, and in we rushed, the very first. One moment for showing our tickets, another for receiving others, and then ensued one of the most ridiculous scenes I ever saw. The Crystal Palace with all its wonders was before us; but no one paused to look at a single object. The transept and the royal platform was the one only object, and forward everyone darted, first in a trot, then in full gallop, in every direction. Meanwhile the same process had taken place at all the other doors, so that the whole building was simultaneously covered with this scattered race, and was filling from all these several quarters.

'It was not till we were fairly seated that we ventured to look round. The transept, as the nearest part, was the chief object. In the centre was the platform, covered with red cloth, and a daïs for the Chair of State, immediately in front of which was the glass fountain, not yet playing. On each side were statues; in the north transept were the great green trees, and underneath them palm-trees and the like from the East India House, with another fountain, playing; and amongst these trees stood, statue-like, the Beefeaters. Opposite was a clock, which pointed at 9 as we finally settled ourselves, and we had the interest of watching the gradual advance upon 12. Three hours pent

[12] Stanley frequently made mistakes between *p.*m. and *a.*m., probably from the same inattention which made him, from time to time, date his letters with the wrong month, or even the wrong year.

up in a small space might seem a long time, but it was not. At last 11.30 A.M. came, when the doors were finally closed, and no more invasion of our seats was possible. Then the clock reached 5 minutes to 12, the platform cleared, and the flourish of trumpets announced the arrival of the Queen. I have a very indistinct recollection of that moment: a dim vision of a procession amidst the palm-trees, and then the whole group gradually forming itself on the platform, and "God save the Queen" bursting forth from the north organ. I never had so good a view of the Queen before, and never before saw her look so thoroughly regal. She stood in front of the chair, turning round first to one side and then to the other, with a look of power and pride, flushed with a kind of excitement which I never witnessed in any other human countenance.

'The next act was the reading of the address and the answer—both absolutely inaudible. Then the Archbishop's prayer, he coming up the steps of the platform and standing by the side of the Queen, she turning attentively to him. He must have made a great exertion, for his was the only voice which made itself heard; of course, even that only to the neighbourhood of the platform, and in a few sentences which I now recognise in the printed form. The prayer was instantly followed by the "Hallelujah Chorus." How admirably chosen for the occasion! But grand as it was, I must here observe that the *sounds* (with the single exception of the flourish of trumpets) were quite inadequate to the *sight*,—lost in the greatness of the building. And this was still more apparent when the procession moved away down the nave: the roar of the great organ from the west end was only just audible; the band in the eastern nave was like the booming of distant cannon.

'A beautiful sight began as soon as the platform was cleared: the glass fountain for the first time commenced to play, and the sun, which had broken out just before the Queen's entrance, played upon it in turn. Meanwhile you traced the procession down the nave by the shouts and wavings of handkerchiefs, gradually dying away in the distance on the northern side, and then beginning again on the southern side, as it gradually reappeared, crossing the corner of the platform into the south transept, each turning round, as they passed, for a glance at the new beauty which had come forth in the interval. You may judge of the

length of the procession by being told that the heralds at the head of it, with their fantastic coats, had reappeared on the platform at the western corner of the south-west nave before the final disappearance of its extremity from the last corner of the platform.

'The best view we had was, of course, as they returned to the Chair of State down the northern side of the eastern nave. It was very interesting to watch the different persons; there was a great look-out for Paxton in the van.

'One amusing incident I heard afterwards from the Archbishop's chaplain. The Archbishop came immediately before the Royal party, and was so much attracted by the various objects, all new to him, that he could not help stopping to look at them. The chaplains behind him stopped, and the Lords-in-Waiting, who immediately succeeded them, walking backwards (Lord Edward Howard, the hero of the Talbot tragedy, and Lord Westminster), were consequently forced upon the chaplains so often that their heels by the end of the day were quite sore with the collisions.

'The two children were charming to see, and it was evidently a grand moment for the whole party when they reached the platform again in triumph: the Queen's severe look was melted into smiles, and everyone looked happy and relieved, as if a victory had been won. Then the trumpets, and out they went.

'It was not till this moment that the immensity of the multitude became apparent. There was a tremendous struggle in the transept, people crowding, and clinging to each other on the platform like shipwrecked men on a rock escaping from the waves. At last Mary and I reached a staircase, and to the galleries; and then, though there were still crowds, all was easy, and we looked down for the first time on the magnificence of the Exhibition itself. This will continue in ever-increasing beauty, so that I shall say no more about it.

'I cannot say, with the "Times," that the pageant of yesterday was the most magnificent I ever saw. In many essential points the Coronation was finer, in some the entrance of the Pope into St. Peter's on Easter Sunday. Of all occasional festivals that I have ever seen, not forgetting the Fête of Fraternisation at Paris in 1848, it was, however,

the grandest; and whatever flaws there may be in the moral interest, it has at least that of being unparalleled. No one knew beforehand what it would be like, or knows now what will grow out of it. The Master of Pembroke said at the Commission, what I suppose is true, "There were never before gathered so many human beings under one roof since the world began."'

A letter written to Pearson on the same subject and at the same date closes in a despondent mood:

'I have, I think, quite determined to retire. What with the burden of the Oxford University Commission, and the perhaps diminished interest in the lectures, I feel that Oxford is beginning "to come out at the nostrils," and I rather incline to hail the opportunity of a complete severance for a time from a place to which I shall doubtless return the better for the absence.'

A few weeks later, in July of the same year, he received, and accepted, the offer of a canonry at Canterbury. Among many congratulatory letters which were sent from friends outside the University, was one from G. E. L. Cotton, then a master at Rugby School, afterwards head-master of Marlborough College, and Bishop of Calcutta:

'I must send a few lines expressing my earnest hope that the Canterbury stall is really yours, and, if so, my sincere congratulations. As affording a standing argument for the retention of *a few* honourable sinecures in the Church (and I only wish for a few)—as making you independent of the Chancellor and his prælectorship—as a tribute to yourself, richly deserved—as affording some grounds for believing that Arnold and Arnoldism are not wholly set at naught, I rejoice greatly in the appointment.'

In the letters of his University friends regrets were largely mingled with congratulations. Yet, however strongly they might feel that Oxford without his presence would lose a potent charm, they recognised that a college life was not the best school of character, and that for him

the appointment was in every way a gain. 'I still most strongly feel,' writes one of his old Balliol friends,

'as I always have, that for you it is the best thing. I am sure no man is better for living his whole life here, and if you come back (as I hope and believe you will), you will then feel the full benefit of the break. And I do not think that you could have gained the benefit of the change by merely spending your vacations away. No! depend upon it that, though I shall indeed find Oxford very different without you, and so will many others, and though you may not "see your way" in your Canonry at present, Canterbury will really be very good for you, and you will soon cease to regret us.'

But no expression of feeling elicited by his approaching departure gratified him so deeply as the following letter from the Undergraduates of his College:

'University College: October 23, 1851.

'DEAR DR. STANLEY,—It being the general wish of the members of the College to express their deep sense of your great kindness to them all during your residence among them, and their regret at losing the advantages they have so long enjoyed, we have been deputed by them to request you to sit for your likeness, that the present members of your family may have a portrait which they, most of all, will value, and that, at the same time, we may secure to ourselves and your other friends a memorial which will always be prized by us all, and to our College a recollection of one whose name must long be associated with it.

'With every hope that your future labours, whether here or in a more extended sphere, may be as useful as we trust they have been among us, we remain

'Ever affectionately yours,

'H. M. HALL.
'C. S. PARKER.
'C. A. DICKINS.

The wrench of the final parting was painful in the extreme, and the ideal of his new duties lay heavy upon him. On a cold and dreary evening in November he sent

for one of his pupils to say good-bye. 'I found him,' writes the pupil (the Rev. A. G. Butler), 'in his rooms, literally cowering over the fire. "Think of me," he said, "lost in that huge Cathedral."' 'I feel deeply,' he tells Pearson, 'that my calling was *here*; and I feel as if I were passing from a land of realities into a land of shadows. How gladly would I lie down to rest under the threshold of this beloved chapel!'

When once the first great flight from Oxford was effected, the worst was over. 'Two advantages,' he writes to Jowett from Canterbury on November 17th, 1851,

'this place certainly has over both Oxford and London, and those are, rest and seclusion; and in my present condition both are greatly to be prized. . . .

'I have not had time to explore much, but I discover with satisfaction that the two most illustrious Canons of Canterbury were, one a layman, the other a minister of the Dutch Church—Casaubon and Savarin; and that Arnold's much-abused theory of having different sects worship in the same church is here fulfilled even to exaggeration, inasmuch as a Presbyterian service is carried on in the Crypt at the same hour as the Cathedral service above. Yesterday, for the first time, I saw the French Protestant texts written on the ancient Norman pillars.

'Now that the farewell to my Oxford life is over I wonder that I feel the change as little as I do. Visions of familiar faces still pass, from time to time, thro' the waste Cathedral, and the features of an old pupil, beaming thro' the moustaches of an officer in the Lancers quartered here, make my heart leap. But I am more hopeful than I ever thought I could be after my occupation was gone, and my Commission work is too great to allow me to think much of anything but of the present moment.'

The following letter, dated 'The Audit Room, Canterbury, November 26, 1851,' sketches one aspect of his new duties for which he felt himself to be wholly incompetent:

'Behold the date! Now the second day. A conversation in Chinese (as far as relates to me) going on between

the Dean, Dr. Spry, and the sexmillenarian C—— on leases and tithes at one end of a long table. The aged M—— wrapt in the "Times," the infirm D—— wrapt in vacancy; the auditor warming himself by the fire; Archdeacon Harrison really doing business; Lord Charles Thynne and A. P. S. writing letters as fast as the pen can carry us—which possibility is the redeeming feature of the whole affair, and really prevents it from being so intolerable as it would otherwise be.'

The historical charms of Canterbury strongly impressed him from the first moment that he commenced his residence. Within a few days after his arrival he had begun to realise for himself, as he afterwards realised for others with such dramatic vividness, the great events which had been enacted within or beneath the walls of the Cathedral. 'Becket's murder,' he writes, 'is damning in all its details. Did you ever realise that it was in the dark—by twilight?' Mingled with regrets at leaving Oxford was his delight in the identification of his new home with Canterbury, 'the cradle of English Christianity,' 'the seat of the English Primacy.' Deeper even than the pain of severance from old ties was the pleasure of making a home for his mother and sister. 'You cannot think,' he says,' how much the dear mother and sister enjoy the place. *This* is to me the real attraction.' His Canonry gave him rest, seclusion, and the tranquil opportunity for independent research and studious leisure. It freed him from academical controversy; it liberated him from the entanglements of party; it removed him from an atmosphere of metaphysical subtlety which he breathed with difficulty; it made him the master of a home which became a centre of social life; it enabled him, to quote his own words, to 'travel far and wide over the earth with nothing to check the constant increase of knowledge which such experience brings.' And the use that he made of his opportunities abundantly justified his appointment. It was here that

he completed his 'Commentary on the Epistle to the Corinthians'; here that he preached the sermons contained in the volume of 'Canterbury Sermons'; here that he prepared and delivered the lectures collected in his 'Memorials of Canterbury.' It was from Canterbury that he started on his tour in the Holy Land, and it was in the cathedral city that he completed 'Sinai and Palestine.'

During the Crimean War he was walking in Hyde Park with Thomas Carlyle, who, in bitter mood, was railing against the institutions of the country. In answer to his twice-repeated question, 'What is the advice which you would give to a Canon of Canterbury?' came a reply that began in jest and ended in earnest: 'Dearly beloved Roger,' said Carlyle, '*Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might.*' And with all his might he strove to find and to do the right work. He knew that his gifts lay in other directions than that of business details. His special work consisted in using to the utmost his powers and opportunities as a preacher; in arousing his fellow-citizens to a keen appreciation of their privilege of living beneath the shadow of a great historic building; in guarding, restoring, and preserving the monuments of the illustrious dead who lay buried within its precincts; in imparting to its cold stones the living warmth of human interests; in transforming its bare walls into glowing pages of national history. It was in these directions that he strove to realise to himself the thought which he so often expressed, that 'Every position in life, great or small, can be made almost as great, or as little, as we desire to make it.'

His first residence as Canon of Canterbury began at the end of November 1851. Preaching twice every Sunday, once in the Cathedral, and once in one of the parish churches of the city, he soon attracted unusual congregations by the life and freshness of his sermons. 'My last

sermon,' he writes to Pearson on January 4th, 1852, at the conclusion of his residence,

'was preached to day. I am glad to say that I have at last succeeded in making myself audible, and I am also told that the sermons are beloved by the people.

'I am so entirely absorbed in Commission work that I have not read anything else whatever, except in the evenings accounts of Becket and Canterbury. I now know the story thoroughly, with many incidents quite new. I glanced both at his murder and the *coup d'état* of Louis Napoleon Bonaparte in my sermon on the last Sunday of the year, calling on the Cantuarians to be thankful that we were free from both.

'On December 29, the day of the murder, I went to the spot at 5 P.M.—the fatal hour—with what results you shall hear. The place absolutely teems with history and ghosts, ancient and modern.'

For the moment, indeed, the work which lay nearest to his hand was the work of the University Commission. So great was the demand which it made on his time that he had little leisure for anything beyond the bare discharge of his canonical duties. 'Gladstone,' he writes, 'told someone the other day that he thought the Oxford Commission would avoid giving any handle for attack, owing to the "ingenuity" or "ingenuousness" (the person could not remember which) "of the secretary."' The testimony was well deserved. Singularly free though he was from the common vice of secretaries—the desire to manage everybody—it was to his conciliatory tact that the Commission owed no small measure of its success in dealing with the opposition of the Oxford Colleges and their friends. 'I know,' wrote one of the Commissioners, 'no secretary who could have brought to the work the same patience, good-temper, and conciliation as Arthur Stanley.' But the continued strain, both on mind and body, was severe. In December 1851 he speaks of 'the increasing interest of the

great work,' now nearing its completion, and of 'the enormous labours of all concerned.' For a moment it seemed as if the fall of Lord John Russell's Government (February 23, 1852) would give the death-blow to the Commission. But the danger was averted by the skill of the Bishop of Norwich,[13] and the inquiry proceeded. As it approached its termination, Stanley's spirits rose. 'I am,' he writes in March 1852, 'almost transported by the prospect of the close of the Commission. I hear the breakers on the shore, and believe that we shall see land in a fortnight.' Two months later he announces to Jowett the publication of the Report:

'The Report will explode, I presume, to-morrow (May 22) in Oxford, when you will receive your copies.

'When you consider the den of lions through which the raw material had to be dragged, much will be excused. In fact, the great work was to finish it at all. There is a harsh, unfriendly tone about the whole which ought, under better circumstances, to have been avoided, but which may, perhaps, have the advantage of propitiating the Radicals.'

The Report produced an effect which surpassed Stanley's 'most ardent expectations.' 'It has struck root,' he says, 'in London, and therefore the University cannot ignore it.' The Report is a remarkable document, which formed an era in constitutional history, and furnished a precedent for the course to be followed in dealing with the great institutions of the nation. To Stanley personally its success was peculiarly gratifying, because in its final shape, with the exception of the recommendations of the Commissioners, it was mainly his work.

The historical introduction is drawn from the materials which Stanley had collected for his essay in the projected volume on University Reform. In this investigation he

[13] *Life of Archbishop Tait*, vol. i. p. 163.

was a pioneer. Almost his only predecessor in the field had been the German, Huber. The result showed the complete revolution which had been accomplished in the constitution and statutable form of the University and its Colleges. It disclosed a startling conflict between solemn obligations and daily conduct; it revealed radical discrepancies between sworn profession and present practice; it demonstrated direct contradictions between the legal and the actual conditions of academical studies and educational machinery. The changes were, in the main, the product of natural and inevitable development. But they had been effected rather by indirect than by open means, and the liberal construction formerly put upon the statutes negatived the arguments of those who, under new conditions, now relied on their literal interpretation as an insurmountable objection to reform. Always a strong antagonist of tests and subscriptions, Stanley could not have devised a more effective illustration of the danger of the imposition of statutory oaths, or furnished a more powerful commentary on the sophistries by which such sanctions are interpreted, the casuistry that baffles the most peremptory dispositions, and the corrupting obligation of undertaking the performance of acts which it is never intended to perform.

With the actual recommendations of the Commissioners Stanley, as secretary, had less direct concern. Most of the proposed changes have been effected by subsequent legislation. Lord Aberdeen's Government, in its second year of office (April 1854), introduced a sweeping measure of University Reform, based on the Report of the Commissioners. The principal champion of the Bill was Mr. Gladstone. Stanley followed the debate with keen interest. He was present in the House to hear

'a superb speech from Gladstone, in which, for the first time, all the arguments from our Report (without acknow-

ledgment, of course) were worked up in the most effective manner. He vainly endeavoured to reconcile his present with his former position. But, with this exception, I listened to his speech with the greatest delight. To see our labours of 1851–2 brought at last to bear on the point, to hear proclaimed on the housetop what we had announced in sheepskins and goatskins, to behold one's old enemies slaughtered before one's face with the most irresistible weapons, was quite intoxicating. One great charm of his speaking is its exceeding good-humour. There is great vehemence, but no bitterness.'

The measure was passed into law on August 7th, 1854. Since that date other changes have been effected in the direction indicated by the Commission. The number of scholars has been increased at each College, and they are selected by a trial of their attainments. The local or hereditary restrictions which confined the choice of 520 out of 542 College Fellows to particular localities or families have been removed, and the elections purified. The professorial system, whose decay stripped the University of literary or scientific eminence, has been revived, and supplemented with a staff of lecturers. The course of academic education has been regulated by the institution of Boards of Studies in each of the different branches. The monopoly of the Colleges has been invaded by the permission granted to undergraduates of residing in lodgings or as unattached students. The obligation to take Orders has been removed from all but a few Fellowships, and the large infusion of the lay element has at once moderated the violence of ecclesiastical agitation and counteracted professional narrowness. One most important point—the removal of religious tests —was necessarily omitted from the recommendations of the Commissioners, because Lord J. Russell had pledged himself to exclude it from the scope of the Commission. But the question was only postponed. No long time elapsed

before Dissenters of all denominations were admitted to the advantages of a university training and education.

Hitherto the University Commission had prevented Stanley's realisation of his dream of devoting 'one year's time and one year's income entirely to the cathedral and city of Canterbury.' As long as this ideal remained unsatisfied, he felt that his 'appointment, if it ended in 1852, would be as fruitless and as unjust to the cathedral, to Lord John Russell, and to myself, as the most wretched job of the last century.' But there still remained one long-cherished wish, which he was anxious first to accomplish. The publication of the Report of the Commission in 1852 set him free to pay that visit to the Holy Land which his father's death had postponed, a visit for which he had during four years carefully prepared himself, and which he felt to be of inestimable importance to his future studies.

CHAPTER XIII

1852–3

ROME IN 1852—FUNERAL OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON—PROCLAMATION OF THE FRENCH EMPIRE—TOUR IN EGYPT AND THE HOLY LAND—CONSTANTINOPLE ON THE EVE OF THE RUSSIAN WAR

In August 1852 Stanley left England with his mother, his sister Mary, and his cousin, Miss Penrhyn. His intention was to travel with them through Italy, and early in November to start alone from Rome for Cairo, and thence to travel through the Holy Land. In his first letter from abroad he makes a characteristic request to Pearson. 'If you pass by our house in London after having heard of us, go and see our dear Sarah Burgess [his old nurse]. It was a bitter pang to leave her, and she will always be so much comforted to hear of us.'

Rome was reached on October 20th, 1852. 'You know,' he writes,

'that nothing can, to me, ever approach the first view of these illustrious places. Were I to see Rome a thousand times at the interval of thousands of years, the first dawn of the Campagna and St. Peter's from the hills of Albano, the first waving of the peacock fans in Santa Maria, the first rise of the Capitoline steps under the thrilling feet, would still live unrivalled, and all subsequent impressions seem poor and tame in comparison.'

Yet, reluctant though he was to revisit places which he

had once seen, he still found that 'there is nothing in the world to compare to Rome for local interest.' He was especially struck with the renewed vitality and vigour of the Papacy. In a letter to J. C. Shairp he says:

'Not having come hither to debate theology, I have not been much in the way of hearing anything. I confess, however, that I receive a general impression that, in some form or other, whether through the French Empire, or the English conversions, or its own internal forces, there will be yet once more one vigorous display of the Roman Church on the face of Europe. One thing strikes me forcibly as calculated to inspire it with confidence and pride, to which there is no equal; and that is, that the immense traditional strength, descended from the Catacombs, and Constantine, and Hildebrand, has not died away, but is continued almost down to our own time in saints whose lives and whose churches fill almost as prominent a place in the thoughts and the views of men as those of the Apostles and Martyrs. But oh! with this inheritance of life and glory, what a mass of impossible beliefs has come down, accumulating with the course of ages! The soil of the place, morally as well as physically, seems actually to have risen with the load of truths and fables, thrown in together, till, I fear, nothing now can extricate them.

'You will have heard of my visit to Loretto. One object there made me think of you. There are tablets hung round the church relating "the wondrous story of the House"[1] in different languages, including Welsh, Gaelic, English, and *Lowland Scotch*, such as James I. might have spoken. This last I thought so curious, as a proof of the distinction between English and Scotch in the seventeenth century, (when these were written), that I have copied it for you.

'I must say I think all these questions might have been brought to an issue sooner had the two bodies steadily looked each other in the face, and asked what they meant to do for, and with, each other in this troublesome world. As it is, Protestants turn aside from any relic as beneath even the trouble of examination, and Catholics acquiesce in, or defend, them as a matter of course. Neither seems to

[1] An account of the 'Santa Casa' at Loretto is given in Stanley's *Sinai and Palestine*, pp. 439–45.

consider the feelings of the other as worth a moment's thought; and if, as one cannot doubt, the greater part would explode at once under any fair investigation, is it impossible that some new change might take place, equal to the Reformation in extent, but ending in understanding and harmony, instead of in rents and convulsions? . . .'

On the way to Rome (October 3rd, 1852) he had heard the news of the death of the Duke of Wellington. 'Oh! what would I give to see the funeral! Worth any sight that this land can furnish.' The event did not at first affect his plans. Later in the month he writes:

'For myself, as I should never have come hither but for others, I would but for them, with or without the Duke's funeral, most gladly return and start afresh. But I see that they would lose so much enjoyment at the very thought that I do not mention it; though, if any reasonable cause were to occur, I should be off in a moment.'

Several causes did, however, combine to render his return desirable. Domestic circumstances made it advisable that his mother and sister should hasten their departure from Rome. The threatened secession of a brother-Canon, the urgent entreaty of Archdeacon Harrison that he should come back for the Canterbury audit, and his own anxiety about the appropriation of a portion of the capitular funds for the preservation of the Cathedral monuments, determined him to hurry back to England. 'Lured on by a dim vision of duty,' and feeling that he would 'start for Egypt with a better conscience,' he left Rome on November 14th. 'I was glad,' he writes to his mother and sister, whom he left behind,

'to go to bed last night and dream of dear, beautiful Rome, and of the little room with the tea-things spread, alas! no more for me. Never, never again, dearest ones, will I murmur, as I fear I have unthankfully done from time to time, at travelling through twice-seen places with you. Oh

the difference of travelling alone! without you to share my pleasure and soothe my bad spirits!

'The funeral, by the "Times" of November 6, appears to be fixed for the 18th, so that I shall either be just in time or just too late. But do not trouble yourselves about that. It is not the funeral for which I am returning. One of the American passengers is hurrying on to Paris and London on business, but hopes that he may "strike" the Duke's funeral, which he guesses will be a "very handsome display!" How often I think of you, or try not to think of you—for I cannot do so with dry eyes—I need not say. Forgive me, dearest mother, dearest sister, dearest cousin, all the hastiness and indecision which have made our delightful journey less delightful than it ought to have been. Believe me, that now it is over I look back upon it as amongst the happiest and best-spent periods of my happy life, though how happy I knew not till it was finished. Let us make the best of it in our recollections if we, or at least I, have failed to make the best of it in its enjoyments.'

Travelling night and day, Stanley reached London on the night of November 17th, 1852. The next morning, soon after six, he was on his way to St. Paul's Cathedral.

'It was still just daybreak. The streets were all astir as on the morning of the Coronation, but so far different in this respect, that the crowd was not confined to the pavement, but swarmed up the houses and trees; and this kept increasing as we advanced, till, on turning down St. James's Street and Pall Mall, the sight became magnificent—London was turned into a vast amphitheatre. Grand as it was even then, I imagine that it became much grander as the day rolled on, and those who came in the procession, or who saw the great thoroughfares afterwards, spoke of it as the most striking part of the whole pageant. There was no demonstration of feeling—I do not well see how there could be; perhaps it showed itself in the only natural way, by all absence of levity. Lord Clanwilliam, who came in the procession, told Vaughan that, as an indication of this, he had observed that there was not a single cigar visible. Many of the clubs were hung with black; galleries were erected along the whole of the Strand, and immense platforms round the Strand churches. Temple Bar was covered

with black velvet, and had silver vases at the top, burning with gas as with incense. . . . We reached Charing Cross, and here a dead-stand took place, which lasted till 8 A.M. The Bishop of London was a little in advance. At last we moved on, but so slowly that it was 8.30 before we reached the Strand, and St. Paul's was to be closed at 9 A.M. We were in despair, when on a sudden the whole line moved on. We flew thro' Temple Bar; Fleet Street was clear; and at 8.45 we reached St. Paul's Churchyard. Augustus flew with his ticket to the N. Transept, I to the Deanery. . . .

'They were all at breakfast—a long table spread, Mrs. Milman at the head, with Lord J. Russell at her side. She received me very kindly. . . . The little figure by her side whispered a word, and at last, on that memorable morning, the long-delayed introduction was effected. He asked a few questions as to whence and whither, and I said I had come back on Chapter business. . . . I then showed my ticket to H. Milman. He said in a moment: "Oh! this will never do. My father will give you another ticket, and you must come with us." . . . At 10 A.M., with no difficulty, we crossed the street, mounted the spiral staircase, and entered the great balcony overlooking Ludgate Hill. It was entirely devoted to the party from the Deanery.

'It was a beautiful day, bright and clear; and, in order to appreciate this, you must be aware that, for days and weeks before, the rain has been descending in such torrents that large parts of England are under water, and that the next day the clouds again gathered, and have been falling in floods ever since. . . . If ever St. Paul's could bear comparison with St. Peter's, it was on that day. The space, from being entirely cleared, seemed far larger than usual; the crowds sate in numbers numberless on the roofs of the houses, but the Churchyard, and Ludgate Hill, and Fleet Street, between the avenues of troops on the pavement, was as vacant as the nave of St. Peter's.

'It was, I think, about 11 A.M. that the procession first began to show itself. I must confess that it was not impressive. There were, it is true, many soldiers moving on in succession, but they were in such broken detachments, and the line was so often interrupted by coaches, and those often private coaches of the meanest appearance, that all sense of continuity was lost, and the pageant was neither military nor stately. . . . Two or three striking points,

however, there were—the successive banners of the Duke, the standard, the banner of Wellesley, carried with all heraldic pomp; the eighty-three old Chelsea pensioners, toiling up with all the stiffness and slowness of age; and, above all, what came very nearly at the close of the procession, the funeral car—not, indeed, the car itself, for that was ungainly and extravagant, but the vast black mass which preceded it in the shape, or rather shapelessness, of the twelve black horses, so loaded with plumes and trappings that they might have been elephants. You knew not what. You saw only the vast pagoda towering high above, and before it this awful mass advancing like a cloud of Death, a living Grave. Alone, of all the parts of the procession, this mighty monster passed through the gates of the Churchyard and stopped at the Cathedral doors. The rest had all broken away to the eastern side.

'We now left our post on the balcony for the church. The horse, therefore, which most people describe as the most touching part of the procession, I did not see. We entered the church, and took up our position in the western gallery, looking up the nave. Here again I confess to a great disappointment. I had expected an awful vault of black hangings, dimly lighted, and the day entirely excluded. Nothing of the kind. It was all bright sun, streaming thro' the windows on the bare white walls, round the cornice of which ran a long line of gaslights. The great and only grandeur of the spectacle consisted in the masses of human things, piled tier above tier through the whole nave, transepts, and dome, all in mourning, except the red officers and soldiers. And now, circling round the central platform, and then descending the nave, came the long line of clergy, canons, minor canons, choristers, headed by the bishop and dean. It was a beautiful sight, and their white robes and black scarfs would have borne any comparison with the splendour of the Cardinals. Deeply striking, too, here, from the contrast with the sable masses which they passed. Most impressive, too, by far the most impressive figure that I saw in the whole day, was the Dean of St. Paul's himself. He wore a black skull-cap, which gave a concentration to his features, and, as he moved on, he looked truly venerable. . . . Then ensued a long pause, whilst the coffin was lowered from the car. At last the white procession of choristers, &c., some from every

cathedral in England, moved eastwards again, singing the funeral verses; then came the coffin, Lord Douro, the Dean, and a few others.

'The centre of the Cathedral was a raised platform, covered, as indeed was the whole nave, with black cloth, and in the midst of this was the coffin. A few figures that I could not distinguish, the Prince, Lord Douro, and officers, stood near it, the Dean also; otherwise there was a vast space. The choir were under the organ.

'The two Psalms struck me as magnificent. Every word came distinct and audible, with the full thunder of the human voice and organ combined, thro' every part of that immense fabric. Then a short anthem (1 Thess. iv. 14, 18). Then the Lesson, read by the Dean, of which, wonderful to say, every word was heard, up to the highest galleries. It was striking, too, to hear the rustling of the thousands of leaves, as the vast congregation turned over the pages of the service-books. Then the *Nunc Dimittis*. Then the *Dirge*, which, like all the other additions to the regular service, was selected by the Dean, and which I must give myself the pleasure of transcribing. "The king said to all the people that were with him, 'Rend your clothes and mourn.' And the king himself followed the bier. And they buried him, and the king lifted up his voice and wept at the grave. And all the people wept. And the king said unto his servants, 'Know ye not that there is a Prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?'" It was most imposing, and there was something very grand in the abrupt termination of the last clause, which was closed without any repetition.

'And then instantly began the thunders of the Dead March, whilst the coffin was imperceptibly, too imperceptibly for remote spectators, lowered into the vault. Then the burial verses were sung; then again the Dean read the words of burial, and it was a thrilling sound to hear of "our dear brother departed." The whole congregation were requested to join, and, I believe, did join in the Lord's Prayer, and those below describe it as very striking. Then the two prayers by the Dean; then the reading of the titles by Garter King-at-Arms, hardly audible, except "Field Marshal" and "Knight," a hundred times repeated; and then a burst of triumphant music from Mendelssohn's "St. Paul," "Sleepers, awake!" intended, I presume, to

convey, as it well did, the feeling, "go forth and do your duty." Then the blessing by the Bishop; instantly a sharp, shrill bell, followed by the tremendous boom of the Tower guns roaring, as if through the heart of the Cathedral.

'The whole broke up almost immediately—a crowding round the coffin, and then a general pouring out. In the covered gallery I met the Oxford deputation. They had said to each other in the Cathedral, "Oh! how Stanley would enjoy this sight!" I came back with them in their coach to their hotel, where I met the other Heads. The Master of University of course received me as he would have done if I had come from Oxford with him the day before, or descended from the stars in a flaming comet.'

Stanley had not returned to England '*for* the funeral.' But having returned, he felt that he would not have missed it on any account, not so much for the sight itself, as for the consciousness of having shared in a great national event. His mind at once began to dwell upon the great funerals of history. In a letter to Pearson he enumerates, and comments on, historical scenes of a similar character.

'*First*,

> Such honours Ilium to her hero paid,
> And peaceful slept the mighty Hector's shade.

Secondly, the funeral of Camillus, who, of all lives and characters, seems to me most like the Duke (*see* Livy, vi. 1). *Thirdly*, that most august mourning for Alexander the Great. *Fourthly*, although deficient in solemnity, the burial of Cæsar, well described by Merivale (Vol. iii.). *Fifthly*, the Black Prince. I have read over my account of it since, and I find that I told the people that they would see nothing like it till the funeral of the Duke. Like the Duke's, it was postponed for four months till the opening of Parliament, and—you will scream at the triviality of the incident, yet, of all the points in the procession, it was to me by far the most imposing—the hearse was drawn by twelve black horses. The real mourning for the Black Prince makes it more like Nelson's.

'After all, I return to the conclusion that, for grandeur,

it perhaps surpassed all but that of Alexander; in the universal sympathy of millions of spectators, and in the calm majesty of the ceremonial, it surpassed all; but that it was far less affecting than any of those I have mentioned, except, perhaps, that of Camillus.

'To me there was something awfully impressive in the mere Protestantism of the service: grand hopes of immortality, deep sense of irreparable loss, exhortations to duty, but not a word of prayer, or thought, or wish for the dead himself. My reason acquiesced in the omission. But what an abnegation of natural human feeling! What a courage in the Reformers who swept it away!'

Stanley delayed his final departure for the East till the Canterbury audit was completed. Starting on December 1st, 1852, he reached Paris in time to hear the Second Empire proclaimed. A railway accident delayed his train, so that he did not arrive till 2 A.M. on the morning of the 2nd.

'I tumbled into bed, and was waked at 10 by the cannons from the Hôtel de Ville. This was the actual Proclamation. The *sight* was the entrance of the Emperor (oh marvellous, fateful, and heart-stirring word!) At 1 P.M. I stood near enough to see him distinctly. The roar of artillery and crash of martial music were wonderfully impressive, and gave it all the appearance of a great event. He bowed graciously to right and left, and looked pleased and well. I then flew up to the highest room in this house (the Hôtel Wagram), and thence saw the *cortège* enter the Tuileries, thus adding another chapter, another dynasty, another splendour, and another fall to the history of that most awful palace.

'The streets were placarded with the Proclamation, and with the "Réponse de l'Empereur" to the Senate. Little boys paraded the pavement selling pictures of "Sa Majesté Napoleon Trois" in coronation robes. Others offered little tricolour flags surmounted with eagles. There were cheers of "Vive l'Empereur" as he passed; but they were drowned and superseded by the deafening sound of cannon and drum. Nor did I see any sign of enthusiasm. Altogether, it was a great and instructive moment, though the pageant was slight.

'I drove round Paris to-night to see the illuminations. They were the best of their kind that I ever saw: the Hôtel de Ville, with flags hanging out of every window, and every window flaming with lights; the Luxembourg with every outline marked in lamps; the Chamber of Deputies with the statues in front rising each out of a sea of gas; the Elysée Gardens all blue, red, and white. And what added to the interest was that the political feeling even now could, to a certain extent, be traced by the greater or less amount of illumination. The city and all the Government offices were in a blaze, the shops also in the Boulevards. But the "aristos," as our coachman called them, who dwell in the Faubourg St. Germain, were all in sullen darkness. Great old houses, which for Henry V., as the same sapient authority pointed out, would have been lit up from head to foot, had not a candle to show.'

At Avignon Stanley met his mother and sister on their way home. Thence he hurried on alone to Marseilles, and embarked for Egypt. The Eastern tour, so long projected, had fairly begun. One dark shadow alone clouded his anticipations. His sister Mary contemplated joining the Church of Rome, and his arguments only obtained from her the promise that she would take no decisive step till his return. 'It makes me feel,' he writes to Jowett,

'as if we were a doomed family. Is there some frightful catastrophe involved in this tour? But I must turn away my thoughts and try to enjoy and to learn as if nothing were impending. And that, I believe, will also be the best thing for *her*!'

Every point in the tour from Alexandria to Constantinople is minutely described in a series of letters which for descriptive vividness, unaffected simplicity, and fulness of detail, can scarcely be surpassed. 'Sinai and Palestine,' perhaps the most widely popular of his writings, is based on this material. As Professor Goldwin Smith wrote to him on his return, 'You have nothing to do but to piece together your letters, cut off their heads and tails,

and the book is done.' To quote largely from these letters would be superfluous here. But it may be possible to fill up a few personal details, which, with characteristic concentration of purpose, and with a reserve rare in travellers, have been rigorously excluded from the published book.

The Eastern tour falls into four parts :—(1) Egypt ; (2) The Desert ; (3) Palestine, and northwards to Damascus ; (4) Asia Minor and Constantinople.

And first of Egypt. At Alexandria the East burst upon him instantaneously, 'like the rush of the Sicilian spring, in its rapid race of glorious sights.' As he disembarked from the steamer in a small boat,

'a long line of turbaned men stood on the quay with sticks. The moment we landed a rush was made at us and at each other ; backwards and forwards flew the sticks to keep off the rivals from us. Into the midst of this whirl donkeys were suddenly precipitated. I jumped on one, Fremantle on the other ; two boys, or men, without a word of aught but Arabic in their mouths, flew after us as we, urged by them, galloped at full speed through the streets. No scene that I ever remember in my travels, except, perhaps, the ascent of Vesuvius, was so inexpressibly diverting. I shook and shouted with laughter at the mere comicality of the sensation.

'Yet this was the least part of the scene. At every turn pictures, thoughts, dreams of former days, leaped into life and crossed our path for a moment, only to be succeeded by something equally strange and familiar. Houses hardly looking like houses, so worn and crumbling, suddenly rushing out into a fragment of the well-known Moorish arcade ; women walking like sheeted spectres in long white garments, such as those worn by the penitents in the Colosseum, concealing all but their eyes ; camels, not one or two, but everywhere, stretching out their long, snake-like necks ; palms, not an isolated tree here and there, but towering in thick groves over the walls of gardens. Breathless with laughter and delight, we arrived at the hotel.'

Stanley arrived at Cairo in time to witness the 'Doseh,

or 'treading' of the Dervishes, with which the birthday of the Prophet is celebrated. Two days later, on the afternoon of Christmas Day, 1852, he embarked on board a boat with the intention of proceeding up the Nile as far as Ipsambul (Abu Simbel) and the Second Cataract. Egypt was his starting-point, because it was the background of the history of Israel, the necessary prelude to Sinai and Palestine. Without a sense of its customs, habits, agricultural practices, and daily occupations, without a vision of its temples, its monuments, and its narrow strip of vivid verdure hemmed in by sandy wastes, he felt that no impression of the Holy Land would be complete. To saturate his mind with its unchanged aspects was to prepare for the necessary contrast with the bare, silent, solitary desert. Through all his senses he drank in Egyptian life. But before the first week was ended the voyage became intolerably tedious and monotonous. With none of his father's love for natural history, he found his great resource in books. 'Whatever other advice,' he says, 'I should give to anyone coming up the Nile, I should say, "spare no books."' His three companions were Theodore Walrond, Fremantle, and Findlay, and he begins his first letter with a plan, as he had done of his study at Rugby or of his rooms at Balliol, of the arrangement of their cabins. Each had their nicknames with the crew. Stanley was called 'The Sheykh'; Walrond, 'The Pacha,' from his practical leadership of the party; Fremantle, 'The Fez,' from his cap; Findlay, 'The Father of Guns,' from his love of sport.

A walk on the bank before breakfast, a lecture delivered by himself on the Coptic Church, or on some kindred subject, a daily midday service, the study of all parts of the Hebrew Bible that relate to Egypt, or of the Koran, Champollion, Bunsen, Wilkinson, or Lane, formed the serious

business of his day. 'The Arabian Nights' was read aloud by the whole party in turn after dinner. When books began to fail, he found in the conversation of his dragoman, Mohamed-ibn-Hassan of Ghizeh, a never-failing amusement and delight. Mohamed played too conspicuous a part in the tour to be passed over with the bare mention of his name. A Bedouin by birth, he was the son of an Arab who 'lived in a blanket.' As a boy he had driven his father's sheep to pasture at the base of the Pyramids, where, as Herodotus was told by the priests, the Shepherd King himself fed his flocks. He was a Dervish, and had himself offered his body to be trodden under the feet of the Sheykh's horse at the 'Doseh.' Now he was a packer of Dervishes, and hoped 'to be a Caliph, *i.e.* (according to the literal use of the word) one of those from whom may be chosen the successor to the Sheykh of the Saadyehs.' Throughout the whole journey from Cairo to Jaffa he accompanied Stanley, who felt the warmest affection for his faithful servant. 'No one, except you at home, and perhaps Mohamed, knows'—so he writes in his last letter from Palestine—'how much I enjoyed all I saw, and till I reach home I shall hardly know myself.'

Before the voyage was ended Stanley found himself richly repaid for its weariness by the sight of Thebes, Karnak, and Abu Simbel. Yet it was with unfeigned delight that he again passed through Cairo to pursue the main purpose of his journey. For Stanley, Egypt had no history, in the dramatic sense of the word. Its primeval world was to him, as to the Israelite, the starting-point in the gradual unfolding of the sequences of a great drama which, physically as well as morally, ascended by successive stages, till it culminated at Jerusalem, the historical goal of the Law and the Prophets, the local consummation of the Gospel narrative. In the stillness and desolation of the

Sinaitic desert was the birthplace of history. As Stanley set his face towards the wilderness, and knew that the Pyramids were receding behind him, he felt the thrill of entering upon the Holy Land, not only of Christian Europe, but of three peoples who have powerfully affected the destinies of the East. For the Egyptian, as the Sinaitic inscriptions show, the Peninsula had possessed a religious interest anterior to the exodus; for the Jew, it was the scene of all that was grandest and most awful in his sacred history; for the Moslem, it was consecrated by the frequent allusions in the Koran, and by the visit of the Prophet Mahomet. It may be imagined with what vividness—and 'Sinai and Palestine,' and still more the fresh impressions of his letters, reveal the vigour of the realistic faculty—Stanley would clothe the mountains once again with the awe of a Mighty Presence, or people anew its wilds with 'hungry seers or prophets vigil-blind,' or recall the days when Elijah lodged in the caves of Mount Sinai, or behold in the high-road of the pilgrims the track which St. Paul followed when he went into Arabia for his mysterious sojourn, or picture the young camel-driver of Mecca resting on his toilsome march, without a thought of his destiny, without an aspiration beyond a safe transit and a ready market for his merchandise.

Stanley had come to Egypt unprepared for the ride across the desert. Fearful of the consequences, he was anxious to provide himself with riding-breeches; but only red leather could be obtained in Cairo, and 'the spectacle,' as he wisely concluded, 'of red leather would have been not only ludicrous but shocking.' Reassured by Mohamed as to the adequacy of his garments, he mounted his camel.

'Down the huge creature crumples itself. I leap on its hump, take hold of the two pegs on each side of the saddle, first fall forwards, then backwards, as he successively rears

up his hind and his fore legs, and then find myself on a mass of bags and carpets and bedding, on which I can turn myself every way—forwards, backwards, sideways. And now the monster straddles out its long neck, and forth it goes, sometimes I holding the bridle, sometimes the Bedouin, Selim.

'It is literally like passing through the desert on a mountain. You feel at once raised above all ordinary cares: no fear of fleas, if there are any; no glare or heat from the sand; a wide prospect, like what one used to enjoy from the highest summit of coach or diligence, and a full enjoyment of every breeze which blows through the desert. The strangeness of the animal is inexhaustible. However much you may forget it in the ordinary ride, the lengthened and extraordinary process of the subsiding and upheaving always recalls you to a sense of your situation; and, as you ride, it is a constant amusement to watch the windings of that snake-like neck, now darting down to crop a solitary tuft of grass, now upwards at a straw fluttering from the back of my neighbour's camel, now turning its huge lips to receive a loving kiss again and again repeated from Selim.'

As in the boat on the Nile, so now on the camel in the desert, he carefully prepared himself for his survey of the Holy Land by reading every word of Robinson's elaborate volumes of 'Biblical Researches in Palestine.' 'I read them,' he said,

'now riding on the back of a camel in the desert, now travelling on horseback through the hills of Palestine, now under the shadow of my tent, when I came in weary from the day's journey. They are among the very few books of modern literature of which I may truly say that I have read every word.'

At every step his interest grew—an interest which was sustained, protracted, and deepened, till it culminated on Calvary and on Olivet. In the desert no successive tides of great recollections weakened the effect of each other. One single wave of history has passed over that desolate, arid plain, with its stunted vegetation, its wild passes, its deep

stillnesses, its unclothed grandeur. But that one stream of events had for its background the magnificence of Egypt, and for its distant horizon the forms, as yet unborn, of Judaism, of Mahometanism, of Christianity. Mount Sinai was reached early in March. On the first Sunday in the month (the Fourth Sunday in Lent) Stanley held a service, at which all the travellers in the Convent of St. Catherine's were present.

'I confess that it was with difficulty that, in that place, I could read through the Ten Commandments. And it was hardly less thrilling to read from the Epistle of the day, "This Agar is Mount Sinai in Arabia." There is something about the allusion that almost makes me think that, during those "three years in Arabia," St. Paul, too, had looked on this wonderful scene. At any rate, the words, I am sure, shot through everyone's heart, and I was glad to think that I had written a sermon upon them, which lasted for about five minutes.'

Throughout the entire journey Stanley's health remained excellent. Once only, on the voyage up the Nile, he speaks of having 'had a common English cold, ending in a common bilious attack, which made me feel quite at home.' His spirits triumphed over fatigues that exhausted younger men of more powerful physique than himself. Expeditions which, to his companions, became burdensome, were to him a delight. An incident which occurred at Mount Carmel was characteristic of the whole tour. When the party arrived, after a fatiguing ride, at the Carmelite convent,

'the monk proposed that we should go out and see the curiosities. I had to put him off, because Walrond was asleep. "Ah! oui!" he said, "vous êtes jeune et fort, lui il est vieux et fatigué; il ne faut pas l'éveiller." We all laughed at it very much afterwards; but it is the general impression I have of the whole Syrian tour.'

The delights of the desert were, to a great extent, unexpected. A letter written at Hebron, with the rest of Palestine before him, shows how keenly the ride had been enjoyed:

'And now the second stage of our tour is finished, with absolutely no mischance of any kind whatever. That it should be so finished is indeed a great blessing; that it should be finished at all is to me a matter of unfeigned delight, because it brings me a month nearer to my journey's end, and to my return to you. The more I see, the more I enjoy, the more I long to be at home again to make you share it with me.

'When the Nile was ended I confess I had a misgiving that, after those speaking sculptures and monuments of Egypt, my impatience at the tediousness of that voyage would be avenged by a worse tedium and monotony of the desert. On the contrary, not for a single day have I felt otherwise than richly repaid. Every day brought with it something new, something which made that day a period in itself. Every day also brought a new stock of health and refreshment, such as I have not known since Greece. And now that it is over I feel, from yesterday's journey, that what I have seen is nothing to compare with what I shall see.'

The wilderness had melted into the mountains, and Stanley was entering Palestine. Apart from the sanctity of its sacred associations, this third portion of the tour possessed, for his mind, one special charm. In the desert, the one drawback to his complete enjoyment had been the uncertainty of the localities. His anxiety to be impartial, to give due weight to each conflicting opinion, to estimate the degree of importance which must be assigned to rival theories, chilled his enthusiasms. Unable to dogmatise with his predecessors, he sometimes contents himself with a hypothetical decision, occasionally takes refuge in alternatives, and always is embarrassed by the consciousness of hesitation. 'Oh for a word,' he cries, 'to tell me with

certainty where any of these spots are which are described with such precision!' In Palestine this one drawback was removed.

'After all the uncertainty of desert topography—I may also say of Roman topography, whether classical or sacred—it was quite startling, though I knew it beforehand, to find the localities so absolutely authentic, and to hear the names of Carmel, Maon, Ziph, shouted out, in answer to my questions, from the Bedouin guides, or from the ploughmen in the fields, who know no more of David's wanderings than of those of Ulysses. And now I am in Hebron, looking on the site of a sepulchre whose genuineness has never yet been questioned—in the oldest existing city of the world; and to that, with equal certainty, is to succeed Bethlehem, and to that, Jerusalem.'

Henceforward he was in the midst of certainties, passing through places the names of which were the most familiar sounds of childhood. And no traveller has ever realised more forcibly, or imparted more vividly, this rich charm of travelling through a classic land. In Palestine he was enabled to transfer, with bold, yet reverent, hand, the whole subject of Biblical archæology to its true place in the science of man. He exhibits, in their rich complexity, the extraordinary confluence of associations which, in magnitude, in antiquity, in variety, are unique. Neither Greece nor Italy has ever provoked a Crusade. The disputes of the learned over the localities in Athens or in Rome never—as with Bethlehem or Jerusalem—aroused religious controversy, dictated prophetic interpretations, raised cases for diplomatic Missions, created foreign wars, or involved the fall of nations. And as he unravels the devious webs of history which, apart from higher and holier interests, here converge, as it were, on the heart of human destiny, he converts into a reality of moral fact the simple belief exhibited in the 'Mappa Mundi,' that Jerusalem is, literally and physically, the centre of the earth.

None of the relations of Palestine with ancient or modern history—with Egypt, Assyria, Rome, Arabia, and the West—are overlooked. As formerly in Greece or Italy, so now in Palestine, he exhibits the singular fitness of the country for the special part which it fills in history. He sees in the physical surroundings a forecast of the nation's destiny, and illustrates the national character from the geographical framework in which it was enclosed, and by which it was modified. He traces the local influences by which its ideas, its literature, its forms of worship, were affected. He shows how the narrow strip of territory, which isolated the Chosen People from dangerous contact with heathendom, and fostered their conviction that they were not always to be restrained within earthly barriers, stood in the vanguard of Oriental civilisation, midway between the two great seats of ancient power, and at the nearest point of contact between the Eastern and Western Hemispheres. Hence it served as a highway between Egypt and Babylon; it offered itself at once as their prize and their battle-field; it afforded the most convenient scene of conflict between the East and the West, between Rome and Asia, between Christian and Saracen.

One characteristic of 'Sinai and Palestine' is that Stanley accumulates, with pictorial vividness, the wealth of historical association, both sacred and profane, which gathers round the Holy Land; another is, that, approaching the well-worn subject from a novel point of view, he shows the general history of the Chosen People to be a reflection of the land in which they lived, or traces the special course of particular events to the geographical features of the spots where they occurred. In other respects it is rather the manner than the form of treatment which marks the individuality of the man. Other writers have shown, but none with greater force, how much is gained by seeing the

country through the eyes of the Bible, and the Bible through the eyes of the country. It is Stanley's constant purpose to trace those minute correspondences between scenes and incidents, those constant and circumstantial agreements of recorded history with natural geography which, so far, at least, must convince the most sceptical that he is dealing, not with fables of Eastern origin, but with realities of flesh and blood.

Feeling, as Stanley did in every nerve and fibre of his body, the charm of knowing the exact outline of landscape, the precise colour of hills and fields, the special objects, both far and near, which met the eyes of speakers or of actors, he always endeavours to place himself in the actual spot where acts were done or words were spoken. In the identification of localities mentioned in the Old Testament the traveller is aided by the minute particularity of the descriptions, and by the use of the Hebrew phraseology, which, in precision, abundance, and picturesqueness, is only rivalled by a vocabulary of provincialisms. In the New Testament the difficulty and the need are both greater. The active, practical energy of the Christian religion converts its earliest records into narratives of journeys by land and sea, by lake and mountain. Sometimes the simple vividness of the narrative marks the actual spot at once, beyond doubt or dispute ; more often its identification must be a matter of evidence. Whatever assistance could be gained from the traditions which the historical consciousness of Palestine had accumulated, is enlisted in the task, whether those traditions are derived from contemporaries of the events in question, or have proceeded from strangers, such as the Greek or Latin clergy, the pilgrims, the Crusaders, the Arab or Turkish settler. Stanley calls them all to aid or to correct the judgment of his own eye and cultivated instinct. And his graphic pictures were the rich reward of the constant

anxiety to seek out the precise spot which had been the scene of action or of speech. Writing before the multiplication of maps, plans, pictures, prints, and photographs, Stanley may almost be said to have re-discovered Palestine by the force and freshness, the local colour, the truth and detail of the impressions which he realised for himself and conveyed to his readers.

Jerusalem was reached on Easter Eve, and was made the centre for expeditions northward to Damascus, and eastward to Jericho and the Dead Sea. The following extract from a letter commenced on the shores of Lake Gennesareth is quoted to illustrate the spirit in which he travelled through the scenes of our Lord's labours in Galilee :

'And now, before we turn away over the mountains, I will say briefly what has struck me in regard to the scenes of our Lord's ministry, of which we shall now see no more, with the exception of the glimpse of Tyre and Sidon and the Plain of Jericho.

'The chief point is, what everyone observes, the passing of the Parables before your eyes. The vineyards with their towers I noticed at Hebron and Bethlehem. On the hills above Bethany, and still more in the Valley of Jehosaphat, I saw the shepherds herding their flocks of sheep and goats, white sheep and black sheep intermingled. In the corn-fields of Shechem women and children were carefully picking out the green tares from the wheat. There, too, you saw the man ploughing with his yoke of oxen. In the Plain of Gennesareth, sloping down to the very shore where the Parable of the Sower was uttered, there is the corn springing up from that "good" and "rich" soil ; there is the deeply-trodden pathway running through the midst of it ; there is the rocky ground of the hillside protruding through the surface of the earth ; there are the large bushes of thorn (growing abundantly all along the shores of the Lake, and remarkable as being of that special kind of which tradition says that the Crown of Thorns was woven), springing up, as all trees do in these parts, in the very midst of the waving corn. The boats have long since vanished from

the waters of the Lake, but there were two or three fishermen casting in nets from stones on the edge. Flowers grow abundantly; but the only lily (in our sense of the word) which I have seen was in one of the streams halfway between the Lake and Cæsaræa Philippi. By the long arm of the good-natured Findlay one was gathered, and I hope I shall be able to bring it home safely for the little F. Myers.

'All these things are so obvious, so common, that but for the Parables you would not notice them. But I think it is this very fact—this universal matter-of-fact character—that makes the allusions remarkable. And, on the other hand, one is struck with the absence of allusions to the *local* features of the country, however striking, especially as contrasted with the old prophets. He must have been familiar with that view from Nazareth. Yet none of its grand objects come within the circle of His teaching. The only one, perhaps—if it be so—is "the city set on a hill."'

Returning to Jerusalem, Stanley was present at the Church of the Holy Sepulchre on the Greek Easter Eve. To secure a view of the ceremony of the Holy Fire, which commenced at 2 P.M., Stanley took up his place in the gallery of the Latin Convent at 8 A.M. The following description of the scene (which, in altered form, appears on pp. 460-64 of 'Sinai and Palestine') affords an example of the interest with which he gathers scattered illustrations of the diversity of ceremonial forms and usages that prevail among the religious communities of Palestine:

'The Chapel of the Sepulchre rose from a dense mass of pilgrims, who sate or stood wedged round it, whilst round them, and between another equally dense mass which went round the walls of the church itself, ran two circles of Turkish soldiers, stationed to keep order.

'For the first two hours everything was tranquil. Nothing indicated what was to follow, except that those two or three pilgrims who, having got close to the aperture, kept their hands fixed in it with a clench which they never relaxed.

'It seems to be the belief of the Arab Greeks, that

unless they run round the Sepulchre a certain number of times the fire will not come. Accordingly, from about noon for two hours onwards there was a succession of gambols, which I can only compare to a mixture of prisoner's base, football, leap-frog, and "lifting," round and round the Holy Sepulchre. First the tangled masses of twenty, thirty, fifty men, starting in a run, catching hold of each other, lifted one of themselves on their shoulders, sometimes on their heads, and rushed on with him till he leaped off, and another succeeded. Some of them were dressed in sheepskins, some almost naked. One man usually preceded the rest as a sort of fugleman, clapping his hands; to which they responded in like manner, adding also wild howls, of which we were told that the burden was, "This is the Tomb of Jesus Christ," "God save the Sultan," "Jesus Christ has redeemed us." What had begun, however, in the lesser groups soon grew and grew, till at last the whole of the circle between the troops was continuously occupied by a race, a whirl, a torrent of these wild figures, like the Witches' Sabbath in "Faust," wheeling round the Sepulchre. Silent it stood in the centre. But what a sight for it to witness! Oh, Constantine! Oh, Helena! Oh, Cyril of Jerusalem! Oh, Godfrey, Tancred, and Raymond! Was it for this that you planned, and builded, and fought, and suffered?

'But the worst was still to come. Gradually the frenzy subsided or was checked. The racecourse was cleared, and out of the Greek Church came a long procession with banners, defiling round the Sepulchre. From this moment the excitement, which had before been confined to the runners and dancers, became universal. Hedged in by the soldiers, the two huge masses of pilgrims remained in their places; but all joined in a wild succession of yells, through which one caught, from time to time, strangely, almost affectingly, the stately chants of the procession—the chants of the Church of Basil and Chrysostom mingled with the yells of savages.

'Thrice the procession paced round. At the third time the two lines of Turkish soldiers joined, and fell in behind. One great movement now swayed the multitude from side to side. It is the belief that the fire will not come if the Turks are present, and at this point it is that they are driven, or consent to be driven, out of the church. Nothing

that I ever saw gave me so much the impression of a battle. You saw the raging mob closing in upon them in every direction, the soldiers pouring out of the church, the procession broken through, the banners stagger and waver. They staggered and wavered and fell. Priests, bishops, and standard-bearers fled hither and thither to escape the tremendous rush. One small but compact band hurried the Bishop of Petra (who is on this occasion the "Bishop of the Fire," the representative of the Patriarch) to the Chapel of the Sepulchre, and the door was closed behind him.

'The whole church was now one heaving mass of heads, resounding with an uproar which I can compare to nothing less than that of the Guildhall of London at an election. One vacant space alone was left—a narrow lane from the aperture on the north side of the chapel to the wall of the church. By the aperture stood a priest, in black and yellow, to catch the fire. On each side of the lane, and as far as your eye could reach, were hundreds of bare arms, stretched out like the branches of a leafless forest, like the branches of a forest quivering in some violent tempest. Silent, awfully silent, stood the Chapel of the Sepulchre. Could I have felt certain of its genuineness, could I have expected a miracle, I should have looked for its very stones to cry out against this frightful union of profanity and superstition.

'At last (and I could scarcely forbear from a cry of horror as it burst forth)—at last the fire came. A bright flame, as of burning wood, appeared inside the hole. The priest lighted his taper, and everyone rushed forwards. I have no distinct recollection of what followed. The fire came but slowly, and it was some time before the light was handed from taper to taper, till at last the whole church, from gallery to gallery, and through the whole area below, was in a blaze with thousands of burning candles. Some, perhaps many, ran here and there, rubbing their faces against the fire, in the belief that it was harmless. But after the light had been communicated there was no more enthusiasm. All was over. The people ran out into the streets to show their lights to their friends, and in half an hour the church was cleared.'

At Beirut the Syrian tour ended, and Stanley parted with Mohamed, the dragoman.

'He came on board the boat with us, and there I gave him his character, and told him the substance of what I had written in it. Walrond then gave him a present of additional money. But (we were on deck) Mohamed said, "Do, master, come down stairs, and give it me there." We came into the cabin, where we were alone. He then took our hands and kissed them, and said, turning to each of us, "Do not, do not forget poor Hamed." (This is the abbreviation by which he generally calls himself.) I confess that it was quite too much for me. It was the close of one of the most interesting and delightful periods of my life, of which the interest and delight had been doubled, and trebled, by this faithful servant, whom, in all probability, I was then leaving for the last time. "No, Mohamed, I shall never forget you." He turned away, and burst into an agony of tears, kissed our hands again and again, and rushed out of the cabin, and I saw him no more.'[2]

[2] Stanley saw Mohamed again in 1862 (see vol. ii. chap. xviii.). In 1879 Stanley asked his friend, Mr. Strachan Davidson, in case he met Mohamed in Egypt, to give his old dragoman friendly messages. Mohamed had, it appeared, frequently sent letters addressed to 'Sheykh Stanley, England'; but they had not reached their destination, and he had therefore received no reply. The following letter shows that the feeling which Stanley had inspired in Mohamed survived the lapse of twenty-six years:

'Thebes: March 7th, 1879.

'Dear "Sheykh" Stanley,—I am so glad to hear from Mr. Davidson—who met me here with my same party—that you have not forgot me, and so very, very glad to find you have come back strong and happy from America. And for me, I never forget you and your kindness in our journey to the Second Cataract, and to the Red Sea, Mount Sinai, Petra, and all over Palestine. I am always looking out to hear about you in the English newspaper, which my friends read to me when your name is in it, so I hear in Egypt what you do in London.

'I am so pleased and happy to think you recollect to send me a message by your friend, and I hope very much I may see you again in Egypt some day, or in London if I should come there. I should be very glad. Anyhow, I must try to see you again once more before I die, dear "Sheyk." And do please give my "salaams" very much to Mr. Walrond, and to Mr. Fremantle, and also Mr. Finlay—that was our party; but most to Mr. Fremantle, because the last journey to Aleppo was with him, and I never forget his kindness. I hope he does not forget "Ghizowee." For me, I have lost two daughters and the oldest son I had when you were with me—all dead; now I have only one little son and three daughters left.

'My salaams to all your friends who are with you when you read my letter, and God be with you always, my dear master, to give you long life.

'Your servant for ever,

'Poor MOHAMMED HASSEIN GHIZOWEE, Dragoman.'

Stanley's departure from the Holy Land had been accelerated in order that he might see Constantinople before what he believed to be its impending fall. The 'glory,' which had brightened in intensity from the desert to Jerusalem, was fast fading into the 'common day' of the Western world; but in the scenes of Apostolical labours or of ancient Councils the coast of Asia Minor was still illuminated by gleams 'from that imperial palace' whence he came.

Christmas had been spent in Cairo, Easter at Jerusalem; Whitsunday was passed at Smyrna, in one of the Seven Churches. 'Three such festivals I shall never keep again.' After all that he had seen, even Constantinople seemed to be 'somewhat a drug. The descent from the Bible to Gibbon, from names known to the whole world to names known only to the learned, is immeasurable.'

From Smyrna he visited Ephesus, and then, re-embarking, steamed along the coast of the scenes of the 'Iliad.'

'What a journey! what a voyage! when Troy is but a speck, a cloud, in the rapid succession of interest. And now I received, almost as with a shock, the intimation of the beginning of the end. "What island is that?" I asked, pointing to a high land close to the ship, and opposite the mainland, on which my attention had been fixed. "Island! Why, that is EUROPE!" I started, and looked. Even so it was. We had left the sea; we were already in the mouth of the Hellespont, and the green upland on the left was indeed the shore of our own, our once-familiar, but now strange, continent!'

At Constantinople Stanley found that he would have time to see Nicæa. 'I think,' he writes, 'that I must do so. It would be such a satisfaction to have seen the seats of all the four General Councils, that I think I can hardly resist.' The temptation proved too strong. He decided to go.

'It was a long descent through wooded hills to the broad, long lake of Nicæa. This is the one great feature of the place, one of those large lakes, the receptacles of rain-water, rather than of rivers, which are characteristic of the whole geography of Asia Minor, and which occupy the length and breadth of the vast oblong valleys of which I have before spoken. The lake of Nicæa is about as large as Windermere, but without any of the indentations and windings which make Windermere beautiful; and, indeed, the beauty of Nicæa, or Isnik, as it is now called, is much exaggerated. It has as little as a town at the head of a lake enclosed between hills can have. Yet I could not help recurring to Constance, the only other seat of a General Council held in like manner on the shores of a vast lake.

'The remains of the town consist of a wide enclosure of double walls, something like those of Constantinople, and, though in ruins, standing through all their circuit. Within these is a desolation almost as complete as that within the walls of Burgh Castle—fields, gardens, here and there a ruined mosque with storks at the top, and at last, in the centre of the enclosure, a few houses which form the modern village. To this we turned, the sun just rising over the eastern hills, and had the refreshment of a wash and a breakfast in the parsonage of Maurice, not Frederick, but "Μαυρικιος," the Greek Priest—I believe I may say *the* only Greek priest of Nicæa, who received us hospitably, and with his family of wife and daughters—unwonted and almost English sight—waited upon us, and then took us to see the vestiges of the one great event which has made the name of Nicæa remarkable.

'His church, adjoining to the house, claimed to be built by Constantine, and, indeed, its exterior was very like that of the Church of Placidia. It bore the singular name of "The Death of the Mother of God," which was represented in an ancient picture. Another picture represented the Council itself. You may think how it carried us back to Trent, as the lake did to Constance. The Fathers were sitting in a semicircle; on the right side of the altar sat Constantine in his imperial robes and crown; on the left, Alexander and Athanasius. In the centre, ominously draped in black, and looking thoroughly disgusted, were Arius and his followers. The scene of the Council itself was a church, or hall—it did not appear which—of which

the foundations were visible just outside the walls, and, as at Constance, close to the pier of the lake. Up that pier, of which the marble steps still remain, the Fathers must in all probability have come, and within that ruined wall was drawn up the one Creed used throughout the whole Church.

'I was very glad to have seen the spot, though I must confess that I should not recommend anyone else to go; the event receives so very slight an illustration from the locality that it is only the pleasure of having stood on the ground, and seen the view which encompassed the utterance of those famous words.'

Stanley re-entered Constantinople on May 28th, 1853.

'I came in, I dined, and slept as if I should never wake again. I did wake, however, in time for church, and again offered my services for reading, and asked what day of the month it was. "The 29th!" "The 29th!" I exclaimed; "why, that is the anniversary of ——!" "Oh!" said the clergyman, interposing, "of the Restoration. Yes; but we do not read that here." I laughed; for once I had forgotten our 29th of May and our anniversary in that far greater anniversary which I was thinking of—the 400th anniversary of the capture of Constantinople on May 29, 1453. The Turks, he said, did not know the day of the month—their lunar calendar conceals it—but they knew that this was the 400th year, and had awful forebodings. . . .'

The Eastern tour, which thus closed with a visit to Constantinople on the eve of the Russian War, appropriately terminated with an interview with Lord Stratford de Redcliffe:

'I made one more attempt on Lord Stratford, and at length found him. Nothing could be more kind, more gracious. . . . Taking advantage of some opening afforded by Palestine, I ventured to ask about the position of affairs. He instantly went off on this, and stated with the utmost clearness and (I should have said) frankness exactly his view of the case. I cannot repeat all he said. Perhaps the most remarkable as well as the safest was: "I feel that it is impossible to predict; sometimes I think it will pass

over; sometimes I think that we are really on the verge of that most important event to which all the world has been looking for so many years, and that, after so many false cries, the wolf is come at last." He spoke very strongly of the injustice of the Russian claims, but at the same time with the utmost calmness and moderation.'

STANLEY'S HOUSE AT CANTERBURY.

CHAPTER XIV

1853–56

LIFE AT CANTERBURY, 1853–56—'MEMORIALS OF CANTERBURY,' 1854—'COMMENTARY ON THE EPISTLES TO THE CORINTHIANS,' 1855—'SINAI AND PALESTINE,' 1856—PROFESSOR OF ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY IN THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD, 1856

STANLEY returned to England in June 1853 overflowing with the recollections of 'those glorious days which can never be taken away.' 'The journey,' he writes shortly after his return,

'to which I had looked forward as one of the great events of my life, was even more magnificent in point of interest and instruction to me than I could have hoped. Egypt was the least enjoyable, but that only from the great disproportion of time spent on the Nile in doing nothing. Thebes I thought fully worthy of being ranked with Rome and Athens—such a revelation of the primitive world, such a display of regal and sacerdotal splendour, as no other ruins in the world, Pagan or Christian, can show. But from the moment that I entered the desert, every day was one of varied and constant, and, I may almost say, increasing delight and profit. It is not one of the least remarkable points of that tour that its parts are so dramatically arranged. From Egypt, through the Exodus to Sinai, and from the Law on Sinai to the Gospel at Jerusalem, and from the Gospel in Palestine to the Acts and Epistles at Damascus, at Patmos, and at Ephesus; and from the Acts and Epistles to the first Fathers and Councils at Smyrna, at Nicæa, and at Constantinople. Add to this the burst of

knowledge through the acquaintance with the Oriental atmosphere of thought and custom—to see the Bedouin chiefs still representing Ishmael and Esau and Jethro; to see the God of Abraham still worshipped by his Arabian descendants; to see the illustration of Psalms and Parables in house and field; to see last, I can hardly say least, the successor of the Cæsars and Caliphs on the tottering throne of Constantinople, has so settled my thoughts that I have almost lost the wish to travel again.'

To sympathetic listeners he poured forth, with every charm of voice and manner, the rich stores of dramatic recollections and picturesque impressions which he brought with him from the East. 'Those who then had the privilege of visiting him at Canterbury,' says the Dean of Westminster, himself among the first of his privileged friends, 'will well understand his closing a letter of invitation to Professor Max Müller with the words, "I consider I was never so well worth a visit."'

Much as he had loved Oxford, his affections were now completely concentrated on his new home. The labours of the University Commission were ended; he had accomplished the Eastern tour which had been the cherished wish of years. Nothing now stood between him and Canterbury. Into the duties of his Canonry and the interests of his Cathedral he threw all the energies of his nature. Writing from Oxford in the autumn of 1853, he says:

'I am delving here in the Bodleian Library, which I now find is my chief interest in this place, once so delightful, but, now that I have no more duties in it, little more than a desert, with a few green spots here and there, which every year that passes withers up, in the shape of old faces rapidly passing away.

'It is, after all, a great happiness that our home and our paradise are not fixed to any one locality, but follow in the train of our occupations and duties wherever they lead us.'

Most of his colleagues at Canterbury were much older than himself. It was at first difficult for Stanley to understand the feelings of men who were born in a previous generation, and reared under conditions which no longer existed, and who regarded their duties and responsibilities from a totally different point of view. The change which, in the last half-century, had passed over the atmosphere of clerical life is curiously illustrated from the conversation of Dr. Spry, Vicar of Marylebone, and one of the oldest canons of Canterbury. 'When Dr. Spry,' writes Stanley,

'first came to Marylebone all the parishioners wore black in Lent. The immediate prelude to his elevation to Canterbury was that he was appointed—as a trick, apparently—by Lord Liverpool to preach the sermon at Trinity House on Trinity Sunday. With Lord Liverpool and Lord Exmouth, he went down in the state barge to Deptford, and, as the guns were fired from the Tower, Lord Exmouth, with a view of trying Dr. Spry's courage, kept bobbing his head as if to avoid the shots. Dr. Spry expressed such unfeigned astonishment and exhibited such unmoved tranquillity, that Lord Exmouth confessed that it was a joke, but that the year before he had so much terrified the Dean of Winchester as to induce that great dignitary to throw himself prostrate on the floor of the barge, and there lie till the danger was past.

'When they reached the church, Dr. Spry was presented with an enormous nosegay; and, on asking Lord Liverpool what he was to do with it, Lord L. told him that he was to carry it with him into the pulpit, place it on the cushion, and then, after the sermon, bring it away with him, and present it to the prettiest of a long avenue of girls that he would find waiting for him outside the church, each believing that she to whom it was given would be sure of marriage that year. All of which came to pass. He carried it into the pulpit, carried it out, and was then so beset by "the young women" that he was glad to get rid of it to the first-comer.

'Perhaps, however, the most remarkable fact which he stated was, that he had never, through his whole life, read a single article in the "Edinburgh Review." He had once

read the beginning of Sydney Smith's article on "Dr. Parr's Wig," but had never finished it, so that the charm is unbroken, and probably will remain so, and he will descend to his grave unscathed.'

But however opposed might be the ideas of the older canons to those of their younger colleague, each soon learned to value the good qualities of the other. After the audit of July 1853 Stanley wrote:

'On the whole, I end this audit with a better opinion of my brethren than ever before. They look at everything in a totally different light from what I should; but I think they show a real desire to do justice according to the views of their own generation, and are certainly very good-humoured. Harrison's[1] powers of management, as well as entire disinterestedness, are quite surprising.'

Completely reconciled to the parting from Oxford, and living on the most friendly footing with all his colleagues, Stanley entered with the keenest zest into all the charms of his residence at Canterbury. The 'Canterbury Sermons' and the 'Memorials of Canterbury' illustrate two sides of his ideal of the duties and opportunities of a canon. A third side is represented in the centre of social life which his canonical residence became. Now, for the first time, he exchanged his bachelor's rooms at Oxford for a house of his own. The change was thoroughly enjoyed. At the close of his Canterbury life he wrote to an old Oxford pupil, who had suddenly lost his young wife:

'But yet, on the whole, I feel sure that, even with such dreadful contingencies in store, it is better to have had a home and a wife than never to have had either. To have had even such a home as I have had at Canterbury has been, I am convinced, an immense step in life—much more would the other have been.'

At Canterbury he was able not only to offer a home to

[1] The late Archdeacon of Maidstone.

his mother and unmarried sister, but to gather guests from all parts of England, belonging to all professions, and holding every variety of opinion. It was there that he developed those social gifts which changed the shy, self-contained, retiring youth into one of the most fascinating of talkers and the most delightful of hosts. There, too, he made the charm of his society felt by the entire absence of self-display, and by the simplicity and kindliness with which his powers were used. Under his roof at Canterbury met, in free and social intercourse, men of such opposite views and parties that they were accustomed to regard each other as belonging to different worlds. And they met in an atmosphere of 'peace and good-will,' which the most acrimonious opponents found it impossible wholly to resist.

Another aspect of Stanley's life at Canterbury, never spoken of, yet never disregarded, was his visiting of the sick. Only by accident and from the lips of his humble friends is it known how much of his time and money was thus bestowed. At Oxford, at Canterbury, at Westminster, he was never too busy or too pre-occupied to answer the call of suffering. With the same unaffected simplicity which, more than his vivacity, humour, and stores of anecdote, gave a charm to the use of his social gifts, he employed all his powers to cheer, amuse, console, or strengthen the sick and poor. The following passage in one of his letters describes a visit to a sick parishioner of Pearson's, for whom he had obtained admission into the infirmary at Margate:

'Ellen Allen at once, with beautiful smiles, recognised me as having preached at Sonning, and administered the Sacrament to her on Ascension Day. She was lying on a bed, looking perfectly happy and cheerful, but said that she felt no better—rather weaker. On the bed were many books, in which she rejoiced. One was the thirty-eighth

edition of "The Christian Year," from which she was reading when I came in, the leaf turned down at

"Wish not, dear friends, my pain away;"

which she said was a great delight to her. I read aloud two of the stanzas, and told her that it is much beloved by our Sarah.[2] Happy he who can so write! It justifies my admiration of him. She spoke with the most beaming intelligence of you and of Sonning, specially of the church, which, since its restoration, she thought beautiful, and longed on that account to return to it. Altogether "an angel's visit" in the inverted sense!'

Happy as were the surroundings of his home life, the time was associated with two great griefs. One was the secession of his sister Mary from the Church of England. Another was the death of his faithful nurse, Sarah Burgess. At the end of January 1856 he writes to B. Jowett to announce her death:

'Early on Wednesday morning our old and dear friend, after whom you so kindly ask, passed away almost unconsciously. She had been with us for thirty-eight years, and was certainly one of the best persons I have ever known, "perfect in her generation," a constant refreshment and support when the heavens have been black around us, and when faithfulness has seemed to be ceasing out of the earth.

'It was always instructive to hear her talk. To us, to the servants, to her own family, she was equally an oracle. One thing struck me a good deal the last time we spoke together about her end—the way in which she placed her whole confidence, not in the mercy, but in the justice of God.

'Happily we were all together here, and she has escaped much suffering. On Monday next I hope to follow her remains to Cheshire, and lay them beside her father and mother in Alderley Churchyard.

'Forgive me for saying so much about a matter which can have but little interest for you, and a grief which the world does not recognise at all. But to us, no loss out of

[2] His nurse, Sarah Burgess.

our own selves could be greater, and her place can never be filled.'

Day by day the fascination of the historical associations of Canterbury seized firmer hold upon his imagination. To communicate to others some portion, at least, of the enthusiasm with which the Cathedral and its neighbourhood inspired him, to throw into its historic scenes and monuments that fresh human interest which might reach even the most unlettered of his hearers or readers, formed not the least important side of his ideal of the duties of a canon. And it was at Canterbury that were ripened to full maturity his gifts of dramatic, pictorial narrative. Each of the three great figures—the first Archbishop, the eminent ecclesiastic, the ideal knight—who, at three important periods, brought Canterbury into contact with the general history of England, grew out of the shadowy past into living beings, as he grouped round them the personal details and local accessories which gave them roundness, colour, substance, and vitality. With enthusiastic zeal he followed the steps of Augustine from his first landing-place on the Isle of Thanet, as he travelled by the Roman road past the spot below the fortress of Richborough where Ethelbert received the Roman missionary, till he descended the hill, crowned by the rude British chapel of St. Martin, to the 'stable-gate' in Canterbury, where the first Archbishop of the Metropolitan see was lodged. Every detail of the murder of Becket was examined with patient industry, till the scene itself is re-enacted on the very spot, with all the vividness and movement of a dramatic representation. The same pictorial imagination conjured up every feature in the splendid funeral of the Black Prince, whose remains were interred in the self-chosen spot of his burial, and whose tomb, preserved by Cromwell from destruction, is one of the glories of Canterbury Cathedral. Under his lively, graphic touch

the pilgrim roads were once more alive with companies of pilgrims; the 'Chequers of the Hope' again received its motley throng of guests; the stately shrine of Becket was restored to its former magnificence; and the narrow lane of the Mercéries was thronged with eager sellers of objects of devotion.

The four essays contained in the 'Memorials of Canterbury,'[3] though all are characterised by the same freshness and vigour, are of unequal merit. In historical value, the 'Murder of Becket'[4] is superior to the three others, which were originally composed to be delivered as popular lectures for his fellow-citizens of Canterbury. The essay was, as he told his mother, 'the first justification' of his appointment as Canon of Canterbury, for 'it never would have been written elsewhere, or under other circumstances.' It remains a standard authority on the subject which it treats. Both at home and abroad the essay excited deserved attention. In Paris he was warmly complimented upon it by Villemain, while Thierry declared that its publication would necessitate his re-writing his chapter on the reign of Henry II. But no evidence of the interest taken in his book delighted him more than the proof to which he twice refers in his letters. 'One of the officers quartered here met me on the platform, and said that he had found my Canterbury book on the table at 11.30 P.M., and had not laid it down till he had finished it.'

The 'Memorials of Canterbury' were written, as Stanley says in the Preface dedicating the volume to Archdeacon Harrison, 'in intervals of leisure, taken from subjects of greater importance.' The years 1853–55 were the period of his greatest literary activity. His hands were full of

[3] The volume was published in December 1854, and almost immediately reached a second edition.

[4] The essay appeared in the *Quarterly Review* for September 1853.

work. In June 1855 was published his edition of 'The Epistles to the Corinthians,' and in March 1856 appeared 'Sinai and Palestine.'

'The Commentary on the Epistles to the Corinthians'[5] is a companion work to Professor Jowett's 'Commentary on the Epistles to the Thessalonians, Galatians, and Romans.'[6] The two books gave the first instalment of the plan which the two friends had formed some years before, and at which, before Stanley's departure from Oxford, they had worked in close collaboration. The same text—that of Lachmann—is accepted by both authors; both employ the same apparatus of introductions, critical notes, translation, and essays; both exclude direct reference to commentators whose views they adopt or combat; both shrink from the danger of straining the text into harmony with preconceived doctrinal systems. But here, with the exception of some common sympathies, the resemblances between the two works are ended. The contrasts are more marked and more numerous than the similarities. The one is essentially historical, the other metaphysical; the one is 'external, positive, definite to the verge of superficiality,' the other 'subjective, negative, profound at the risk of obscurity'; the one multiplies, the other avoids, illustrations; the one delights in detecting unobtrusive resemblances, the other in unmasking false analogies; the one excels in painting historical pictures, the other in portraying the phenomena which individual minds present at different stages of their growth; the one delights in tracing the threads of connection between different ages, the other points the contrasts which divide one epoch from another.

[5] *The Epistles of St. Paul to the Corinthians, with Critical Notes and Dissertations.* By A. P. Stanley, M.A. London: 1855.

[6] *The Epistles of St. Paul to the Thessalonians, Galatians, and Romans, with Critical Notes and Dissertations.* By B. Jowett, M.A. London: 1855.

The portions selected by the two authors were well adapted to be the fields of their respective gifts. The Epistles to the Corinthians are the *historical* Epistles, the most important chapters in the history of the Christian Church and of the Apostle himself. The Epistle to the Romans, on the other hand, is a treatise neither occasional nor personal, but philosophical and universal. Stanley felt keenly that his travels through Greece and Asia Minor had taught him to appreciate more fully the words and actions of St. Paul, and to estimate more justly the effect that the Epistles were calculated to produce upon the people to whom they were addressed. To share with others the increased knowledge which he had himself thus obtained is the main purpose of his Commentary. On this object he concentrates himself, without seeking to justify or attack existing doctrinal systems from the language of the Apostle. It was true that, in all probability, the romantic sensibility to the beauties of scenery, which is so conspicuous a feature of the present day, found little place in the mind of St. Paul. Yet Stanley had proved, from his own personal experience, that to place the Apostle in close contact with outward surroundings, to paint the scenery through which he travelled, or to describe the cities in which he preached, was to give reality to his portraiture, and to recall men to the sense that St. Paul, writing as an inspired writer, was not a vague abstraction, but a real, living, acting, human being. No less he believed that, in order to catch the precise shade of meaning which particular passages, allusions, illustrations, or epithets, conveyed to the Corinthians, it was necessary to understand those influences of external life which moulded the internal character of the people. On these points he lays his principal stress.

In all that relates to the form and colour of St. Paul's thought, or to the vesture of the Apostolical age, in its

freshness and enthusiasm, in its felicitous illustrations, in its historical pictures, in the quickness with which the alternations of feeling in the Apostle's mind are caught and noted down, and in that merit, so rare in a commentary, its sustained interest, Stanley's edition of the Epistles is of lasting value. But in other respects the Commentary proved to be full of faults. It was deficient in scholarship and accuracy. It had many self-contradictions and inconsistencies. It was also crowded with typographical errors. For these last anyone acquainted with Stanley's handwriting might be fully prepared. One instance is quoted by him in writing to Professor Jowett. '"The Horn of the Burning Beast." What Apocalyptic mystery do you conjecture is veiled beneath these words? "The thorn of the burning Bush."'

Both Commentaries provoked a storm of acrimonious controversy: that on the Corinthians for the absence of doctrinal statements, that on the Romans for the mode in which such topics as the Atonement were handled. Professor Jowett's remarkable volumes, which were the first in the field, bore the brunt of the attack. Many of the criticisms were, as Stanley believed, dictated by party animosity; many seemed to him unjustifiable. Bitterly as Stanley resented what were, in his opinion, partisan attacks upon his friend, he frankly recognised the value of fair criticism upon his own writings. In March 1856 a severe review of his Commentary appeared in a Cambridge periodical,[7] from the pen of "J. B. Lightfoot."[8] Several of Stanley's letters refer to this article. To his mother he writes:

'The Cambridge notice of our books is severe, but without a spark of malignity, and so can be read without the

[7] *The Journal of Classical and Sacred Philology*, vol. iii. pp. 81–121.

[8] Afterwards Bishop of Durham.

smallest displeasure. It does point out a good many mistakes, mostly arising from the book having been written at so many odd times.'

To Pearson he says:

'In the Cambridge "Philological Journal" there is a serious, and by no means malevolent, attack on the scholarship and accuracy of the unfortunate Commentary by a certain Lightfoot. He says, and I think he is right, that in undertaking to write critical notes I have completely mistaken my vocation.'

Finally, in writing to Professor Jowett, he says:

'I had a very courteous note from Lightfoot, with the review. He certainly has picked a number of deep holes. I don't think that I am habitually inaccurate, but partly the desire of giving an explanation of everything, and partly an inexcusable impatience of details beyond a certain point, make me not thoroughly trustworthy. I never ought to write a book without a Grove[9] or Albert Way to correct references and proofs. In some measure these inaccuracies were caused by the irregular and long intervals at which the book was written, and by the perhaps needless *minutiæ* into which I rashly entered.

'I must say I was pleased—more pleased with the good he said of you than with the evil he said of myself. And in a man of his turn of mind, I think it specially creditable not to have been deterred from saying this much by the popular clamour which has hounded on the Conybeares, Goulburns, or Wilberforces, and has muzzled the "North British," the "Edinburgh," and the "Times." I have written to express something of this kind to him.'

In the second edition of the 'Commentary on the Epistles to the Corinthians' (1857) Stanley gave a practical illustration of his readiness to profit by well-founded criticism. Not only are the notes reduced and compressed, the dissertations made more prominent, the errors corrected, but

[9] The services of Mr. (now Sir George) Grove and of Albert Way are acknowledged respectively in *Sinai and Palestine* and in the *Memorials of Canterbury*.

the form of the whole is recast. The critical part of the work, in which he acknowledged his weakness, is subordinated to the historical elucidation of the Epistles as the most important records of the early Christian Church. Another proof of the same readiness to accept wise advice is found in his abandonment of any further Commentaries. It was proposed that he should undertake the Epistles to the Philippians and to Philemon. But, mainly in consequence of Dr. Lightfoot's criticism, he declined the task. Henceforward he devoted himself to those historical subjects in which lay his true strength.

In a criticism of Professor Jowett's Commentary which appeared in the 'Quarterly Review' under the title of 'The Neology of the Cloister,'[10] the reviewer specially praises Stanley's work for the very points in which he most severely condemns the companion volumes. As Stanley writes to Jowett, 'my mother and I amuse ourselves with the reflection that there are two persons now before the world, one receiving excess of praise, the other excess of blame, each with equal un-desert.' Already, perhaps, men felt towards Stanley something of the feeling which was at a later period expressed by Prof. Maurice. 'Why,' asked a friend, 'are things tolerated in Stanley which would not be pardoned in anyone else?' 'Because,' was the reply, 'Stanley has done more to make the Bible a reality in the homes of the people than any living man.' Both by word of mouth and by letter Stanley zealously fought the battle of his friend. One of his numerous letters on the subject is addressed to a lady of strong Evangelical leanings, who had condemned Professor Jowett's Commentary unread.

'I do not advise you to read it, because it is mixed up with many phrases only intelligible to people well versed in the Fathers and in the Germans.

[10] *Quarterly Review* for December 1855, p. 151, *note*.

'But if you do read it, pray take my word for it that its object is not to unsettle belief, but to settle it; not to disparage St. Paul, but to exalt him; still less to set St. Paul, or anyone else, above our Saviour, but to show that the reason why we are not better, and wiser, and more agreed among each other, is because we think too little of Christ; and because so many think more of the Epistles, or of a very small portion of the Epistles, than they do of the Gospels.

'There are, doubtless, many things in Jowett's book which might be better said, and have provoked less offence. But if you take, not what he attacks, but what he defends, there is much that anyone might find consoling and edifying.'

In another letter he asks:

'Why is it that clergymen are all in arms against a brother-clergyman for saying the very same thing which in a layman they admire as a testimony to true religion? I daresay our brother has in his day read, and loved, Coleridge's "Aids to Reflection." I know that it is a book beloved by the most orthodox of men. And yet his chapter on the Atonement is identically the same as Jowett's.

'My full belief is, that if Jowett (1) had been a layman, (2) had abstained from the polemical pages at the beginning of the essay, (3) had called it "The Doctrine of Reconciliation," it would have been regarded as a beautiful and spiritual exposition of St. Paul's view. The proof of (1) is contained in the above remarks on Coleridge. The proof of (2) and (3) is contained in the fact that the similar views expanded in my notes on 2 Cor. v. have perfectly satisfied the most rapacious minds, and not provoked a single attack.'

'Sinai and Palestine' appeared in March 1856. 'Nothing I have ever written,' says Stanley, 'has so much interested and instructed me in the writing.' The success of the book was immediate and immense. Within a year from its publication it had passed into a fourth edition, and it still remains one of the most widely popular of Stanley's writings. The work is a notable instance of Stanley's power of giving fresh life and vividness to a well-worn

theme, and of his gift of interesting alike the learned and the unlearned. In its vivid descriptions, written on the spot, it is a book to be devoured after the fashion of novel-reading. In its wealth of varied learning, it is also a book which deserves and repays close study.

Stanley has gathered into a compendious form the results of the vast literature which has grown up round sacred geography. The abundance of the material is proportionate to the interest of the subject. The minute particularity of the Old Testament descriptions, and the active practical energy of Christianity which is embodied in the New Testament, make the Bible itself the most complete and important authority. But side by side with it are placed the early geographical notices of Josephus, Strabo, Pliny, and Tacitus, and the topographical labours of the three most learned Fathers of the early Church, Origen, Eusebius, and Jerome. Stanley has marshalled to his aid the itineraries of pilgrims who, beginning with the Empress Helena, and ending with Zuallart, the Flemish pilgrim of the sixteenth century, were solely attracted by the devotional interest of the holy places. He has gathered together the early travellers, like Sandys, Pococke, and Maundrell, who are interested in the acquisition of knowledge as well as in the sacredness of the localities, and who notice natural features, discuss traditional sites, and report on geology and botany. He has assembled the discoverers, such as the Danish Niebuhr, or his successors, Burkhardt, Irby and Mangles, whose primary aim was the enlargement of knowledge, and who leave the beaten tracks to see for themselves without regard to Scripture or tradition. He has enlisted the literary travellers, like Clarke, Laborde, Lindsay, Saulcy, Williams, and Robinson, whose object is to verify Scriptural sites, and who bring to bear upon the investigation the intelligence and the science of the nineteenth century. He has

enrolled descriptive travellers who, like Miss Martineau, or the author of 'Eothen,' delineate scenery; as well as masters of fiction, like Disraeli in 'Tancred,' or Walter Scott in 'The Talisman,' who detect with the instinct of genius the lights and shades of Oriental character. He has embodied the results achieved by the composers of learned works on the geography of Palestine, such as Quaresimus, the Franciscan friar of the Convent of Jerusalem, the Dutchman Reland, who was the tutor of William III., or the great German geographer, Ritter. Nor, finally, were living authorities neglected. As in his 'Memorials of Canterbury' he had consulted Professor Willis on architectural questions, or Albert Way on points of antiquarian research, so in his 'Sinai and Palestine' he had recourse to experts on those special branches of learning which they had made their own. From Professor Donkin, for instance, he received scientific reports on the natural phenomena which might explain the passage of the Red Sea or the prolongation of daylight during Joshua's pursuit of the enemies of Israel; so, again, he obtained from Captain Washington accurate charts of the soundings of the Red Sea; so, lastly, he was assisted by Mr. (now Sir George) Grove in the preparation of the elaborate list of Hebrew geographical terms, which so largely increased the permanent value of 'Sinai and Palestine.'

It was a relief to Stanley, after the fault which was justly found with his Commentary, to find the accuracy of his statements in 'Sinai and Palestine' confirmed by subsequent inquiry. 'Mr. Robbins,' he writes,

'mentioned two inaccuracies in "Sinai and Palestine." I asked whether there were any more. He said, "If you ask me, I will tell you the exact truth. I read the book every night after having seen the places, and these are the only two that I ever found."'

One objection was, however, strongly urged against 'Sinai and Palestine' which increased the suspicion already entertained of the negative character of Stanley's theological opinions. The point cannot be better stated than in the following letter from the author of 'The Christian Year':

'Hursley Vicarage, Winchester: July 8, 1856.

'My dear Mr. Stanley,—I am ashamed to think how long it is since you did me the great favour of sending me your very interesting book on "Sinai and Palestine"; yet I have felt it all along, and always shall feel it, as a *very* peculiar kindness indeed, considering the circumstances under which, many years ago, we were brought into communication with each other. I am so far better qualified to thank you for the book in that I have now (but only very lately, such is my slowness in reading) finished it; and I find I have to thank you also for several instances of too partial mention, and (what is better) of friendly correction. I wish I could accept the compliment you pay me, or at least imply, in one place for something like diligence in topographical reading. I must confess, with some shame, that where the touches you speak of are correct, it is more by a happy chance than in any other way.

'Will you pardon me for telling you what, in all your book, rich as it is in beauties, has delighted me most, and also what has most pained and distressed me? for I ought not to hide from you that in one way it *is* a great pain and distress to me. While I love it for the deep love which it seems to me everywhere to breathe of Him whom we all wish to serve, it fills me with regret more than I can express to see that in no part at all of your book is His Person spoken of as properly Divine; rather, that the tone and language of it seems, as by a kind of instinct, to avoid any such assumption, and to shrink from setting Him forth as more than a Perfect Man. . . .

'I know, of course, that you cannot consciously intend the notion to which some of your expressions seem to point, and I accept very thankfully the sayings which point the other way. But I cannot rid myself of the feeling that the first is apparently the prevailing tone; and I greatly dread its effect on others, more especially as I observe that

you speak favourably of a doctrine of Development, in contradiction to "Quod primum verum," by which doctrine antiquity, as a witness to the Creed, is nullified.

'I could find it in my heart to add something on the idea of "local religion," concerning which, I own, it appears to me, that in obedience to a theory you are perpetually doing some violence to your own feelings. And, again, of the extent to which we should avail ourselves of possible natural phenomena to explain things spoken of in the Bible simply as "signs and wonders and mighty deeds."

'But it is high time for me to leave off, and apologise for what I have written. You will, I know, forgive its frankness, whatever you may think of its reasonableness. And perhaps it may suggest here and there a correction, as no doubt you will be called on to reprint over and over. How glad I should be if you could put in something which might effectually secure your book from making the impression which I fear it may make on readers of various descriptions.

'Once again forgive me, and believe me always, my dear Sir,

'Your obliged and affectionate servant,

'J. KEBLE.'

To this letter Stanley replies as follows:

'Canterbury: July 10, 1856.

'Dear Mr. Keble,—I have to thank you for your very kind letter, the more valuable because so long delayed, and because of the interest it shows in one so nearly a stranger. I should hardly have ventured to send you a copy of my book, but that I could not forbear to testify my grateful recognition of the fidelity of your local touches, which must have rendered the Holy Land familiar to thousands besides myself.

'I will not be so presumptuous as to enter on a vindication of the expressions to which you object. It has been throughout my object to give as little contradiction to any prevailing Christian sentiment or doctrine as was compatible with my own conviction. In some instances I have endeavoured (in a second edition) to soften the phraseology which you find offensive. In others, I venture to hope that the points of difference which you have noticed may be rather of manner than of substance, though I am well

aware that there may be also divergences which I could not reconcile.

'With regard to the Gospel history, I have often felt the difficulty of so expressing myself as to combine due reverence to the sacredness of the subject with due regard to a faithful representation of the evangelical narrator. But may we not fairly ask the question (which I trust you will allow me to put in old, familiar words),—

Was not our Lord a little child,
Taught by *degrees* to pray,
By father dear and mother mild
Instructed day by day?

'I confess that I cannot see the difference between these expressions and those of suggestion, and the like, on which you remark. Both alike appear to me necessary inferences, almost synonyms, both of the Scriptural description of our Lord's growth and teaching, and also of the Catholic doctrine of His Perfect Humanity. You will not misunderstand me as for a moment impugning the orthodoxy of others who cannot accept such expressions; but, for myself, the denial of the truth involved in them appears to me a direct form of Eutychianism, Apollinarianism, or Patripassianism.

'I believe that you have truly discerned a conflict, perhaps an inconsistency, in the book between a natural attachment to local associations and a fear of investing them with too much religious importance. And here, again, from the extreme delight and instruction I received, I felt a difficulty in striking the balance. But if you will permit me once more to quote the Christian Year, I remember well on a Sunday when, out of the band of four of which our party was composed, three unexpectedly produced the same book; how we were all struck by the appropriateness of the poem on the Monday before Easter to the whole journey before us! That is the feeling which I have endeavoured to express.

'But I did not intend to enter into a controversy. You will, I trust, take what I have said only as an indication that I have considered the objections you have so kindly made, and as the expression of a hope that there is less difference in our mode of conceiving the subject than you imagine.

'I suppose that the relation of natural causes to the

miracles will always strike different minds differently. To some it seems to give great pain; to some it gives great relief. On whichever side the "strength" or the "weakness" may lie, it appears to me emphatically a case in which "the strong" must "bear" as best they can with "the infirmities of the weak."

'Once more, with many thanks for your kindness, not only now but before, on the occasion to which you allude, and, what has probably escaped your recollection, but will never escape mine, even in earlier times yet,

'Believe me to be, my dear Sir,

'Yours gratefully and respectfully,

'A. P. STANLEY.'

Against such a letter as that of Keble may be set the very different impression which the book made on Bishop Ewing. His letter speaks for itself:

'Bishopston, Feb. 28th, 1858.

'My dear Sir,—I do not know that any testimony such as mine can be needed, nor do I know that any word of sympathy such as mine can do any good; but, as I see a controversy going on as to whether your work on Sinai and Palestine should be put on the list of the Christian Knowledge Society, allow me, as one who has felt sometimes the bitterness of being misunderstood, to say that I have read no work of any description which has so raised and invigorated my faith and sight of the facts in the Old Testament history as your work on Palestine. Since reading it I stand on quite another and higher level. I feel interested in those places which had become through school-teaching and pedagogy irksome, and I have to thank you for putting the Old Testament into my hands as a new and more powerful weapon. You have conferred a real boon on the household of God in that work: of this I am well assured. I feel I should not do justice to myself nor to you did I not state this. May the Lord bless and keep you!

'May I offer my respects to Mrs. Stanley (if she remembers me), and believe me

'Truly yours,

'ALEXR. EWING,

'Bishop of Argyll.'

A theological storm was already gathering round Stanley. The impression rapidly gained ground that the cautious shrinking from definite statements on points of theology proceeded from personal doubts, if not from personal unbeliefs. Already his reticence on questions which were, in his opinion, designedly left open by the early Church, as well as by the Reformed Church, was widely misunderstood. Already his disposition to insist only on those points in which men were substantially agreed, and to avoid the multiplication of divisions by dogmatising where freedom of opinion was permissible, was largely misinterpreted. His lifelong aim was to do something towards breaking the collision between the beliefs and the doubts of the age, to bring out what is common, to overlook that which is peculiar. 'I see,' he says, 'no other course of action open for me, and "though it slay me, yet will I trust in it."' But his attitude was regarded as the attempt to construct a halfway house at a point where movement backwards or forwards was intellectually necessary—a house which could only serve as a nursery of unbelief for future generations. The storm which had already broken over the head of F. D. Maurice was a prelude to that which afterwards centred round himself and his most intimate friend.

In 1853 Maurice, then a Professor at King's College, London, published a volume of 'Theological Essays,' in one of which he combated the received theory of eternal punishment. In doing so he was prepared for the consequences. 'I knew,' he says in a letter to Charles Kingsley,[11] 'when I wrote the sentences about eternal death that I was writing my own sentence at King's College.' His prevision proved correct. In November 1853 he was dismissed from his Professorships of Theology and of Eng-

[11] *Life of Frederick Denison Maurice*, edited by his son, Frederick Maurice, vol. ii. chap. v. p. 168.

lish Literature and Modern History, on the ground that 'the opinions set forth, and the doubts expressed, as to certain points of belief regarding the future punishment of the wicked, and the final issues of the Day of Judgment, are of dangerous tendency, and calculated to unsettle the minds of the theological students of King's College.' [12] Stanley was deeply interested in the fate of the Professor. Not only was he personally attached to Maurice, but he also believed that there was 'no one of this age, since Arnold and Newman, who has inspired such intense religious veneration amongst so large a body of disciples.' The issue, moreover, involved the principle which, to Stanley, seemed most vital to the very existence of the Church. Apart from the point of doctrine involved in the dispute, he was in entire sympathy with the accused, and in complete antagonism to the accusers. Maurice was dismissed, not for dogmatising on the question of the endless duration of future punishments, but for protesting against all dogmatism on the subject. The Articles were silent upon the point. It therefore was, in Stanley's opinion, an open question, which no one had a right to close. Where the formularies of the Church refused to speak, the Council of King's College had attempted to force upon their most distinguished professor a rigid definition of the word eternal, and of the theory of punishment.

Stanley was willing to sign a protest against closing the question. But he refused to urge others to sign any such document, because no Church decision was involved in the decision of the Council. His own views on eternal punishment are expressed in the following extract from a letter to his mother:

'Although on such an awful subject, yet I really think, after all, there is a vast amount of waste of words and wrath.

[12] *Life of F. D. Maurice*, vol. ii. chap. v. p. 191.

For, of course, Jelf[13] shrinks, except in the case of Voltaire, from applying his view to individuals, and Maurice also refuses to pronounce either way about them. And both must, in the end, acknowledge that they know very little about Time, and nothing at all about Eternity.

'Two points, however, seem to me to emerge from the Maurician mist:

'First, that in the word *Eternal* there is something beyond duration, or future, or space, or time, and that although we cannot form any notion of it, yet that anything which lifts us out of the things which are seen, into the things which are not seen, takes us from Time into Eternity; and that this must begin now, and therefore is as truly part of the present life as of that which is to come, even supposing it possible that man, earth, heaven, God Himself, were to pass away. Anyone who has "known Thee, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent," will have had the best and most essential part of Eternity.

'And I think that Maurice has really put, with great force, that this limited though still, so far as it went, correct idea of Eternal Life, was enjoyed by the Jewish Kings and Prophets, who had no distinct knowledge of another life. The practical conclusion from this is, that it is merely another way of stating the old truth, that this life is a preparation for the next, that Heaven and Hell can be begun on earth, that the essence of the happiness of the saved and of the misery of the lost, whatever else it may be, is the presence or the absence of God. According to Augustine and Dante this—the absence of God and of hope—was the *sole* punishment of the first circle of the damned, the children and the good heathens, who yet were in "the Inferno" as truly as Judas and Ugolino.

'Secondly—and this is a much graver question—Maurice starts the question whether there is a possibility of the fate of the soul being changed after death—in other words, whether this life is or is not the only time of trial. He does not positively decide, but evidently leans to the hope and belief that there is a possibility of recovery, another sphere of redemption after the end of the trial here.

'I do not think that he meets the general impression left by the declarations in the Gospels. They certainly

[13] Dr. Jelf, as Principal of King's College, had brought the matter before the notice of the Council.

seem to imply that there will be a final close of human action and Divine Love. Yet there are glimpses of another view in the Epistles—"God all-in-all," "the restitution of all things"—and from the earliest times in the Christian Church (Justin, Origen); and the whole doctrine of Purgatory is a struggle against the severer view.

'For my own part, I take refuge in our ignorance of *all* the *details* of the future. There the two conflicting views of the finality of this life and the infinity of God's power and love may be reconciled. But here and now I do not see how we can get rid of the impression left, not only by Scripture, but by conscience and common-sense, that on the character formed in this life must depend the character and state of that which is to come, and that all endeavours to make this more intelligible or more reconcilable, whether by Purgatory, or by detailed descriptions of Hell, or by schemes of possible recovery, are like asking, "How are the dead raised, and with what body do they come?" and the answer is, "Thou fool!"

'The advantage, meanwhile, of such a man as Maurice is, I think, that as so many men do perplex themselves with the details, and think that the endless punishment is a fatal objection to Christianity, it is a clear gain to have a man, evidently believing in Christianity with all his soul, who yet can sincerely say that he does not find this stumbling-block in the Bible.'

Whatever might be the effect which Stanley's writings were producing upon professed theologians, they greatly increased his influence in the world at large. His growing reputation gave him a power in society; the rapid ripening of his social gifts made him the coveted guest of every circle in England. His letters, to a degree unknown before, abound in allusions to the distinguished men with whom he came in contact. Among many such references may be quoted the following passage on the conversational exuberance of Macaulay, for whose style and historical writings, in spite of a want of 'the Promethean fire of moral life,' he felt the warmest admiration:

'Surely it must be a great disadvantage to Macaulay

never to acquire any information from conversation. For I do not see how he ever can. A remarkable proof of this, I thought, occurred this morning. Milnes was here, and was speaking of the Mussulman tradition which I had mentioned to him as existing in Egypt, and which Layard had confirmed as existing equally in Mesopotamia, that the fate of Islam requires that it should be at last superseded by Christianity. Macaulay, with great difficulty, was induced to let Milnes state his case at all. The moment he had done so, he burst forth into a torrent of reasons why it was impossible to believe it. In a momentary cessation, I ventured to say that Sir Charles Trevelyan had told me that he also had never met a Mussulman in India who had not the same conviction. "I never heard anything of the kind the whole time I was in India." "No," thought I to myself, "it is not likely that you ever should, if you talked as much and heard as little in India as you do here." '

Over Stanley's clerical duties in 1854 and 1855, over his literary work and social relaxations, the Crimean War threw its grim shadow. Few of his letters are without allusions to the great national struggle in which the country was engaged :—'How portentously all turns upon the War!' 'I think by day and night of that awful siege.' 'Poor Granville Elliot, whom we met at Nazareth, fell at Inkermann. I see him now, coming into the room at the Convent fresh from Tabor, his great brown neck all bare, and looking as if he would live for ever.' 'The nurses have arrived at Scutari.' 'Sarah is very anxious to catch the Czar himself, and wants to know whether there is any chance of finding him in Sebastopol.' 'I find that the Siege of Jerusalem ended also on September 8.'[14]

Such are some of the allusions which are interspersed among his letters, reviving, by the fitfulness of their occurrence, the strange effect of the broken, piecemeal mode in which news was then communicated, and heightening, by

[14] The Malakoff was stormed on September 8th, 1855. During the night the south side of Sebastopol was evacuated and burned.

their mixture with lighter topics, the tragedies of a struggle during which each Gazette was 'a record of lamentation, mourning, and woe.'

Miss Stanley's organisation of a band of hospital nurses and her mission to the Crimea gave him a deep personal interest in the progress of the War. It was his sister's expedition, it may be added, which first made Stanley personally known to the Queen. A detachment of ladies and nurses had already gone out under Miss Nightingale. A second detachment of fifty was confided to the charge of Miss Stanley. At first she attached herself to the naval hospital at Therapia. Afterwards, under the generous help and guidance of Lord and Lady Stratford de Redcliffe, she assisted in establishing the military hospital at Koulalee, in addition to the principal military hospital at Scutari. Stanley himself met his sister in London, placed her on board the boat at Folkestone, and then sat down to send his mother the last news:

'It was evidently an immense relief to Mary when we were fairly off. She said, "*This is rest*," and added that it was like the cutting away of a balloon, leaving all the crowd and earth below. . . . She spoke but little, in fact slept a good deal, which, of course, I encouraged. When she woke, she said, with a feeling of satisfaction: "I always felt that it would somehow or other end in my going;" and I think it seemed to her as if her destiny was fulfilling itself. It struck me very much on the journey, what an immense difficulty it would have been to have terminated her work in London in any other way. When we arrived at Folkestone, there, as in London, there was no expectation. The Claytons and Mary Stone were the only persons on the platform, and so at once distinguishable. Mary Stone was immediately enlisted to carry a bundle of cloaks, and we went instantly to the steamer. The Roman Catholic nuns attracted so much attention that I think the others were almost overlooked, nor did the bystanders clearly understand where they were going. They only said, without enthusiasm, but also without bitterness, "Sisters of Mercy."

They were soon planted in their places. I had just time to commend Mary to Angelo, and to tell Dr. Meyer that the only thing which she cared about in travelling (which struck me from her being so much revived by the cold morning breeze as we came by the train) was going with her face to the horses, with a window open. The bell rang, and we took leave of her, and came up to the parapet above. Just at that moment Alice and Captain Fox appeared. I did not see their meeting with Mary. . . . I think, if you had had any doubt of Mary being in her right place, you would have had none had you seen her going round to each with a word of cheerful encouragement, and something for the sea-sickness, and each looking up to her with a face of grateful reliance. I cannot but think that she will be completely "mistress of the whole situation," as the French say, before they reach Boulogne. There was no confusion. They seemed almost to fill the deck (tho' there were a few other passengers—Lord somebody—I think no other ladies). This gave a peculiar look to the steamer, and when it darted off, which it seemed to do with unusual precision and rapidity, it seemed almost conscious of its freight in that direct, purpose-like course which someone has described as so well illustrated in a steamer. From the London station they had started with three cheers. From Folkestone there was no one but myself who knew who or what they were. I waved my hat as long as they were in sight, and felt that, if I were never to see her again, it would be as peaceful a last impression to bear away as it would ever be possible to have. I cannot but think that it may be the beginning of a new life to her, being the first complete opportunity of developing all her best powers that has occurred since she left Norwich, and the fulfilment in so unexpected a manner of her endeavours of the last two years. In short, I turned away thankful and happy for her beyond what I have felt for months.'

To the disputes which eventually arose out of Miss Stanley's mission to Scutari and Therapia it is unnecessary to refer. But one circumstance connected with it produced such lasting effects on Stanley's mind that it cannot be wholly omitted. From the first the 'Record' attacked Miss Stanley, who at this time was still a Protestant, with

a bitterness which deeply wounded her brother. At Therapia itself 'the persecution' was continued.

'In this nurse business there is no question that the rabid Protestant party have shown by far the greatest incapacity of tolerating anything beyond their own "infinitely little minds."

'My sister, whose exertions in the Naval Hospital at Therapia have, I sincerely believe, been as free from any sectarian bias, as truly national and Christian, and as universally good in their effects as it was possible for those of any human being to be, was stopped the other day by the chaplain. He begged to have five minutes' conversation with her. "He felt himself responsible for the publications circulated in the hospital, and he had found one of a very improper tendency; parts of it he highly disapproved, parts of it he did not understand." She asked to see it. It was a "Christian Year," left by one of the ladies with a sick midshipman. In consequence of this, he preached against them the next Sunday, in their presence, as "creeping in unawares," &c.

'This is no secret, nor ought to be. I confess my blood boils at such fiendish folly and stupidity. I know you like the lines in "Measure for Measure,' which rise almost immediately to one's lips—

> "I tell thee, Priest,
> My sister shall a ministering angel be
> When thou liest howling."'

In another letter, after alluding to the same story, he adds:

'Let me conclude with two instances of "the letter killing."

'A regimental surgeon at Balaclava sends to headquarters for shirts for his sick people, the request written on the only scrap of paper at hand, and countersigned by the only colonel within reach. It is returned to him as informal, because not written on *foolscap* and countersigned by four persons.

'Iron bedsteads were grievously wanted at Scutari for the sake of raising the men above the damp floors. They came, but the legs went on to Balaclava.'

In March 1856 Miss Stanley joined the Church of Rome, her long-delayed secession being, as her brother believed, accelerated, if not finally caused, by Protestant bigotry and intolerance. Anxious to be absent from England when the event took place, Stanley and his mother spent some weeks in Paris. It was the moment when the plenipotentiaries of the various Powers were assembled to negotiate the terms of peace with Russia. At the Embassy Stanley 'saw Clarendon's grey head bowed low in conference with De Morny, Orloff deep in dialogue with the Prussian Minister. Of all, Orloff was most conspicuous, a Saul in head and shoulders.' In Paris, also, he met many of the most distinguished men of letters. 'Villemain and De Saulcy called on me, the one filled with admiration at Becket, and the other at "Sinai and Palestine." Tocqueville also crossed the scenes.' 'The great Guizot,' he adds, 'has presented me with "Richard Cromwell."' He breakfasted with Saulcy.

'I had a most instructive breakfast with De Saulcy on Monday. From 11 A.M. to 2 P.M. we looked over 200 photographs of Jerusalem. He described that he had started for the East "avec très peu de croyance; j'ai pensé que Notre Seigneur, Jésus-Christ, était un homme habile, mais pas plus. Voilà ma première confession! J'ai pensé d'attaquer la chronologie et géographie biblique. Voilà ma seconde confession!" He had meant merely to take Jerusalem on his way to Asia Minor. But the interest became so great that he remained, and he was turned by the coincidence between the history and geography into a devout Christian. But he could only become a Christian by making terms with Rome. "Si Rome ne fait pas des concessions énormes, elle sera la ruine du Christianisme." And there he was, sure enough, in the midst of Lent, eating an immense meat breakfast, enough to have turned my stomach inside out for a month.'

The birth of the Prince Imperial was momentarily expected. 'All Paris,' writes Stanley, 'is in travail. The

Rue Vivienne was inaccessibly blocked with a crowd extending the whole street's length to see the baby's clothes.' On the 16th of March, 1856, the Prince was born, and 'the burst of the cannonade on Palm Sunday morning was in the highest degree effective.'

It was, it may be noticed, during this visit to Paris that the first mention occurs in his letters of his future wife. 'If you see Lady Augusta Bruce,' he writes to his mother from England, 'will you tell her that she may calculate on me for a dinner by Thursday at latest? You will probably meet her at the Mohls'.'

During the few days' absence in England to which this last letter refers the peace was proclaimed.[15] Stanley was in London on the 31st of March, when a burst of cannon announced the proclamation of the event.

'I supped with the Buxtons, and at 10 P.M. had hardly sate down when everyone started to their feet at the same moment, with the same exclamation, "The Peace! the Peace!" How it reminded me of the morning of the 16th. They sounded magnificently in the still night. I entreated them to wake the children, that the historical continuity of the event might be carried on to the next generation. But they slept too soundly, in spite of all the exertions of their parents.'

Throughout the three years of European war which followed the conclusion of his Eastern tour Stanley found his chief relaxation from literary work or domestic anxieties in expeditions to different parts of England, Wales, and Scotland. Now he is at Ilfracombe exploring traditions of William de Tracy, one of the murderers of Becket; now in Cumberland, investigating the genuineness of the sword of Hugh de Morville, another of the four Knights; now at Caernarvon Castle and Rhuddlan, following the fortunes of

[15] The peace was concluded at Paris on March 30, 1856.

Edward I. and his son. Now, again, he is at Berkeley Castle. 'I have seen,' he writes,

'the poor Edward first trying to escape to Lundy Island; then sleeping in his damask bed in the Castle; then in the dark dungeon; then brought up into the room, almost as dark, over the gateway, one small portal window alone admitting the light, a little pallet in the corner, richly decorated, on which the unhappy King slept quietly for two nights. Then, on the third night, I have heard "the shrieks of death; shrieks of an agonising King"; and all was silent. At the end of a while I look up and see a black band of Benedictine monks come over from Gloucester Cathedral (just burnt down), take the body, and, for want of horses, fasten stags out of the Castle park to the bier (I am afraid you will think me as bad as the boy who saw the cats, but I assure you it is so, and the stags are painted round the tomb in Gloucester to indicate the tradition); and in the ruins of the Cathedral he was laid; and out of the fame of the dead man's son, and out of the crowds of pilgrims who came to worship the dead King, arose the magnificent Cathedral as it now stands.'

In August 1856 he is at Dumfries, moving through a world of Bruce and Red Comyn, Burns and the Covenanters, and possessed by the spirit of Old Mortality. Now he is at Glencoe, realising the scene of the massacre, correcting the description of Macaulay, and lighting upon a story which he 'had never heard before.'

'A solitary tree in the lower part of the valley marks the place where one of the soldiers, anxious to save his hosts, but fearing to break his oath of secrecy, said aloud to a *stone*, "If I were this stone, I should not stay here to-night?"

'If I were a Scotchman, what a beautiful subject the history of Scotland would be!'

At Glasgow he met Campbell[16] and Norman M'Leod.

'Campbell was almost a ghost, both in body and mind, "the stars shining through him." But M'Leod was all

[16] Author of the well-known volume on the *Nature of the Atonement*.

vigorous flesh and blood, and preached an admirable sermon, a little too rhetorical in style and manner, but not a word of untruth or extravagance in substance, on the loneliness of the selfish man, with immense illustrations from scenery, history, Shakespeare, Old Testament, New Testament.

'I went to him (by appointment) in the vestry afterwards, and found him delightful. He came in the morning here, and talked for a hour or more. He is far the best specimen of the Scotch Church I have seen. Indeed, I know no one like him in the English Church. He ran over every subject. He was evidently delighted to see me, and said, "I have given my congregation every scrap of your book on the Corinthians that they were able to bear; and as to your book on 'Sinai and Palestine,' it is simply inexhaustible." I would gladly have made him a Bishop in England.'

During Stanley's visit to Scotland the report was circulated in the North that he was to be appointed to the vacant See of London. One of his friends, writing from Dundee, urged him not to hesitate if the report was really true.

'"Now or never" is the right view. Either accept or give up for ever. Nothing can be worse than to keep the thing hanging over you for a few years longer.

'Think of the position in which your father was in 1837–38 at Norwich, and then think of the funeral. Is there anything you may not accomplish in twenty years?

'Honesty, simplicity, general ability, and knowledge of the world, a good fortune and position, seem to me the best materials for a Bishop. All these you have; therefore do not hesitate, whether London or any other is offered.'

The report was, however, without foundation. Dr. Tait, his former tutor at Balliol, his companion at Bonn, Arnold's successor at Rugby, and his own colleague on the Oxford University Commission, was promoted from the Deanery of Carlisle to the See of London. 'He will,' writes Stanley, 'in my humble judgment, give the Church of England a great lift. Scotland, as you may suppose, claps her hands and sings for joy at his elevation.' Stanley

heard the new Bishop's farewell sermon in Carlisle Cathedral, and a fortnight later (October 1856) announces that he has consented to become his examining-chaplain.

There was at first some idea of Stanley preaching the consecration sermon. Ultimately, however, the Rev. G. E. L. Cotton, then head-master of Marlborough, and afterwards Bishop of Calcutta, was chosen. The following extract from one of Stanley's letters expresses his delight at the success of the preacher :

'At last a rose has blossomed almost without a thorn. I cannot describe to you the satisfaction at the success of Cotton's sermon. Even had I preached the same, it was much better that it should come from him than from me, and I am perfectly convinced that I should not have preached anything nearly so good. The one thorn, if there be one, was that I was not there to hear it.'

In the interval between the appointment of Dr. Tait to the See of London and the first examination of candidates for Holy Orders within his diocese, Stanley was offered, and had accepted, the Professorship of Ecclesiastical History in the University of Oxford. Though he did not at once resign his Canonry at Canterbury, and though he did not enter upon his new duties till the summer of 1857, the appointment began a new stage in his career.

CHAPTER XV

1856–8

INTRODUCTORY LECTURES AS PROFESSOR OF ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY, FEBRUARY 1857—TOUR IN SWEDEN AND RUSSIA, JULY–SEPTEMBER, 1857—INSTALLED AS CANON OF CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD, MARCH 1858

ON December 2nd, 1856, the Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History, the Rev. Robert Hussey, died suddenly from heart-disease. Stanley's friends at Oxford, and especially the Dean of Christ Church (Dr. Liddell) and the Master of Pembroke (Dr. Jeune), at once urged upon Lord Palmerston Stanley's strong claims to the vacant chair. Their efforts were successful. On December 10th, 1856, Stanley received the following letter from Lord Palmerston:

'Downing Street: December 9, 1856.

'Sir,—I have been authorised by The Queen to offer to you the Professorship of Ecclesiastical History vacant by the death of the late Mr. Hussey, and I shall be glad to hear from you that it will be agreeable to you to undertake the duties of that office.

'I am, Sir,

'Yours faithfully,

'PALMERSTON.

'The Rev. A. Stanley.'

In the last seven years Stanley had taken firm root at Canterbury. His life there had been so busy, useful, and happy, that he dreaded the return to Oxford, with its inevitable plunge into theological controversy. It was, there-

fore, not without reluctance and misgiving that he accepted the Professorship of Ecclesiastical History. Fortunately, the pang of severance was softened by a long respite, which gradually reconciled him to the final change. A Canonry at Christ Church was attached to the Professorship; but it was not till March 1858 that a stall fell vacant. Till that date Stanley retained his Canonry and home at Canterbury, only residing at Oxford during the discharge of his professorial duties.

'Oh! this Professorship!' he writes to Pearson:

'I do not well see how I could have declined it, certainly not after the efforts made to procure it. But at times my heart quite sinks at the prospect both of the work and of the place. I keep Canterbury till Christ Church becomes vacant.'

Stanley had good grounds for his misgivings. His intellectual fitness for the Professorship could not be questioned. 'Of all offices,' wrote the Dean of Christ Church, who was active on his behalf, 'this is the office for him; and of all men, he is the man for the office.' A few of the resident members of the University, including the Warden of New College and the Master of Pembroke, agreed with the Dean in thinking that his return to Oxford was 'a real blessing' and 'a public good,' and that he might 'save the cause of the Divinity Professors' in the University. But the majority of the older residents undoubtedly held a contrary opinion. Both on political and ecclesiastical grounds the appointment was unwelcome. As an ardent advocate of University Reform, and as Secretary of the late Commission, he had run counter to the conservatism of Oxford. At the same time, the tone of his theological writings was distasteful to both of the two great ecclesiastical parties—alike to the followers of Dr. Macbride and to those of Dr. Pusey. Some of Stanley's

theological opponents were, undoubtedly, men who magnified minute points of difference into exaggerated importance. Others, equally beyond question, seriously dreaded the probable results of any reaction from the dogmatism of the Creeds, feared that the residuum of belief, which might survive the eclectic process, would prove 'a reed of Egypt,' and deprecated the search for any common ground which was not firm and definite.

These feelings among resident members of the University found, at first, no outward expression beyond a cold reception of the new Professor. 'How many letters of congratulation,' he asks Pearson, 'do you suppose I have received from residents in Oxford? One from Jowett, and —*not one besides*.' Nor could the warmth of the solitary letter of congratulation entirely compensate the absence of others. 'I am delighted,' writes Professor Jowett,

'more than I can express. As children go about saying to themselves, "This is Christmas Day," or "This is Easter Sunday," so I go about saying to myself that one of my oldest and best friends is Professor of Ecclesiastical History.'

If it is difficult to decide whether the fears of Stanley's opponents were at all justified by results, it is impossible to deny that the hopes of his friends were largely realised. Outside the University the appointment was received with general satisfaction. Some of his friends thought that the Professorship was, as a matter of preferment, not a subject of congratulation; others, that the pain of leaving Canterbury must outweigh the pleasure of returning to Oxford. Some regretted his exchange of 'a freer air' for 'the numbness of life' which, except among the younger men, they detected in the University; others dreaded his probable entanglement with theological polemics; others lamented the intrusion of educational details upon more congenial

work. But all were agreed in recognising that the Professorship, though stripped of some of the accidents of ecclesiastical greatness, afforded the opportunity of acquiring an influence in the Church which no Bishop had exercised, or could hope to exercise. They were convinced that, though Stanley might be caught tripping by scholars, the field was one for which his studies and historical instincts gave him exceptional qualifications. They hoped that he was exchanging the romantic, poetical, imaginative, antiquarian interests of Canterbury for a sphere which added to those interests others of a more widely useful character. There was much in the preparation for Holy Orders at Oxford which was dull, tasteless, and even lowering. Stanley's friends felt assured that his never-failing sympathy with young minds would impart to his own work, and to that of his hearers, perpetual freshness, and that his enthusiasm would inspire theological study with a life and interest which were before felt only by the few and studious. Nor did they despair of his finding in ecclesiastical history a subject on which he might expatiate without encountering the unhappy pitfalls of theological controversy.

The first difficulty with which the new Professor was confronted was the choice of his subject. So early as February 1856 Stanley had written to Hugh Pearson a letter, from which the following passage is extracted:

'I have been turning over in my mind, and formed this conclusion about, the remaining work of my life. Either: (1) The History of the Chosen People (as you propose), or (2) The History of English Christianity (beginning from the earliest times, and going on as late as I could). Each has its advantages, and I shall not determine positively on the one or the other for this year.'

Before the year was ended he had been offered the Pro-

fessorship of Ecclesiastical History, and was obliged to decide upon the subject of his course of lectures. Early in December 1856, on the morning after he had accepted the appointment, he burst into his mother's room before she was dressed. 'I have settled my first course. I shall begin with Abraham. He is the true beginning of ecclesiastical history.' A few days later he writes again to the 'wise Hugh' Pearson, who was throughout his life his most trusted counsellor:

'The lectures are beginning to dawn upon me. Will you turn over in your mind whether the Council of Nicæa, described after the manner of the Becket murder, and backed by a set of lectures (after, as I hope, our summer visit to Russia) on the Greek Church, on Constantine, Constantinople, and Athanasius, would be a fitting course? You will perceive one great danger—the fear lest I should appear to disparage the Homoiousion. Perhaps it may be avoided by an appearance of total neutrality. Consider secretly this matter. It has in many ways great advantages.'

The final result of long deliberations was that Stanley decided to deliver three Introductory Lectures on the Province, the Study, and the Advantages of Ecclesiastical History, and to follow these with the courses which were afterwards embodied in his Lectures on the History of the Eastern Church, and, at greater length, in his Lectures on the Jewish Church. When these were completed, he proposed to 'withdraw gradually into the Church of England.'

Before commencing his professorial duties, he conducted his first examination as Examining Chaplain to the new Bishop of London. He found the work 'exceedingly interesting and instructive,' and the Bishop 'as good as gold.' 'The Bishop's addresses,' he writes,

'were admirable. He delivered two to the first set, three to the second, and one to the whole. The last, which was,

perhaps, the most open to objections in itself, though still most excellent, was one of the most powerful exhortations I ever heard—quite surprising: such tremendous energy, such great simplicity, and, on the whole, such remarkable strength and soundness of mind. The whole was extempore. It has very much raised my opinion of his abilities.'

His first impression of the interest of the work, and of the inspiring force of the Bishop's addresses, was confirmed by successive examinations. 'I am still of the belief,' he wrote in June 1857, 'that in point of influence and power the Chaplaincy is a more valuable post than my Professorship.' In 1859 he expressed himself in similar language:

'The most interesting weeks I spend in the year (as far as Church matters and theology are concerned) I reckon to be those I spend at Fulham examining the candidates for Ordination. It is all hurry and scurry, and often unsatisfactory in men and things; but still there is a real response awakened, and a sense of give and take, which I highly value.'

The insight which the position gave him into the needs of young men preparing for Holy Orders at Oxford was also of practical use to him as an Ecclesiastical Professor. When, in 1860, a friend remonstrated with him upon overtaxing his strength with the work of Ordination examinations, he replied: 'I value my Examining Chaplaincy more than any of my present posts'; and he retained the office till his appointment to the Deanery of Westminster in 1863.

In February 1857 Stanley delivered his three Introductory Lectures on Ecclesiastical History.[1] 'They were,' he writes to Pearson, 'evidently quite successful. Oxford is dry as dust. I think that the most triumphant part was the eulogy on Hussey.[2] The third lecture was immensely

[1] *Three Introductory Lectures on the Study of Ecclesiastical History.* Oxford, 1857.

[2] The reference to the late Professor Hussey concludes the first lecture.

applauded, and terminated with the Delectable Mountains. 'I think,' he adds in a second letter, 'that they may be thought too rhetorical.' The first lecture begins, the third ends, with a quotation from the devout Nonconformist tinker whom Stanley himself called the 'Robert Burns of England.' Years before he had been struck by the passage in the 'Pilgrim's Progress' describing the treasures of the House Beautiful, which were shown to solace and cheer Christian on his pilgrimage. At the time he had promised himself that, if he were ever called upon to address an Oxford audience on ecclesiastical history, he would begin his lecture with the quotation. Now he kept his promise.

In this choice of a quotation from John Bunyan to be his first words as Professor of Ecclesiastical History there lies something more than the fulfilment of a self-made promise. The choice was eminently characteristic of the spirit of lectures into which is condensed the very essence of Stanley's later sermons and writings. The three Introductory Lectures embody his inmost heart and mind and life. They give the key to his beliefs, his hopes, his aspirations. They explain his reading of the past, his attitude towards the present, his faith in the future.

Stanley refuses to accept the boundaries within which his subject was generally restricted. He pushes back the horizon of ecclesiastical history into the dim distance of primeval ages, and includes within its vast circumference not only the religious, but the moral, social, and political influences which have affected the growth of the Christian community. In range, both of time and interests, he claims for his subject a wide extension. He seeks his starting-point neither in the sixteenth century, nor in the fifth, nor yet in the second. He ascends the stream of time beyond the Reformers, the Popes, or the Fathers, to the first of the

Patriarchs. In the call of Abraham he sees the first beginning of continuous growth. In the patriarchal chief, as he moves westwards from Ur of the Chaldees, he discerns the first figure in an unbroken succession, the founder of the Chosen People, the first Father of the Universal Church. As with the date, so with the interests of ecclesiastical history. 'If the Christian Church be not a priestly caste, or a monastic order, or a little sect, or a handful of opinions, but "the whole congregation" of "faithful men" "dispersed throughout the world,"' then it is impossible to understand the history of the Church apart from the history of the world; secular and religious, civil and ecclesiastical, are inextricably commingled. He demands for the history of the Church of God a range as wide as that of the world which it was designed to penetrate. He protests against the narrowing processes by which theological terms are clipped, marred, and debased, until a word like 'ecclesiastical' carries no further value in the currency of language than that of contests for the retention or abolition of vestments, or the accidental, outward, ceremonial machinery of a Christian society.

The history of the world, he maintains, cannot be severed from the history of the Church; much more is it impossible to separate the interests of the clergy from the interests of the laity. The combination of secular and religious elements is effected in various ways—sometimes by the intellectual or political influence of the clergy, sometimes by the transfer of the spiritual guidance of mankind to laymen. There are periods in the thirteenth or in the fourteenth centuries when it was not to a priest, an 'Angelic Doctor,' or a Bishop—not even to a Pope—that men looked for the true interpretation of the feelings of mediæval Christendom. It is, rather, to a high-minded ruler like St. Louis, or a gifted writer like the poet Dante. At every stage in

the history of the English Reformation is impressed the iron will of Henry VIII. or Elizabeth, and above the theological influence of the most gifted divine of the seventeenth century stands that which was exercised by the 'half-heretic, half-Puritan layman, the author of Paradise Lost.'

When Stanley, passing from the province of ecclesiastical history to its study, asks how life may be restored to the most withered forms and sapless institutions, he answers the question with his own experience. Doctrines and opinions, viewed through the medium of the lives and characters of those who received and taught them, cease to be phantoms, and speak as men. The practical justice and moderation of creeds and confessions are best understood when students figure to themselves the lips by which they were first uttered, the hands by which they were first written. And in the historical methods which he thus urged upon his hearers he had himself found the best safeguard against the levelling tendencies of ecclesiastical study, which confound things essential and unessential; the strongest protection against partiality or exclusiveness; the fullest enjoyment of the special privileges conferred by membership of a Church which, in its constitution, origin, and formularies, touches all the religious elements that have divided Christendom. That man, adds Stanley, is the truest son of the Church of England—

> 'who, in the spirit of this union, feels himself free to sympathise with the several elements and principles of good which are thus combined—who knows that the strength of a National Church, especially of the Church of a nation like ours, lies in the fact that it has never been surrendered exclusively to any one theological influence, and that the Christian faith which it has inherited from all is greater than the differences which it has inherited from each.'

From the province and the study of ecclesiastical

history Stanley proceeds to its advantages. The first advantage on which he seizes, and the illustration by which it is enforced, are at once the fruit of his own experience in the past and the promise of his personal influence in the future. Ecclesiastical history teaches facts—the most stubborn guides in the mazes of casuistry, 'the most convincing' and 'the least irritating modes of persuasion.'

'The wrath which is kindled by an anathema, by an opinion, by an argument, is often turned away by a homely fact. It is like suddenly meeting an enemy face to face of whom we have known only by report: he is different to what we expected; we cannot resist the pressure of his hand and the glance of his eye; he has ceased to be an abstraction, he has become a person. How many elaborate arguments respecting terms of salvation and terms of communion are shivered to pieces, yet without offence, almost without resistance, as they are "walked through" (if I may use the expression) by such heathens as Socrates, such Nonconformists as Howard, such Quakers as Elizabeth Fry.'

One by one Stanley enumerates the advantages of the study, till he reaches at last the comparison which ecclesiastical history suggests between what the Church is and what in the Scriptures it was intended to be—'between what it has been, and what from the same source we trust that it may be.' It is the fire of intense conviction which burns beneath his words on the 'endless vigour and vitality' of the Scriptures. It is the force of an unquestioning faith, based upon the warrant of those same Scriptures, which inspires his trust in a new and greater future for the Church of Christ. This prospect was the vision of the Delectable Mountains, which, now clear, now clouded, but never wholly obscured, encouraged all his efforts. 'Each age of the Church has, as it were, turned over a new page in the Bible, and found a response to its own wants.' The hope that 'we have still a leaf to turn, a leaf not the less new because it

is so old,' was the mainstay of his life and the solace of his death. Stanley lived and died in the conviction that

'there were stores of spiritual strength yet unexplored in the forces of the Christian Church; that the existing materials, principles, and doctrines of the Christian religion are far greater than have ever yet been employed; that the Christian Church, if it ever be permitted or enabled to use them, has a long lease of new life, and new hope before it, such as has never yet been enjoyed. When we look on the Bible on the one hand, and history on the other—when we see what are the points on which the Scriptures lay most emphatic stress—when we remember how constant is the protest of Scripture, and, we may add, of the best spirits of Christendom also, against preferring any cause, or opinion, or ceremony, to justice, holiness, truth, and love—how constantly and steadily all these same intimations point to One Divine Object, and One only, as the life and essence of Christianity—can we hesitate to say that, if the Christian Church be drawing to its end, or if it continue to its end with no other objects than those which it has hitherto sought, it will end with its acknowledged resources confessedly undeveloped, its finest hopes of usefulness almost untried and undeveloped?'

Constituted as the University then was, Stanley's views were certain to provoke opposition. The following letter[3] from Dr. Pusey shows the light in which his opinions were regarded by an influential party in Oxford:

'My dear Stanley,—Now that you are coming among us, I must say what I have not hitherto said.

'Loving you personally, I was grieved not to be able to congratulate you on your appointment. But I viewed it with sorrow and fear.

'I am sure that, whatever ground your and Professor Jowett's pupils occupy, it will not be yours. It must be onward or backward. I have said to Professor Jowett that I could not hold his faith for an hour. Intellectually it is, I am sure, inconsistent, and although in some way his

[3] The letter and the answer are both undated. Both were probably written in February 1858, after the stall at Christ Church, which was attached to the Professorship, had fallen vacant.

religious feeling enables him, I suppose, not to push things to their results, with his pupils it must be different. Pupils see the inconsistency, and either follow out theories to their consequence, or give up the theory. But actual unbelief has made frightful inroads already.

'Of your later works I have read less. Only in the "Sinai and Palestine" I see the shrinking from the mention of miracles which, in the next generation, develops into the unbelief of them. The reports which I have heard of your lecture on Abraham were very distressing to me.

'I do not care to involve you in needless controversy. I only wished you to know that what might seem to you coldness was not such, but simple distress.

'Yours affectionately,

'E. B. PUSEY.'

Stanley replied as follows:

'My dear Dr. Pusey,—I am much obliged to you for your kind note and cordial welcome. I will not enter into any controversy on the points you mention. You will, however, perhaps permit me to say this much, I trust with all due respect:—

'First, as I know that you have greatly misunderstood what my friend Professor Jowett has said on one class of subjects, so I trust that you may also have misunderstood what I may have said, or have been reported to have said, on a different class of subjects.

'Secondly, I would beg respectfully, but seriously, to suggest to you that the fears which you express respecting the tendency of the teaching of those from whom you differ are the very same which are entertained by many excellent persons respecting the tendency of the teaching of those with whom you agree.

'I do not doubt that your teaching, which by many is thought so dangerous, and necessarily conducing to results that you would greatly deprecate, is to some amongst us the best stay of their faith. But I am no less sure that the teaching of those whom you dread may be, and is, the best stay of the faith of others who, if your teaching were their sole alternative, would be driven into utter unbelief.

'Forgive me if I have spoken more openly than our respective positions would justify, and believe me that I shall only be too anxious to believe that we have always

the same object in view, namely, that of building up the faith of the rising generation on a foundation which cannot be shaken, and leaving the unknown results to God.

'I remain, my dear Dr. Pusey, with many thanks for former kindness, still gratefully remembered,

'Yours very faithfully,

'A. P. STANLEY.'

These two letters strike the keynote to the almost perpetual discord of controversy in which, both at Oxford and Westminster, Stanley was destined to live. For the present, however, all was peace. The disappointment at his cold reception in the University, and the pain of leaving Canterbury, gradually passed away in the growing interest of his new work. In May 1857 he began his continuous course of professorial lectures at Oxford. But until a canonical stall fell vacant at Christ Church he had no settled house in the University. He lodged at 115 High Street, 'the same lodgings,' as he tells his mother, 'which Arnold occupied before his marriage, as Fellow of Oriel.' In his letters throughout the term he speaks with increasing pleasure of the numbers that attended his lectures; of the interest that he felt in the eighty 'pupils, hearers, learners, disciples—suggest a name—' who came to him for private instruction; and of the efforts which he was making to gain the friendship of undergraduates in the freedom of social intercourse. Before the summer term was over the charms of Oxford had regained some of their former power: he appreciated the influence which his new position enabled him to exercise; he grew reconciled to the thought of his impending departure from Canterbury.

In July 1857 he started on a tour through Russia, taking with him a courier named Djarlieb and two companions, one of whom was 'young Arthur Butler, the son of the late Dean of Peterborough.' His principal object was to study the history of the Greek Church.

Sweden, which he visited on his way to St. Petersburg, possessed for his mind four principal points of interest: the old Scandinavian worship, the pure Saxon type presented by the inhabitants of Dalecarlia, the Lutheran Church, and the fortunes of the Vasa family. But at Stockholm, the Swedish Diet, and even the tombs and relics of Gustavus Adolphus and of Charles XII., absorbed him less than the search for the traditional *stock*, or log, which, floating up the Mälar Lake from Sigtuma, the ancient capital of Sweden, guided the traditional settler to the granite rocks on which Stockholm is built. The venerable *stock* was nowhere to be found; guide-books gave no clue; Swedish friends either had not heard of it, or disbelieved its existence; Djarlieb, the courier, suggested that it had been burnt. Still Stanley persevered. One morning he disappeared. His travelling-companion was anxiously searching for him, when he was directed by a friend to the vaults under a tower which had been turned into a Government pawnshop. 'He has found his *stock*,' added the informant. 'There sate Stanley,' writes the Rev. A. G. Butler, 'in triumph, amid a small crowd of wondering Swedes, patting the log affectionately.'

The Swedish scenery, with its silence and its stillness, its lakes and rivers, its long stretches of fir and birch woods, alternating with open spaces dotted with red, wooden, toy-like cottages, made comparatively little impression. The distances were often enormous, and the roads, to him, uninteresting. But one proverb which he learned from the courier on one of these journeys rewarded him for much fatigue. In after-life it was often on his lips as a plea for toleration. Djarlieb, unable to procure horses, was denouncing the Swedish postmasters. 'They are,' he said, 'as stupid as brute beasts, as stupid as the day they were born. But then,' he added, resignedly, '*You cannot get*

more out of an ox than beef.' Stanley's enthusiasms were reserved for other scenes than those of Nature. When such an object lay before him as the graves of Thor, Freya, and Odin, nothing exhausted his energy. At Upsala he outlasted the strength of his youthful companions. Several hours had been spent on reaching the place, several more in seeing the sights of the old and new town. But seven o'clock in the evening found him able to drive on alone, for seven miles, across a wild moor, to see the 'Moor Stone,' where the ancient kings of Sweden were crowned.

Prepared to find the Lutheran ritual puritanically plain and bald, he was surprised at the gorgeousness of the priestly vestments. In the Sacristy at Upsala he was astonished at the splendour of the Archbishop's cope and mitre. At a service at Stockholm 'the officiating priest wore the most splendid vestment I have ever seen in any church; and who would have thought of meeting it in Sweden!' For other reasons than those of ritual the Sunday service at Lecksand, on the southern shores of Lake Silojan, in the heart of Dalecarlia, impressed him vividly, more strongly even than the Troll-hätten Falls and Old Upsala.

'The church may be taken as a general type of the Dalecarlian, or, indeed, the Swedish churches: a large white-washed building, surmounted by a copper roof and dome; ladders leaning against the wall (as against the walls of all the houses) in case of fire, and to roll off the winter snow; a belfry of wood, painted red; a wide, straggling churchyard. This is the parish church of one of the three great parishes along the shores of the lake. The rector, to whom I had a general commendation from the bishop of the diocese, is the Dean of Westerol, and lives in a comfortable house close by. . . . He gave us due notice of the time and mode of seeing the congregation arrive. We went down to the lake, about half a mile from the village, where the steep banks retire from a shady nook, and the fir forests have left a small vacant space. Already when we reached the spot at 7.30 A.M., they had begun to come.

Six boats were on the beach landing their crews, men and women, all in their highest costume.

'And on the broad waters of the lake six more were seen approaching from various directions, each from its own village on the opposite shore, where every slope and promontory was sprinkled with the red cottages of the populous region. Like birds with outstretched wings, the white spots, with their outspread oars, came soaring towards us, and all at last drove into the little creek.

'It was such a spot as is given in pictures of Robinson Crusoe's or Cook's voyages for the landing of the savages, —perfectly silent and solitary; the wild woods waving above, the blue waters and yellow sand below. Silently, and with the utmost composure, each party, usually thirty from each boat, was disembarked, the men stepping out first, and finding on the shore a pole or plank, which was put against the boat, and down which the women walked, shaking out their finery as they leaped on the shore. The men were mostly dressed—as, indeed, in a lesser degree, they are on work-days—in knee-breeches, white or yellow, tied at the knees with parti-coloured strings, and long blue cloth coats, embroidered at the shoulders; the women in white or red caps, and red and yellow gowns, and high-heeled shoes. Some had brought their babies; some, too, were very little girls; but all were dressed exactly the same; the youngest was a precise copy of the oldest. All had light hair and blue eyes; the men and boys had long hair, cut round behind. Each carried his or her "Psalm-book" (it is what in the Swedish Church answers to the Prayer-book), carefully wrapped up, and in the other hand a nosegay or a large bunch of onions, the latter for their breakfast or luncheon.

'As each party landed they wound through the pathways up the steep, sandy bank, through the dark fir-wood, the men taking one path, the women another—paths worn, doubtless, by the footsteps of centuries, for at this spot who can say how many generations have, Sunday after Sunday, disembarked, in the same boats, in the same order, almost in the same dress, as now? They then gradually spread over the village of Lecksand, and into the churchyard. It was a bright sun, and scattered about they looked like clusters of yellow flowers. Presently three coffins, which had been brought in the boats, were lifted up and

carried to the churchyard, and then, high above the grave on the slope of the hill, were piled the white caps, like a pyramid of snow. All joined in the funeral Psalms.

'This over, they streamed into the great church. The pastor reckoned them at 5,000. Perhaps this was over the mark; but the church was quite full. The women were about double the number of men, and they sate apart. . . . And then began the usual service—Psalms, prayers, and sermon. It being Sacrament Sunday (indeed, there is a Sacrament every Sunday), the pastor (the curate of the Dean) read in his crimson cope, a huge crucifix standing over one of the transepts. Strangely combined with it are pictures of Gustavus Adolphus, Charles XII., and Bernadotte. The men hung their hats on the many-branched chandeliers, or on horned antlers of wood rising out of the pews.

'The Dean preached, as usual, on the Gospel of the day, which happened to be the Transfiguration, which the Swedish Church observes, though we do not. He had not even a gown, but preached simply in his black coat, waving a white handkerchief, which seems an inseparable part of the costume. They were, with some occasional exceptions of talking, very devout. We went out after the beginning of the sermon, and I came in again as the sacramental part of the service was ending and the elements carried off. They administer with wafers. Then, gradually, the congregation broke up in large masses, and finally dispersed and disappeared.

'. . . . It was a sight well worth the journey. There was a comeliness in their faces, and brilliancy in their dresses, a mixture of solemnity and festivity in their whole manner, which made it most striking. As one saw the dull, heavy face of the pastor, and contrasted it with the beaming fervour of the flock, one could not help thinking how independent and stable the religion of these people must be, and how little it stands in need of any modern revival. Long may the Sundays of the Dalecarlian Lake flourish and abound! . . . .'

On August 1st, 1857, Stanley left Stockholm by steamer for Helsingfors and St. Petersburg. The sunrises and sunsets of the Baltic passed almost unnoticed before his eyes; the innumerable fir-crowned islands provoked nothing

but the remark, 'I feel as if I never wished to see an island again as long as I live.' His Swedish interests had vanished; the Russian interests lay in the future. The intermediate voyage, 'the blank part of the journey,' as he calls it, was devoted to reading. He worked like a general preparing for his campaign. 'And now,' he said to A. G. Butler as they landed at St. Petersburg, 'for Peter the Great and Ivan the Terrible.' The results of the Russian tour are so fully embodied in his 'Lectures on the Eastern Church' that only a few extracts can be given from his numerous and graphic letters.

To his cousin, the Hon. Louisa Stanley, he describes his first drive through St. Petersburg:

'Amidst a clatter and confusion almost equal to that of the Cairo donkey-boys, we leap into the first empty droshky that we find, and off we fly.

'Do you know what a droshky is? You and I have imagined to ourselves, from our earliest years, though little thinking that we should see with our mortal eyes an ancient car and charioteer. But this is exactly what a droshky is—a small light vehicle, which only wants scythes to make it perfectly savage; a light seat in front, on which sits a charioteer, draped in a long robe, holding in both his hands the reins of a fiery steed, which flies through the streets, trampling all before him. You almost expect, as you look back, to see Hector's body dragged behind.

'You hold your breath at first, and think that man, woman, and child will be swept before you, or that you will be dashed to pieces against this or that droshky from opposite quarters racing against you, or this splendid carriage, four horses abreast, rushing by you like a whirlwind. Not so. Turning the sharpest corners, grazing wheels and heels, but never with collision or confusion, these charioteers pick their way. See! we are passing another droshky. Our driver gives the horse of his rival a slash as he passes. The other driver wheels furiously round, pursues us, overtakes us, catches, not our man, but our horse, by the mane, slashes him violently, and vanishes away.

'But I have said nothing of what we have seen in the streets. Wide thoroughfares, granite quays, storehouses, barracks, offices, offices, barracks, storehouses — this is Petersburg. Yet it, too, has its glories. Look at the broad, majestic Neva, which, ages before Peter, gave its name to the old Russian warrior-saint, Alexander of the Neva, who now lies in a splendid tomb on its banks. Look at the long line of palaces facing the quays. Look at the gilded domes and spires, flashing like meteors, both by sunlight and moonlight, above the churches. Yes! with all its faults, it is a truly imperial city, though the youngest of all the European capitals.

'Do you see those countless pigeons, everywhere, in streets, and churches, and palaces? They multiply and multiply, because no Russian will kill what he believes to be a likeness (curious and primitive belief) of the Holy Spirit!

'Do you see that corner of the Imperial Palace on the ground-floor? In the little room which that corner contains, on a little straw mattress, and bed without curtains, Nicholas breathed his last.

'Do you see that immense structure, covering an acre of ground, like a second palace? It is the Imperial laundry. This is the scale on which the Emperor lives.'

More durable than such general views of the imperial city was the impression made on Stanley's mind by Peter the Great. The man himself—with his gigantic stature, his long black hair falling back from his fine forehead, his fierce eyes, his mouth clothed with indomitable power—became once more to the traveller's vivid imagination a living being. Everywhere he marked the monuments of Peter's herculean vigour:

'The more one looks at this immense city, and thinks of this mighty Emperor, the more one is struck by the singular greatness of the man, who, with all his barbarism, and all his weaknesses, and all his sins, conceived, and, by one tremendous wrench, almost, you may say, by his own manual labour and by his own sole gigantic strength, executed the prodigious idea of dragging the nation into the

light of Europe, and erecting a new capital and a new empire amongst the cities and the kingdoms of the world.'

And as Stanley travels through Russia to Moscow the immensity of Peter's task grew upon his mind. 'If you wish,' he writes to his friend, Mr. (now Sir) George Grove,

'to bring out the dramatic effect of Russian history, it could not be better done than by the contrast between Moscow and Petersburg—the great Eastern nation striving to become Western, or, rather, the nation, half-Eastern, half-Western, dragged against its will by one gigantic genius, literally dragged by the heels and kicked by the boots of the Giant Peter into contact with the European world.'

But even Peter the Great yielded to the fascinations of the subject which Stanley had come to study—the history of the Greek Church. The task was one of extreme difficulty. Without knowing a word of the language, it was not easy to penetrate the meaning of symbols, sacred pictures, ritual, and ceremonial observances. Djarlieb, the courier, not only spoke Russian imperfectly, but despised 'ecclesiastical trifles,' and therefore proved an inefficient interpreter. When Stanley, with eager look and half-parted lips, poured forth a string of questions to the bearded, solemn, semi-Oriental priest who acted as his guide through the Church of the Assumption at Moscow, the answers received no other explanation from the courier than 'Ce n'est rien! ce n'est qu'une idée!' Day after day he returned, full of a disappointment that bordered on despair, from a building which, from cupola to pavement, was bursting with tombs, pictures, inscriptions, and symbolism. 'One moves about,' as he wrote to Professor Jowett, 'like a Homeric hero in thick darkness, protected sometimes by a god or goddess, sometimes by a very inadequate Hermes, and has to guess at the world as it passes before one.'

His Russian friends eagerly lent themselves to the task

of helping him. Memories of the Crimean War were still so recent that an Englishman at first met with a cold reception. But few Russians could resist Stanley's enthusiasm and interest in all that they most valued. Astonished, flattered, charmed, they became his devoted allies. Only once did he give offence to his hosts. General Mouravieff had taken special pains to procure him from England some English porter. Stanley drank it without comment or remark. When the General asked him how he liked his porter, he was obliged to confess that he had not known what he was drinking. Everywhere his friends helped him in every way they could. But their knowledge was not proportioned to their kindness. Stanley seemed as far as ever from getting to the heart of things. Suddenly light dawned. A fortunate introduction made him acquainted with Michael Sukatin, a judge in the Court of Justice, 'a patriot to the backbone, orthodox to the heart's core, with an answer ready for every question.' Sukatin became at once 'l'homme précieux,' the interpreter, the expounder, whom Stanley and his friends had anxiously sought.

Absorbed in his ecclesiastical inquiries, he took little interest in the traces of Napoleon's occupation of Moscow. So, too, at Novgorod he was comparatively indifferent to the picturesque crowds of Persians, Tartars, and Russians, who thronged the world-famous fair ; the sight which chiefly excited him was a puppet-show of the Coronation of the Emperor. His imagination, essentially human and historical, allowed but a passing glance at the celebrated view of the junction of the Oka with the Volga, or at the vast, sweeping, illimitable plains, which stretched far away to the regions of the frozen North. But where ecclesiastical history was concerned nothing escaped his eye. Eager to reach the ultimate sources of knowledge, and always

ready with questions for particular persons, which they alone could best answer, he spared no pains to secure trustworthy information, by personal interviews with the highest living authorities, such as Philaret, the venerable Metropolitan of Moscow. Day after day, with unflagging interest, he watched the crowds of worshippers and penitents going through their prostrations and genuflexions with the fervour and intensity of absolute faith. 'Their ritual,' he would say to A. G. Butler, 'means more to them, and does more for them, than our ritual has ever done, or can ever do, for us.' No Russian peasant excelled Stanley in the reverential pleasure with which he passed bareheaded through the Gate of the Redeemer, or in the delight with which he observed all ceremonies that were neither corrupted nor unmeaning. No Russian patriot surpassed him in the enthusiasm with which he looked upon some painting that was known to have inspired the courage of a Demetrius of the Don, a Peter the Great, or an Alexander at the Beresina. And, before he left Russia, few natives had more vividly realised the lives and characters of the national saints, and the incidents in their history which entitled them to veneration.

Gradually, as Stanley grasped the central features of the history of the Russian Church, events grouped themselves round three cities, parted into periods, and centred round representative men. The first, or ancient, period is identified with the conversion of the Sclavonic races, associated with Kieff, linked with the name of Vladimir, who was baptised in 980. The enormous distance and the disturbed state of the country prevented the travellers from reaching Kieff, by tradition the Glastonbury, and in fact the Canterbury, of Russia. The early period was, therefore, studied only from books, and is scarcely touched upon in his letters. The mediæval and the transition periods,

dating from the fourteenth century, and ending with the close of the seventeenth, have Moscow for their centre: their history gathers round the Troitzka Monastery, or the Kremlin, and is associated with St. Sergius, with Ivan the Terrible, and the Patriarch Nicon. The fourth period, beginning with the eighteenth century, and continuing to the present day, is in its commencement identified with Peter the Great and the foundation of St. Petersburg, and in its more modern aspect may be represented by the Metropolitan, Philaret.

Moscow, the sacred city of the second and third periods, forms the point of contact with the fourth, or Reformation, era. Stanley thus describes his first view of the city:

'As soon as we had turned ourselves round, we threw ourselves into a carriage, and drove straight to the Kremlin. How strange is the sensation—now familiar by repetition, yet not the less thrilling for that—to rush forward to a sight long imagined, but beheld for the first time! How delightful, I must confess, to feel that even after Athens, Rome, Thebes, Jerusalem, there is a flood of enthusiasm still to be let forth at one more glorious view! In one instant it breaks upon you, looking down from the terrace of the Kremlin—the whole vast expanse of the sacred city. No panorama had given me the impression of its vast extent. It is like a boundless plain of green, the green roofs diversified with innumerable islands of forest and garden, out of which spring up, like weeds and flowers, blue, red, green, yellow, silver, golden, the domes of hundreds of churches and convent-towers. The river flows beneath. Beyond, on the horizon, is the long line of the Sparrow Hills, crowned with firs. Behind is the Kremlin. . . . such a collection of historical and architectural marvels as I have not seen in one place out of the great Piazza of S. Mark's.'

Sixty miles from Moscow lies the great monastery of Sergius, the Monastery of the Troitzka,[4] or Trinity.

[4] See *Lectures on the Eastern Church*, Lecture x.

Stanley visited the place in the company of Prince Urusoff and Michael Sukatin.

'. . . Nothing can be more truly Russian than the whole history and appearance of the convent. Sergius was a hermit in the fourteenth century, lived in the forest with the bears, and finally acquired the same kind of influence that the old Anchorites had in Syria and Egypt. When the heart of Demetrius failed him in his advance against the Tartars, it was the remonstrance of Sergius that prevailed. From this time he has acquired the character of a champion of Russia against all her enemies. The first time that I ever heard his name (unless, indeed—which is just possible—*serge* cloth is derived from him) was seeing that the present Emperor named his last-born son after "Sergius, the holy mediator of Russia."

'. . . The monasteries, at different periods of Russian history, became the sole refuge of the hopes of the nation. Besides the deliverance from the Tartars, there was a calamitous period in Russian history, when Czar, and Patriarch, and Moscow itself were swallowed up in the Polish invasion, and there was every chance that Russia would have become a province of Poland. Then this monastery, by the astonishing energy of its prior and bursar, resisted a long siege, maintained the patriotic spirit alive, and thus became the centre of all the national feelings of the Empire. The result is, that not only are the pilgrimages of the lower classes here constant, but no Emperor ever comes to Moscow without going there. The terrible Ivan built half the present edifices. The wicked Catherine used to go there on foot from Moscow—by easy stages, five miles a day. My two companions had both made their first journey there on foot, and the Prince said that all his family would expect him, on his return, to bring back with him memorials of the place. . . .

'We rose at 7, and went at once to see the Prior. He is a tall, handsome man of about 60, Antony by name. . . . He took us all over the Monastery himself; then announced that a carriage and horses were prepared to take us to the more distant establishments, in which we drove for about four miles. He loaded me with presents—books, pictures, &c.—and when I thanked him, and said that I was afraid I should be plundering the convent, as if I had been a Pole,

he caught me in his arms and embraced me with such enthusiasm that my companions thought I should be smothered. . . . . The monastery is, like all Russian monasteries, a vast fortress ; indeed, it is much the same kind of place as the Kremlin—nine churches of all colours and sizes, piles of buildings for prior, monks, painters of sacred pictures, bakers of holy bread ; a palace, once used for the Emperors, now for an academy, almost a university. . . .

'In the Treasury there was to be seen the gradual change from the rough vestment in which Sergius officiated, up to the magnificent robes, loaded with jewels and gilding, which his successors have received. In like manner, his wooden chalice transforms itself into a mass of wealth—gifts from every Czar.

'In the Church, where Sergius himself is buried, you see the exact spot, behind the altar, where Peter and his mother took refuge when they were pursued by the Strelitzes. The murderers rushed into the Church, and nothing but the altar and its sanctity stood between them and the extraordinary boy who was to change the fate of Russia. A tower is still shown from which he used to shoot ducks, and an ivory box which he turned whilst he was in refuge in the convent.

'Another curious sight and custom in the Convent of the Troitzka is the bakehouse of the sacred bread. There are two vestiges of ancient practice for which this is necessary. As in primitive times the Christians made their meal of the food which each brought for the Communion, so now the bread from which Eucharistic elements are taken is bought in the churches by the people, given by them to the priest, and what is not used is given back—or even it may be taken before it is used at all. (Such a roll they gave to me, which I shall keep as an instructive relic.) The other is, that after vespers rolls were given to support the worshippers through the night. This, too, is still continued, though vespers and matins are now merged in one. This also I have as a parting gift from the Prior.

'After the evening service at 7 P.M. we went to the Academy, and there, by appointment, met the Head of the Academy and the two (lay) Professors—of General and of Ecclesiastical History. Here it was that my two Russian friends were indispensable. None of the three dignitaries could speak anything but Russ ; but the two interpreters

plied their task with such quickness and energy that I think it rather increased than diminished the interest of the conversation. For three hours there was one incessant fire of questions and answers. First they began upon me, and begged me to explain the constitution of the University of Oxford. I did it partly by taking the Troitzka as a parallel. They were perfectly attentive. Then I had my turn. I made the Professor expound his course of Ecclesiastical History, and the Head his course of Pastoral Theology. This led to a long discussion on confession and pictures; then questions from him about the English Church, and about the Fast-day services, which gave me an opportunity of telling him about Woodall's commendation of the Imperial Family to the prayers of the congregation. It was hard work, as you may suppose, in French. But there was something so stimulating, almost touching, in their extreme pleasure and eagerness (they had never been out of Russia, probably not even to Petersburg) in making the most of this novel opportunity, that it was impossible not to be warmed by it in return. And I think that the Prince and Michael enjoyed it as much as anyone. We were tenderly kissed on our departure, and had a not unpleasant journey home. I still went on talking to Michael till 1 A.M. At 6 A.M. we called on Mouravieff,[5] to give an account of our proceedings. I am to have one more turn in the Kremlin with him on Saturday.'

At Moscow itself Stanley found 'hardly anything else to be seen except the Kremlin; but the Kremlin is inexhaustible. It is the Tower, Westminster Abbey, Canterbury Cathedral, Windsor Castle, Lambeth, all crammed together within the space of a quarter of an hour's circuit.' The vast extent, the irregularity, and the multiplicity of the buildings, the coloured domes, the girdle of crusted green towers, the view of the city which it commanded, made it 'irresistible.' Palaces and public buildings, erected at every conceivable angle, formed an architectural labyrinth, in which the churches were the only landmarks: and yet

[5] Andrew Mouravieff, the historian of the Russian Church, and brother of the Conqueror of Kars.

these were only separated and distinguished from each other by the variety in the number and colour of their cupolas. Round the three Cathedrals of the Annunciation, the Archangel, and the Assumption, hang the fortunes of the Russian Empire. In the first were celebrated all Imperial marriages, in the second were buried all the Czars down to the time of Peter the Great, in the third the Patriarchs are buried and the Emperors crowned.

'The Kremlin is surrounded by a vast wall, exactly like that of the Alhambra (only white instead of red), even to the flame-shaped parapets, the wall itself girdled by gateway-towers, mostly of crusted green. Each of the gateway-towers contains a gate of some peculiar name; the gateway at the corner the Holy Gate, through which you may imagine how I pass with an undiminished delight each time, hat in hand, every human being who passes through it, though it were the Emperor himself, doing the same. This is the approach.

'Immediately outside the Holy Gateway stands the Church of St. Basil, built by the mysterious, monstrous, marvellous Czar, Ivan the Terrible, the son of Basil. Pagoda on pagoda, pinnacle on pinnacle, chapel within chapel, cupola clustering on cupola, dome upon dome, it is senseless, useless, pointless, but most characteristic of the man, the place, and the time. Hundreds of artists and architects were kidnapped in Lubeck to build it; the architect had his eyes put out, that he might never build another.

'You enter the Kremlin, and then come, jostled together in the wildest confusion, four palaces, two monasteries, four cathedrals, seven churches, and I know not what besides. The three Imperial palaces are all attached together. They represent the three elements of the Empire:—the old barbaric grotesqueness, the modern magnificence of the Emperor's state, and the unadorned simplicity of his private life. The last speaks for itself; the second is represented in the three halls of St. George, St. Vladimir, and St. Andrew, each opening into the other, till at the end of St. Andrew's Hall you come upon the Throne of the Czar, blazing with the emblems of all the Russian provinces, as each Hall

blazes with the emblems of the three superior Orders. Nothing in any other palace, ancient or modern, Eastern or Western, can be named with this suite of gorgeous grandeur.

'Yet, far more interesting was the first which I named, the Ancient Palace of the Czars, in part remaining, in part restored, as it was left by the last of the Moscow sovereigns, Alexis, father of Peter. . . . In the centre of all these palaces stands the oldest church in Moscow, of "the Saviour in the Forest," built whilst the virgin forest, of which large parts still remain in the neighbourhood of Moscow, still covered the site of the Kremlin.'

Again and again Stanley returns to the Kremlin; and each time, as he enters, he is, as it were, fascinated by the Cathedral of St. Basil, the petrifaction, the personification in stone of Ivan the Terrible, looking like the dream of a diseased imagination, in shape, colour, and arrangement 'the monstrous creation of a monster in human form.'

Of all the three cathedrals, the Cathedral of the Assumption,[6] or of the Repose, or Last Sleep of the Virgin, impressed him most deeply.

'There is nothing on the outside to distinguish it from the other two. . . . It has no merit of size, for it is not larger than a college chapel; nor of architecture, for there is hardly an attempt at architectural ornament. But it is a Russian church, full-blown in all its details, with no admixture whatever of any of the modern innovations which, since Peter's time, have been slowly dragging the Russians into the imitation of Western usages. . . .

'Shall I confess that the only building of which it in the least reminded me was the great Hall of Karnac, at Thebes? In one sense, of course, the resemblance to Egypt is quite accidental. Neither Ivan the Great, nor Sophia, his Greek wife, nor Aristotle, his Italian architect, nor the architects of the old Cathedral of Vladimir, whence this was faithfully copied, could ever have seen or dreamed of Thebes. Yet, in another sense, it is most national. So far as I know,

[6] For a plan of the Church, see Stanley's *Eastern Church*.

Egypt and Russia are the only two countries in which pictures have played so sacred and essential a part in the religious feeling and instruction of the people. . . . One reason for this is the fact that Vladimir the Great, the first Christian prince of Russia, was converted by the sight of a Greek picture of the Last Judgment; and thus the reminiscence of the first introduction of Christianity seems to have become inseparably mixed with its later growth. . . . Round the walls of the Cathedral lie, in coffins ranged along its sides, the long line of the Metropolitans and Patriarchs. It is the Patriarchal Cathedral. Four of them are canonised. . . . It was in the centre of this church, high on a platform rising halfway to the roof, that the Coronation took place—as it has done in every case from the foundation of the Russian Empire. . . . This was not a mere show or ceremony, but a serious act, an awful consecration of himself by himself to that tremendous eminence. I fancy I see him standing there aloft, where Ivan and Michael and Peter and Nicholas have stood before. Will Nicholas, the son of Alexander, be crowned there also? Or will Petersburg be too strong for Moscow, and will the next Emperor desert the Kremlin Cathedral for the Isaak Church beside the Neva?'

In this cathedral Stanley witnessed the Festival of the Assumption:

'I shall describe the ceremony of to-day. From the moment I left England I foresaw that this must be the day for which I must aim—the day of the Assumption in the Cathedral of the Assumption, or, as I said, of the Repose in the Cathedral of the Repose. I put myself under the charge of M. Sukatin, and at 9.30 A.M. went with him to the church, which was thronged; all standing from first to last, and the service was three hours. I need not describe it in detail. It was, in fact, what I had already seen at St. Petersburg, but far more interesting, both from the place and the man; for at the head of that gorgeous procession—copes, and dalmatics, and crowns, and mitres, that might have roused envy, not only in the minds of poor craving Puseyites, but of any Pope or cardinal in the West—came tottering between his two enormous archdeacons,

wan as a shadow, his lips moving, but his gentle whisper itself inaudible, our good old friend Philaret.[7]

'His transparent, aged features looked as if they were far above any outward thing; even when the comb of two inches broad was presented to him to draw through the outstanding flakes of his hair and beard there was such a simplicity that it was impossible to take offence. Some parts of the Sacramental Service were, I thought, exceedingly curious and instructive in special points of view. There were also some points of general interest. One striking circumstance was, that whenever the Metropolitan advanced from the altar to give his blessing, which he did many times over, there was always thrown under his feet a carpet embroidered with the eagle of old Pagan Rome, to indicate that the Christian Church and Empire of Constantinople had succeeded and triumphed over it. Another moment was the appearance of three choristers before the altar, to represent the Three Children of the Furnace. On this day, too, alone in the year, was brought out the Book of the Gospel presented by Peter's mother, so huge in size, so loaded with ornaments, that two strong minor canons could hardly carry it for Philaret to read from it. . . . The singing struck me as beautiful, and, even more than the singing, the solemn and death-like silences. But the reading, the repetition, was intolerable. If I were to say that the Russian words for "Lord, have mercy upon us" were, with inconceivable rapidity, uttered 300 times, I should be under the mark; and the prayers for the Imperial Family were given over and over again in like manner. . . .'

In the same cathedral Stanley attended the service to commemorate the Coronation of the previous year:

'Prince Urusoff came in full uniform to fetch me, and I, for my part, went in black-and-white. All the official persons were there in full costume. After the close of the usual service the peculiar part of the ceremony began. Considerable excitement prevailed when a desk was erected on the platform in front of the screen, and Philaret himself advanced to preach. There was not the slightest intimation of discontent at this unexpected prolongation of a

[7] See Lecture xii. of the *Eastern Church*, and Stanley's article on 'Philaret' in *Macmillan's Magazine* for February 1868.

service already sufficiently long. On the contrary, a universal murmur ran round the official circle: "Le Métropolitain va prêcher lui-même." All the high personages pressed round and bent forward, hand above ear, to catch every word, and a death-like silence pervaded the whole church.

'There stood the old man in his long white cowl. The paper was spread out before him, and he turned over the leaves, but he scarcely looked at them. At first his voice hardly rose above a whisper, but gradually rose sufficiently distinct for a few words to reach even my ears. It was a very fine sight certainly, and one of which the Russian Church might well be proud—Philaret himself, at the age of seventy-six, commanding this breathless attention and admiration from a congregation chiefly consisting of men. Behind him stood another archbishop (a simple, plain, vigorous man), Archbishop of Kamtschatka, or Russian North America, who is here for the first time for seventeen years, which he has spent in driving about his immense diocese in a sledge drawn by reindeer, converting the heathen subjects of the Empire. Leaning against the wall was the third archbishop, the blind old Eugenius, of whom I have spoken before; he has resigned the See of Siberia, to pass the rest of his days in retirement in the Monastery of Dackoi.

'The sermon lasted for about a quarter of an hour. I could see by the faces of those round me and by the gestures of old Philaret himself how striking it was. He described the scene of this day last year—the magnificent assemblage, the splendour, the summer sun pouring his rays through the Cathedral windows, the Emperor and Empress high on their exalted throne, full of grandeur, yet full also of humility, for the whole service was nothing else but a prostration of the highest earthly power before the God of Gods—the consecration, the Communion. Then, suddenly changing his tone: "But do not suppose that the grace of the coronation, however great, is sufficient to enable a sovereign to make his people happy and holy without their concurrence. It is for you to follow out this ceremony, to co-operate with this grace; I need not argue it by text of Scripture, I appeal to your reason and common-sense whether it is not so." So Urusoff and Sukatin explained to me afterwards.

'Then, the three archbishops being seated on three thrones in the centre of the church, the old Archdeacon read the usual prayers for the Emperor and family, and appropriate passages from the Psalms: "Give him the valour of David and the wisdom of Solomon." Then came the Epistle, from Rom. xiii., read by a younger deacon, whose voice even surpassed that of his elder brother. . . . I never heard anything like it . . . the sound rising at the close with each successive word—

'"*Tribute to whom Tribute is due*;
Custom to whom Custom;
FEAR TO WHOM FEAR;
HONOUR TO WHOM HONOUR."

'Nothing else can represent to you the kind of triumph with which he looked round as the last word resounded through the Cathedral.

'With a contrast most remarkable did this volume of sound compare itself with the silver, trickling rill of the Metropolitan's voice as he read the Gospel: "Render unto Cæsar the things that be Cæsar's, and unto God the things that be God's."

'Then Philaret began in the same gentle voice a prayer of humiliation, preceding the Te Deum, which was to be the climax of the service; and for this prayer—a circumstance most unusual in the Russian Church, and only occurring on this and a few like occasions—the whole congregation from their standing position fell upon their knees. . . . From the extreme awkwardness with which the officers did it, it was evident how unaccustomed an attitude it was. The prayer ended, the congregation rose, and instantly the choir broke out in the Russian tones of the Te Deum, the bells of the Cathedral chiming in at the same moment. It sang on in a joyful strain till it reached the verse, "We pray Thee to help Thy servants," when it sank into a low, gentle supplication, and then again rose with the words: "O Lord, save Thy people, and help Thine heritage"; the Imperial Anthem; and so the service ended. Loud and long sounded the great bell of Ivan the Great, a sound enough to make the ghosts of Czars and Patriarchs rise from their graves. If this mere shadow of the Coronation was so magnificent, what must have been the reality?

'Before the Coronation Service yesterday I went with

the English Chaplain to see the departure of the Siberian exiles. They had already started, and were halting by the roadside for the first of the many halts of their long journey. There were about twenty. All were on foot except the sick, who were in carts. A guard of mounted Cossacks surrounded them, and groups of bystanders were giving them alms. One woman was weeping bitterly as her daughter parted from her—I suppose for ever. It is difficult to remember that they are merely convicts sentenced to transportation. "The sentence was pronounced by us," said the gentle Michael when I told him what I had been to see.'

After Ivan the Terrible and Peter the Great, Stanley found the most picturesque figure in Russian history to be the Patriarch Nicon, 'a mixture of Becket and Luther, a great reformer.' As the character of the first is embodied in the Church of St. Basil, and that of the second in St. Petersburg, so the character of the Patriarch is represented in 'The New Jerusalem.'

'In the seventeenth century, contemporary with Cromwell, lived the Patriarch Nicon. . . . He ruled clergy and laity alike with what is still remembered as such "a hedgehog hand" that both combined for his destruction. One man only stood by him, and that was the Czar Alexis, father of Peter. He at last gave way, and then, through a succession of extraordinary scenes, Nicon fell. It was in the day of his power that Alexis and he were standing on a small hill on a part of the Patriarchal estates more broken and picturesque than is usual, when Alexis, who had, in a wonderful degree, the Russian frenzy for imitation, said: "What a beautiful place for a New Jerusalem!" "So be it," said Nicon. "Here shall be the church, built exactly after the model of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. This shall be the Mount of Olives; that little stream shall be the Kedron; that river, the Jordan; that wooded hill, Mount Tabor." Neither Nicon nor Alexis could produce the slightest similarity between the natural features of Russia and of Palestine, any more than Bernardino Calot at Varallo. But he did what he could for the church. He had agents at that time in the East collecting

MSS. for his great revision of the Russian liturgies, which gave birth to the vast disruption of the Russian Church when it came to a head in the reign of Peter. These agents he charged to bring an exact model of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. The result was the present Church of "the New Jerusalem," which, though extremely like an ordinary Russian cathedral, with gilded domes, &c., and further altered by the addition of successive chapels by each member of the Imperial Family, is internally so precisely of the same dimensions and form as that at Jerusalem that, intricate as it is, I could immediately find my way through every part. It was more than interesting—it was affecting, to find myself once again amidst those winding passages and crooked stairs and dark chambers; and I was pleased to find that five years had in no way impaired my recollection of any spot. What makes this church of permanent value is, that having been copied from the Church of the Holy Sepulchre before the great fire of 1830, it is more like, in some respects, to what the old church was than is the church itself now. This, then, was the first interest of the place. We went in a body, with the Patriarch,[8] towering high above us, at our heels; he also had been at the Old Jerusalem, and was thus an excellent guide, and performed his task admirably. The other pilgrims, who were in great numbers, gathered round, so that partly in French and partly in Russ he had a large moving congregation to address. . . .'

It was with an effort that Stanley tore himself away from Moscow. His letters end with a description of his last conversation with Michael Sukatin, the man who more than any other had contributed to the pleasure and profit of his expedition:

'How wonderfully instructive my stay at Moscow has been you will by this time have seen—instructive in all ways; yet I do not know whether, after all, the most beautiful and delightful recollection that I shall carry away will not be Michael Sukatin. . . . Not beautiful in outward aspect, for he has nothing to commend him; and I am almost afraid of seeing him, or of others seeing him, out

[8] Stanley's nickname for Andrew Mouravieff, the historian.

of his own country, so extremely plain and unprepossessing is his whole appearance and manner. But there is a transparent goodness and candour, united with an innocent playfulness and perfect intelligence and knowledge, that is quite captivating. Yesterday we took a long drive to a wood in the neighbourhood, on the broken banks of the Moskva, a spot which with ease might be made truly beautiful. As it is, it is a shaggy thicket of birch and pine, in which he and I wandered to and fro, discussing and questioning, till you might have thought we must have exhausted everything. On coming home we had still one long talk. I put to him this question: "What is your idea of the future of the Eastern Church in its relations to the West? What are we to learn from you? and how will you deal with us in closer contact?" . . . His answer would take sheets to write. The substance of it was: "What I chiefly expect, and hope for, is the pacifying effect which will be produced on the controversies of the West when they come to a knowledge of a Church which has never entered into those controversies, which has stood firm on the basis of the early centuries before they rose, which has the deeply-rooted idea of the fixed and stable character of the ancient traditions, without the slightest tendency to proselytise. . . ." I spoke of the great impression which was made upon me by the religious devotions of the laymen. He said: "You must not take those you have seen for an average specimen. It would not be so at Petersburg. . . . Yet there is a truth also, thank God, in what you have seen." "There are those amongst us who believe" (and his eyes glistened, and his cheeks glowed, and his hands were clasped as he said it)—"who believe that Russia has received a precious treasure in the religious Faith which has been given to her. . . . God grant that she may keep it. . . . Yet I often doubt and fear whether we shall not rather be shipwrecked on the wrath of God. . . . And I think, with fear, whether there will be found the ten righteous men." . . . I asked whether he was not afraid of the questions and speculations of Germany, &c. "Not in the least," he said, "if we are but true to ourselves. We have no difficulty in entering into the thoughts and feelings of others. We are only too able and ready to do it. But it is no new thing to us, and though the clergy may be unequal, in their present state,

to meet the case, the laity are not; and the Eastern Church, thanks be to God, has never ruled that the clergy alone have the right to teach." Another long talk to-night. It is the kind of conversation which is interminable; it is the kind of acquaintance which is indissoluble.'

In a letter to M. de Circourt he thus sums up the impressions which he had derived from his stay at Moscow:

'Three points specially struck me: (1) The sight of a nation, Asiatic in customs and ideas, even in the upper classes, yet European—almost more than European in the quickness and intelligence with which they communicated their own thoughts and received the thoughts of others; (2) The union of a religious fervour, unparalleled in Europe, with so complete a tolerance of the faith of others, and so ready a recognition of our point of view; (3) The advantage which must accrue to any Western Christian, Protestant or Catholic, in approaching a Church which stands on ground to us so untrodden, and alternately cuts across the narrow prejudices both of Protestantism and of Catholicism. Truly it is an Imperial Church, and contains the seeds of a great future. The two points which appeared to me most doubtful, and on the happy solution of which the success of that future must yet depend, seemed to me these: 1. Will the Church and the ancient national Faith of Russia be able to maintain its originality and its hold on the higher classes of the laity in the face of the Western influences constantly streaming in from Europe? 2. Will the Russian fervour and zeal, which now manifests itself chiefly in the tenacity of ancient forms and the veneration of sacred pictures, places, and persons, ever turn with full force into a moral channel? This seems to be the most important question for the Russian Church to consider—important everywhere, but most important there, where the religious principle is so strong and so simple, and yet, for the most part, so little directed against the moral evils of the country. You have had a Louis XI., and we have had hypocritical Puritans and worldly Churchmen; but neither of us have had any dissociation of morals and religion equal to the character of Ivan the Terrible. . . .'

To return from Moscow to St. Petersburg was to de-

scend from poetry to prose. Yet, apart from Peter the Great, the capital possessed for him one special interest in its associations with the late Emperor Nicholas. Within the Church of SS. Peter and Paul, hung round with flags of conquered Swedes and Turks, lay the succession of Czars who began with Peter the Great.

'Last of the series—still covered with wreaths of flowers and "*immortelles*"—candles burning beside him, the coffin of Nicholas. Forgive me, Peter! forgive me, my country! if for the moment this grave seemed the most touching and solemn of all. Here, so near, almost within one's grasp, lie the last remains of the man who for two long years darkened the hearths of England, whose death was known as no other death has been, with such thrilling thoughts, within so brief a time, to every country in Europe. The series has now included the princes and princesses, and will soon rapidly fill the church.'

It was now the latter end of September 1857, and the winter was setting in. Stanley hastened his departure.

'. . . . It is awfully cold—quite unlike English cold. There is an activity about it, a biting, penetrating, devouring energy, that seems to be omnipotent and omnivorous. The air feels as if it were charged with snow, with accumulated snow, clouds full of 'Sarsar,' which yet never touch, but go roving to and fro in a clear sky—a clear, chill, heartless sky. You will judge of what it is when you see my sheepskin coat, which I will present to any poor relation who is in want of winter covering. One more day, and then I trust to move southward, westward, homeward. . . . .'

Stanley reached Oxford in the second week of October 1857. As soon as he had delivered his lectures for the term, he returned to Canterbury, to be present at the Cathedral audit, and to keep what proved to be his last residence as Canon of Canterbury. His time was fully occupied. Every Sunday he preached once in the Cathedral, and generally twice in different parish churches,

Week-days find him, now representing the Chapter at the Mayor's banquet; now examining the boys at the King's School; now entertaining fifty soldiers from the barracks to breakfast and conducting them over the Cathedral; now lecturing to different classes of his fellow-citizens on Canterbury, or on the East, or on Russia. His house at the north-east side of the precincts was rarely empty. It was his delight to lionise his visitors over the antiquities of the city, and he prided himself on selecting from the society of the place the right persons to meet such guests as Hallam, or Whewell, or Herschell. Within his garden stood a mulberry-tree, the old trunk of which lay prostrate. But from the dead stem a young branch had taken root, and become a vigorous tree. 'Here,' he used to say, 'you have the faithful likeness of the old Church of this country, and of the thriving Church which has sprung out of its dead body.' In the financial business of the audit he took no interest, and paid it no attention. At the close of a long 'audit' meeting of the Chapter, at which the main topic was the substitution of rents for fines and beneficial leases, Archdeacon Harrison said, as they came away together, 'I wonder, Stanley, whether you quite understand the meaning of fines.' 'I have not the remotest idea,' was the prompt reply. But in other questions that came before the Chapter he took an active part. It was mainly through his influence and perseverance that the Cathedral was thrown open to the public after the hours of Divine service, and that the old state services were discontinued.

On February 20th, 1858, Dr. Bull, Canon of Christ Church, died. The vacant stall belonged to Stanley as Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History. He at once prepared to leave Canterbury. His departure was widely and deeply regretted. By one friend it was regarded as 'a public calamity': to another it seemed 'as if a cloud had sud-

denly passed over the sunniest spots of my life.' To himself, though he had long known the blow to be inevitable, the final severance was painful in the extreme. His years at Canterbury had been years of almost uninterrupted peace and happiness. 'Well,' he writes, 'it will be a satisfaction that Canterbury will now remain a spot of existence bright, happy, and useful to the end. God grant that this new stage may come anywhere near it in proportion!'

Stanley was installed at Christ Church on March 13th, 1858. 'The bells,' he says,

'rang vehemently all yesterday. This morning I went to the 8 o'clock service, and this evening shall go to the 4 o'clock to read in.

'Considering the immense inferiority to Canterbury, it is still an interesting cathedral, and the very peculiar sight of the students in their white surplices somewhat makes up for the other losses. But I will not deny that it was to me a very mournful ceremony, and the bells yesterday sounded much more like a funeral knell of a dear friend than the birth of a new one. So be it, however! I shall not resign yet, and I feel that, in all probability, this is the final change—unless to Westminster or St. Paul's. It is impossible to say; but I can hardly imagine that I should now be tempted to decline either of those in any form, stall or Deanery.'

Stanley's final departure from Canterbury was postponed till the Easter Vacation of 1858. 'What an end of life,' he writes to Pearson, 'these partings make! I should be torn to shreds if they were to come more than once in seven years.' Seven years after his appointment to the Professorship of Ecclesiastical History he left Oxford for the Deanery of Westminster.

END OF VOL. I.

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